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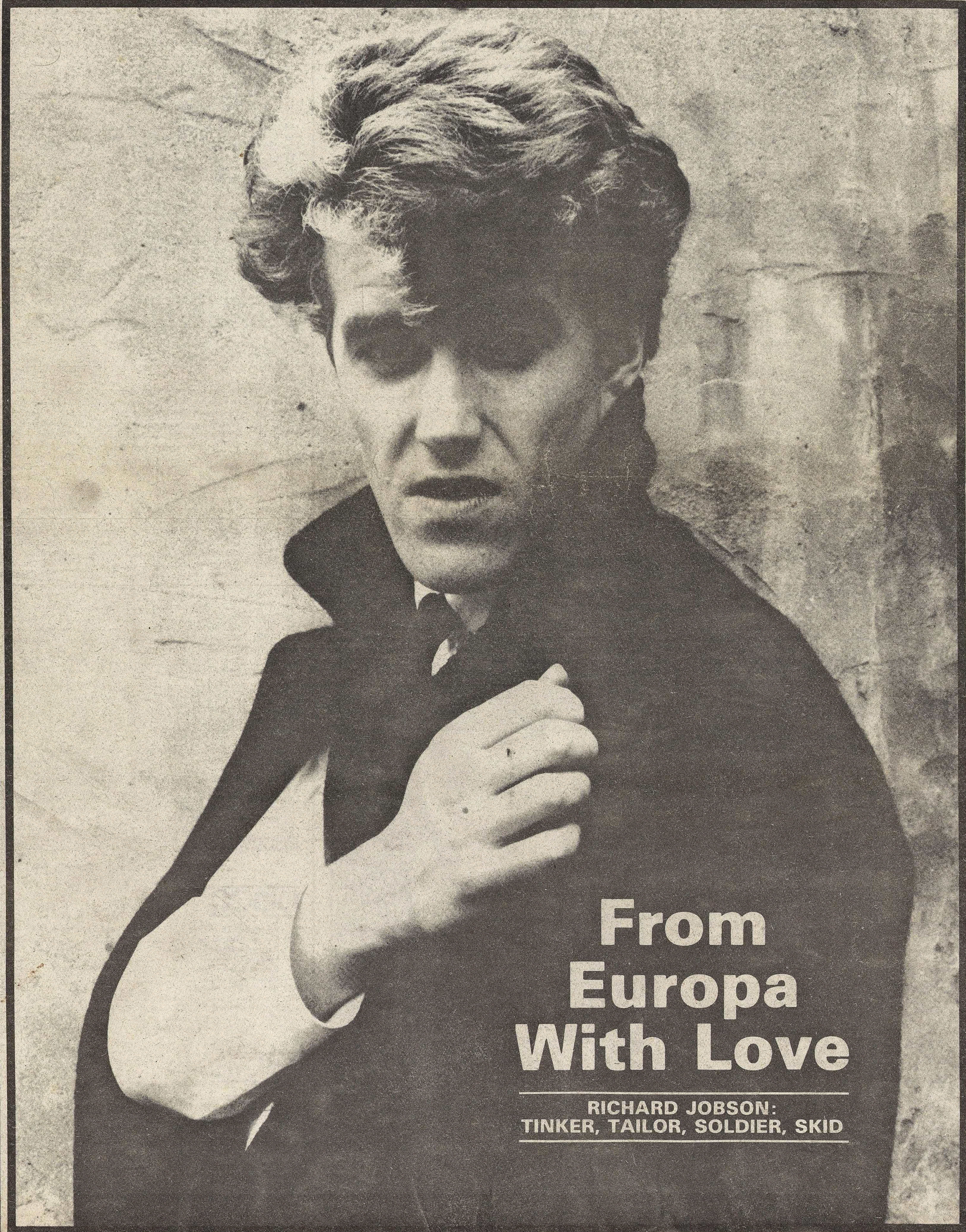
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

Funkadelic, Feelgoods, Peacock & Passions

Floyd album, Jam & Fleetwood Mac live, Blunt secret gig exclusive



From Europa With Love

RICHARD JOBSON: TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SKID

"It's more than my Jobson". Richard of that ilk, by Pennie Smith.

NME CHARTS

Week ending December 1, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	When You're In Love	Dr Hook (Capitol)	7	1
2	(9)	No More Tears	D. Summer/B. Streisand (Casablanca/CBS)	3	2
3	(2)	Eton Rifles	Jam (Polydor)	4	2
4	(3)	Still	Commodores (Motown)	4	3
5	(4)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love	Queen (EMI)	6	4
6	(10)	Ladies Night	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	5	6
7	(13)	Knocked It Off	B A Robertson (Asylum)	3	7
8	(—)	Complex	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	8
9	(15)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	3	9
10	(5)	One Day At A Time	Lena Martell (Pye)	8	1
11	(24)	Confusion	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	11
12	(16)	Rise	Herb Alpert (A&M)	6	12
13	(21)	The Sparrow	Ramblers (Decca)	5	12
14	(8)	Gimme Gimme Gimme	Abba (Epic)	6	2
15	(22)	Que Sera Mi Vida	Gibson Brothers (Island)	2	15
16	(17)	It's A Disco Night	Isley Brothers (Epic)	3	16
17	(7)	Message To You Rudy	Specials (Two Tone)	5	7
18	(26)	Diamond Smiles	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	18
19	(—)	Union City Blue	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	19
20	(14)	She's In Love With You	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	6	10
21	(27)	Rockabilly Rebel	Matchbox (Magnet)	2	21
22	(—)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	22
23	(—)	Walking On The Moon	Police (A & M)	1	23
24	(20)	I Don't Want To Be A Freak	Dynasty (Solar)	4	20
25	(25)	Monkey Chops	Dan I (Island)	2	25
26	(29)	Fall Out	Police (Illegal)	2	26
27	(—)	Working For The Yankee Dollar	Skids (Virgin)	1	27
28	(—)	Is It Love You're After	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	1	28
29	(—)	Mellow Mellow Right On	Lowrell (Avi)	1	29
30	(—)	I Only Want To Be With You	Tourists (Logo)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

A Night At Daddy Gee's — Showaddywaddy (Arista);
It's My House — Diana Ross (Motown);
Dancing In Outer Space — Atmosfear (MCA);
Send One Your Love — Stevie Wonder (Motown);
Brass In Pocket — Pretenders (Real);
Nights In White Satin — Moody Blues (Deram).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 3, 1974

1 Gonna Make You A Star — David Essex (CBS)
2 You're The First, The Last, My Everything — Barry White (20th Century)
3 Juke Box Jive — The Rubettes (Polydor)
4 Oh Yes! You're Beautiful — Gary Glitter (Bell)
5 You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet — Bachman-Turner Overdrive (Mercury)
6 Tell Him — Hello (Bell)
7 Killer Queen — Queen (EMI)
8 Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds — Elton John (DJM)
9 My Boy — Elvis Presley (RCA)
10 Pepper Box — Peppers (Spark)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 3, 1969

1 Yester-Me, Yester-You, Yesterday — Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
2 Sugar Sugar — Archies (RCA)
3 Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town — Kenny Rodgers & The First Edition (Reprise)
4 Call Me (Number One) — Tremeloes (CBS)
5 Something — Beatles (Apple)
6 Melting Pot — Blue Mink (Philips)
7 Oh Well — Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
8 Two Little Boys — Rolf Harris (Columbia)
9 Sweet Dream — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)
10 Winter World Of Love — Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 4, 1964

1 I Feel Fine — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 Little Red Rooster — Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 I'm Gonna Be Strong — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4 Downtown — Petula Clark (Pye)
5 All Day And All Of The Night — Kinks (Pye)
6 Baby Love — Supremes (Stateside)
7 He's In Town — Rockin' Berries (Piccadilly)
8 Um Um Um Um Um Um — Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
9 Walk Tall — Val Doonican (Decca)
10 Pretty Paper — Roy Orbison (London)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2	Abba (Epic)	4	1
2	(7)	20 Golden Greats	Diana Ross (Motown)	2	2
3	(1)	Greatest Hits	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	1
4	(3)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	8	1
5	(10)	Rock 'n' Roller Disco	Various (Ronco)	4	4
6	(15)	20 Golden Greats	Mantovani (Warwick)	3	6
7	(4)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	6	2
8	(5)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	10	3
9	(30)	Setting Sons	Jam (Polydor)	2	9
10	(6)	Lena's Music Album	Lena Martell (Pye)	7	4
11	(12)	Out Of This World	Moody Blues (K-Tel)	3	11
12	(—)	Love Songs	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	1	11
13	(8)	The Specials	Specials (Two Tone)	5	8
14	(8)	Greatest Hits	10cc (Mercury)	8	5
15	(24)	Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	24	1
16	(18)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	4	16
17	(23)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	2
18	(11)	The Secret Life Of Plants	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	4	11
19	(25)	Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)	2	19
20	(29)	Wet	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	2	20
21	(17)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	25	2
22	(16)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits	(RSO)	3	16
23	(13)	The Long Run	Eagles (Asylum)	9	2
24	(21)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	12	4
25	(—)	Night Moves	Various (K-Tel)	1	25
26	(14)	The Fine Art Of Surfacing	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	7
27	(20)	On The Radio Greatest Hits	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	20
28	(26)	Rise	Herb Alpert (A&M)	2	26
29	(22)	Outlandos D'amour	Police (A&M)	27	7
30	(19)	Midnight Magic	Commodores (Motown)	12	11

UP AND COMING:

Machine Gun Etiquette — Damned (Chiswick);
Life Of Brian — Monty Python (Warner Brothers);
Echoes of Gold — Adrian Brett (Warwick);
The Bitch — Soundtrack (Warwick);
Together — Various (K-Tel);
Dawn Of The Dickies — The Dickies (A&M).

As 'Complex' crashes into the Top Ten, its author lets the icy mask slip for a moment to reflect on the fact that computer fraud is the world's fastest rising crime. As you can see from our picture, Numan the human has been growing his chest hairs as part of a failsafe success gambit: should the bottom drop out of micro-chips, he'll be able to make a comeback as Gary Glitter. Pic: Robert Ellis.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Babe	Styx
2	(2)	No More Tears	Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer
3	(3)	Still	Commodores
4	(4)	Heartache Tonight	Eagles
5	(7)	Please Don't Go	KC & The Sunshine Band
6	(10)	Escape	Rupert Holmes
7	(5)	Dim All The Lights	Donna Summer
8	(13)	Ladies' Night	Kool & The Gang
9	(12)	You're Only Lonely	J. D. Souther
10	(14)	Send One Your Love	Stevie Wonder
11	(11)	Ships	Barry Manilow
12	(6)	Pop Muzik	M
13	(8)	You Decorated My Life	Kenny Rogers
14	(9)	Rise	Herb Alpert
15	(24)	Jane	Jefferson Starship
16	(21)	We Don't Talk Anymore	Cliff Richard
17	(15)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
18	(20)	Take The Long Way Home	Supertramp
19	(16)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson
20	(23)	Dreaming	Blondie
21	(25)	Half The Way	Crystal Gayle
22	(22)	Broken Hearted Me	Anne Murray
23	(29)	Do That To Me One More Time	The Captain & Tennille
24	(30)	Cruisin'	Smokey Robinson
25	(28)	Cool Change	Little River Band
26	(—)	Rock With You	Michael Jackson
27	(27)	Dream Police	Cheap Trick
28	(—)	I Want You Tonight	Pablo Cruise
29	(19)	If You Remember Me	Chris Thompson and Night
30	(—)	Head Games	Foreigner

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	The Long Run	Eagles
2	(2)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
3	(4)	Cornerstone	Styx
4	(5)	On The Radio Greatest Hits	Donna Summer
5	(3)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin
6	(6)	The Secret Life Of Plants	Stevie Wonder
7	(7)	Wet	Barbra Streisand
8	(9)	Midnight Magic	Commodores
9	(11)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
10	(8)	One Voice	Barry Manilow
11	(13)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits	Bee Gees
12	(10)	Rise	Herb Alpert
13	(12)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
14	(15)	Ladies' Night	Kool And The Gang
15	(16)	Head Games	Foreigner
16	(14)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie
17	(21)	Damn The Torpedoes	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
18	(18)	Dream Police	Cheap Trick
19	(20)	Keep The Fire	Kenny Loggins
20	(—)	Masterjam	Rufus & Chaka
21	(17)	Get The Knack	The Knack
22	(22)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp
23	(19)	Slow Train Coming	Bob Dylan
24	(23)	Flirtin' With Disaster	Molly Hatchet
25	(26)	Candy O	The Cars
26	(29)	I'm The Man	Joe Jackson
27	(28)	Evolution	Journey
28	(27)	Highway To Hell	AC/DC
29	(—)	Regatta De Blanc	The Police
30	(—)	Identify Yourself	The O'Jays

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

(1) Humble Yourself — Asher & Trimble (Rockers International)
(2) Political Confusion — Big Youth (Cash And Carry)
(3) Forgive Them — Johnny Osborne (Studio One)
(4) Talk To The Father — Lloyd & Stuff (Lloyd's & Stuff 12-inch)
(5) What Do You Fall In Love For — The Agros (Punch)
(6) Mr Government Man — Hopeton James (Pablo)
(7) Stop You Gun Shooting — Errol Dunkley (Stars)
(8) Love Is The Light/All Nations Bow — Horace Andy/Big Youth (Techniques 12-1inch)
(9) Broad Road — Richie McDonald (56 Hope Road)
(10) My God Is Real — Tapper Zukie (Stars)

Chart compiled by Observer Station

DISCO

(1) We've Got The Funk — Positive Force (Pye) (re-mix)
(2) Mellow Mellow Right On — Lowrell (Avi)
(3) Dancin' In Outer Space — Atmosphere (MCA)
(4) Monkey Chop — Dan I (Island)
(5) Dancin' Love Affair — Wayne Henderson (Polydor)
(6) Rappers Delight — Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)
(7) Second Time Around — Shalamar (RCA)
(8) It's A Disco Night — Isley Brothers (Epic)
(9) The River Drive — Jupitar Beyond (Pye)
(10) Music — Al Hudson (MCA)

Chart supplied by Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W1.

INDIES

(1) Transmission — Joy Division (Factory)
(2) We Are All Prostitutes — Pop Group (Rough Trade)
(3) Raincoats — Raincoats (Rough Trade)
(4) Where's Bill Grundy Now — TV Personalities (Kings Road)
(5) The Bridge — Thomas Lear & Robert Rental (Industrial)
(6) Read About Seymour — Swell Maps (Rather)
(7) 925/People — God's Gift (Newmarket)
(8) Alice In Sunderland — Steppin' Talk (Euston)
(9) Beat Rhythm News — Essential Logic (Rough Trade)
(10) Saturday Night — The Odds (Red Rhino)

Chart supplied by Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W1.

NEWS

MADNESS MAKING MAYHEM

Headlining December tour

MADNESS — who starred with The Specials and The Selecter in the first half of the 2-Tone tour, before leaving the package in mid-November — headline a major tour of their own in December. And they'll also be making various TV and radio appearances which, like the tour, will aid promotion of their new album 'One Step Beyond'.

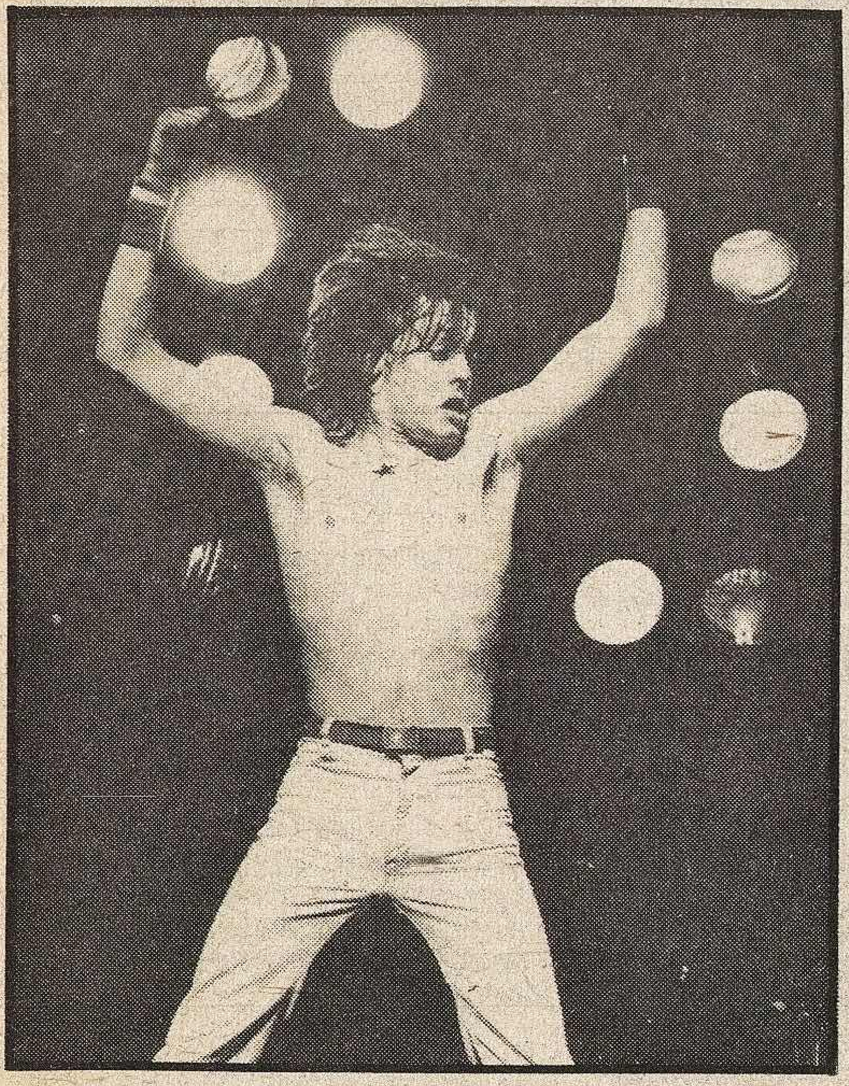
After appearing in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on December 11, they begin their travels the next day at Brighton Top Rank (12), followed by Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (13), Canterbury Odeon (14), Bracknell Sports Centre (15), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (16) and Hastings Pier Pavilion (17).

On December 18 they film a sequence for BBC-1's *Swap Shop*, then fly out to Radio Luxembourg for a series of live interviews, resuming tour dates at Hanley Victoria Hall (20), Derby King's (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Bristol Locarno (23), Aylesbury Friars (29) and London Strand Lyceum (30).

Tickets are on sale now, priced £2.50 at all venues — except Canterbury, Derby and Leicester (£2.50 and £2) and the Lyceum (£3 only). Tour promoters are Straight Music.

Specials: two apology gigs

THE SPECIALS are to play a pre-Christmas mini-tour, comprising just two dates! They call it their 'Apology Tour', which means they're re-visiting venues where — for various reasons — their previous gigs weren't satisfactory. They are at Coventry Tiffany's (December 20) and Glasgow Apollo (23). Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50 (Coventry); and £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Glasgow).



Rods front man BARRIE MASTERS

Rods are hot again

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS finally get back on the road next week after a lengthy absence, caused largely by their departure from the Island label and consequent lack of record product. But as already reported, they have now signed with EMI, and will be previewing their new album by way of a short seven-venue December tour — visiting London College of Printing (December 6), London Mile End Queen Mary College (7), Kingston Polytechnic (8), Norwich East Anglia University (12), Manchester University (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (14) and Liverpool Eric's (15). The LP is due out in February, when the band will be undertaking a major four-week nationwide tour.

BUDGIE TO STAY WITH BANSHEES

BUDGIE — who took over as temporary drummer with Siouxsie & The Banshees, after Kenny Morris walked out at the beginning of their autumn tour — has now officially been installed as the band's permanent drummer. But they have still had no luck in finding a full-time replacement for the other defecting member, lead guitarist John McKay.

All auditions and applications have so far proved abortive, and Siouxsie has issued a new appeal for aspiring guitarists to contact her. Anyone interested should write to John Peel at the BBC, who is correlating the search on the band's behalf. Meanwhile, the Banshees are currently inactive — which gives Siouxsie a chance to recover fully from her recent illness.

HEAVY NIGHT: WEEK DELAY

BUDGIE'S headliner at London Strand Lyceum — supported by Girlschool, Preying Mantis and Angelwitch, and billed as 'The Heaviest Night Of The Year' — has been put back one week from December 16 to 23. Tickets are £3, and those already sold for the original date remain valid. Reason for the switch is that Motorhead are playing Hammersmith Odeon on December 16 and, said a spokesman for the Lyceum gig, "we didn't want to damage their chances"!

STOP PRESS: Talking Heads, currently touring Britain, will not now be joined for their London dates by **The Human League**. Apparently the League's plans to play their set using pre-recorded tapes were too difficult to accommodate. In their place are **Section 25** (Joy Division protegees) who will play in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, **A Certain Ratio** for the remaining provincial dates, and **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** at the Electric Ballroom. All three support acts are Factory bands.

POLICE DOUBLING AT TWO LONDON VENUES

THE POLICE have slotted another London concert into their sell-out pre-Christmas tour schedule — and it's unique for an attraction of their stature, because it means they'll be playing at two different venues on the same night. The extra show is at the Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, December 18 — the same date on which they're already set to appear at the Hammersmith Palais.

The Odeon gig starts at 8 pm, and has been arranged for the benefit of "the kids who aren't able to stay up too late". When it's over, The Police will be whisked across the road — paradoxically with a police escort — to the Palais, where they'll be playing at about 10.30 pm. Odeon tickets are on sale now at the unusually low prices (by today's standards) of £3, £2.50 and £2.

At the end of their current U.S. tour, the band fly to Paris this Sunday on Concorde for a TV appearance, then travel on to Germany for four concerts before opening their UK tour in Leeds on December 10. On one of their free days during the course of the tour, they'll be playing a special Christmas concert for the inmates of Wandsworth Prison, though they haven't yet fixed the exact date.

UNINVITED BAND IN DAMNED GIGS

THE DAMNED were joined at the outset of their UK tour, which started last weekend, by American sci-fi punk outfit The Misfits. It seems they supported The Damned at Hurrah's in New York earlier this year, when they discussed the possibility of touring together. Recently they read in NME that The Damned were going out on a British tour, so they financed their own trip across the Atlantic and turned up on Dave Vanian's doorstep 48 hours before the opening gig. After showing such initiative, what else could The Damned do but book them as support act for the tour?

Holly for Xmas

HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS — the Los Angeles trio who, as reported last week, have been in Britain since the summer and were recently signed by Oval Records — have their first UK single rushed out this week, 'Tell That Girl To Shut Up'/'Chapel Of Love'. And they promote it with London gigs at Clapham 101 Club (December 6), Covent Garden Rock Garden (11), Islington Hope And Anchor (12), Fulham Greyhound (13) and Oxford St. 100 Club (16).

THE SHIRTS, who'd been expected to play several British gigs on returning from their current European tour, will now be playing only one date here on this occasion — at London Victoria The Venue on Monday, December 10. This is because they plan to come back for a full tour in the late winter or early spring.

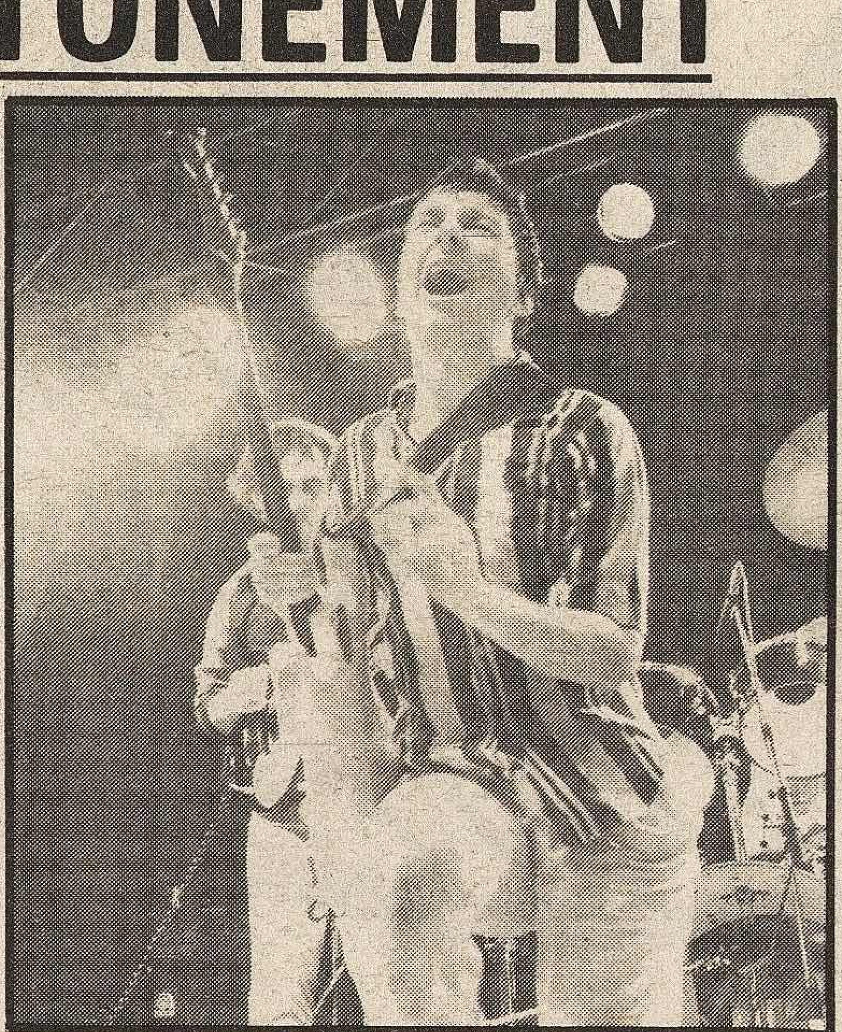
SPIZZ ENERGI have had their scheduled gig tomorrow (Friday) at London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall cancelled by the venue's owners, following violence at a recent mod night there. But they've managed to fix an alternative date at Kensington Nashville this Saturday (1). Rest of their gigs, reported last week, remain unchanged.

THE PURPLE HEARTS are to headline at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Friday, December 28, and this now becomes the final date of their current tour — to which Bristol Granary (December 5) and Leeds Fan Club (9) are other new additions. Their gig at Portsmouth Polytechnic is brought forward from December 6 to 3.

THE POP GROUP are the first headliners at the new Kim Philby Club in Manchester, which opens tonight (Thursday) at De Ville's, Albert Square — with A Certain Ratio and Phil Diggle supporting. The club has been launched by Tony Wilson following the September closure of The Factory, which he also ran.

SQUEEZE ATONEMENT

Big compensation tour in February



SQUEEZE, distressed at the manner in which they were forced to curtail their November tour so drastically, intend to make amends in a big way early in the New Year. They are currently being lined up for a major tour — starting in February, continuing into March, and taking in most of the country's leading venues. Their itinerary will include at least two nights in London (probably at the Hammersmith Odeon), which was omitted from their recently-completed gig series.

Reason why their autumn tour, originally planned as an extensive nationwide outing, was whittled down to a handful of dates is that they fell way behind schedule in recording their new album. It's now completed, and the band were leaving this week for a December tour of the U.S. and Canada, to be followed by a January visit to Australia.

These overseas jaunts, plus their upcoming UK tour, are being lumped together under the banner of 'It's A Funny Old World'. And it seems likely that this will also be the title of their new album which, after all the problems it has created, will be issued in February to coincide with the start of their British concert series.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

THEIR LONG AWAITED NEW ALBUM

"Damn the Torpedoes"

MCF 3044

includes the new single *HERE COMES MY GIRL* c/w *DON'T BRING ME DOWN*

(recorded live in Boston)

Available now on 12" with additional track

Backstreet MCA RECORDS

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RENAISSANCE REACTIVATED

RENAISSANCE return to the concert platform this weekend to preview their new album, on which they've been working for the past couple of months for release in January. Their first eight dates to be confirmed are at Sunderland Polytechnic (this Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday), Liverpool University (December 3), Birmingham Aston University (7), Dunstable Civic Hall (8), Poole Arts Centre (9), Exeter University (10) and Swansea University (12). A major London date, and possibly one or two more provincial gigs, will be announced in a week or two.

CARROLL IN TUNE FOR XMAS

LITTLE BO BITCH hope to be re-joined next week by their regular guitarist Steve Carroll, who's been out of action during the first part of their tour, due to injuries sustained in a car crash. Their gig at **Aberystwyth** College of Librarianship was switched from last weekend to tonight (Thursday), and other dates are **Retford** Porterhouse (Friday), **Rainham** Chatford Hall (Saturday), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (Sunday), **London** Marquee (December 3), **Norwich** Cromwells (4), **London Enfield** Middlesex Polytehcnic (6), **Harrow** College of Further Education (7) and **Brighton** Polytechnic (8).

BONEY M are looking for another Christmas hit, with the release this weekend of their new WEA single 'I'm Born Again', taken from their 'Oceans Of Fantasy' album. This is in addition to the reissue, already reported, of their 1978 Christmas No. 1 'Mary's Boy Child'.

● Two more compilation albums hit the shops this week, to add to the numerous "greatest hits" sets already in competition for the lucrative Christmas trade. They are 'Sweet Rhythm' by the late **Van McCoy,** and an LP containing all 16 of **The Stylistics'** UK chart entries titled 'The Hits'. Both are on the H&L label, distributed by Phonogram.

● The new **Earth, Wind And Fire** single, issued by CBS this weekend, is the fourth to be taken from their album 'I Am' — and the previous three were all chart hits. The new one is 'Can't Let Go'.

● **The Greedies** rush out a seasonal single on Phonogram this weekend, with 'A Merry Jingle' on one side, and 'A Merry Jangle' on the other. The band comprises Thin Lizzy members Phil Lynott, Brian Downey and Scott Gorham, plus ex-Pistols Paul Cook and Steve Jones.

● **Gloria Gaynor's** new single 'Tonight' is rushed out by Polydor this weekend (7in and 12in).

● **Mean Street Dealers** have a live album called 'Bent Needles' (recorded at Birmingham Railway Hotel), plus a single titled 'Japanese Motorbikes', issued by Graduate Records. The Midlands label has also signed Dewsbury band **Psykik Volts,** whose debut single 'Wooden Heart' is being produced by ex-Steve Gibbons sideman Bob Lamb.

Record News

STAR NAMES FOR CHARITY

AS THE record industry's final gesture to The Year Of The Child, which officially ends on December 31, an all-star charity album is being issued by K-Tel immediately after Christmas — with all proceeds going to this worthy cause. Among those who have contributed tracks to the LP are **Led Zeppelin, ELO, Wings, Pink Floyd, Thin Lizzy, Elton John** and **Bad Company.**

And tomorrow (Friday) sees the release on CBS of a charity single called 'Sing Sing Sing', with profits going to the same campaign. Featured on the record are **Phil Lynott, Kate and Paddy Bush, Pete Townshend, Joe and Vicki Brown, Madeline Bell** and **Lesley Duncan,** plus a children's choir.

● Four-piece Midlands rock band **Leargo** have their single 'The Artist'/'Played Out Angel' out on the Motor City Rhythm label — available through indies, or by post (£1.20 including p&p) from D&S Records, 196 Wake Green Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

● Peterborough band **The Now** have finally had their single 'Into The Eighties'/'Nine O'Clock' issued by Raw Records. They cut it two years ago, and say that it's not representative of their current work.

Hamish bows in

THE SEX BEATLES is the name of a group who, as reported two weeks ago, were signed recently by Charly Records. And this week we can judge if that appellation is justified, because their debut single 'Well You Never . . .' makes its appearance. With such a name, we assumed their lead singer and principal composer would be called Paul Rotten *(geddit?)*, or even Johnny Lennon. In fact, he's known simply as HAMISH —but doesn't he remind you of someone else?

● **The Wardens** — one of the 12 bands featured on Rocket's compilation LP '499 2139', reported last week — have their own single out coupling 'Do So Well' and 'Last Like This'. Available at £1 (including p&p) from Terry Baker, Snu-Peas Records, 117 Bargates, Christchurch, Dorset. Subsequent distribution will be by Rough Trade.

● New Welsh group **Seventeen** have their debut single 'Don't Let Go'/'Bank Holiday Weekend' as the first release on the new independent label Vendetta Records, available through Rough Trade.

● New Los Angeles label Source Records, acquired for UK distribution by EMI, have signed **Harold Melvin, The Bluenotes and Sharon Paige.** Their debut album for this outlet, penned entirely by the McFadden And Whitehead team, will be issued in the New Year together with a single.

● **After The Fire's** new single 'Life In The City', released by CBS this week, is taken from their current album 'Laser Love'. The B-side is a brand new track called 'Listen To Me'. Both titles were penned by the band's Andy Piercy (bass and vocals) and 'Memory' Banks (keyboards).

● **The Kinks'** latest single 'Pressure'/'National Health', both culled from their album 'Low Budget' and penned by Ray Davies, is out this week on Arista — as are 'Pretty Girls' by **Melissa Manchester** and 'Deja Vu' by **Dionne Warwick.**

● **Village People's** recent single 'Sleazy' is withdrawn this week by Mercury, in order to make way for a brand new single taken from their double album 'Live And Sleazy'. Titled 'Ready For The Eighties', it's out this week in both 7" and 12" versions.

● Los Angeles band **The Pop,** who recently appeared on BBC-2's Old Grey Whistle Test, have their debut album 'Go!' issued by Arista this week. It was produced by Earl Mankey.

● Glasgow band **Flat Out** are releasing their debut four-track EP in January on their own Acne label. Meanwhile, they are making it available immediately in cassette form, which includes two extra tracks not on the disc — price £1 from 5 Chestnut Court, Abronhill, Cumbernauld G67.

Bowie's disco revival

● **David Bowie** is reviving his oldie 'John, I'm Only Dancing' for his Christmas single. The A-side is a disco version, and it's coupled with a previously unissued 1972 waxing of the same song. It comes in both 7in and 12in forms, complete with picture bag.

XMAS, NEW YEAR ON THE BOX

Blondie live TV?

THIS YEAR, BBC-2 will not be screening a live in-concert *Old Grey Whistle Test* show, as has been the practice in previous years. But producer Michael Appleton is hoping to arrange a live special for New Year's Eve, and is currently looking at the options open to him. One strong possibility is coverage of Blondie's concert at Glasgow Apollo, which is Appleton's No. 1 choice, though it depends upon the availability of Outside Broadcast units in Scotland on their busiest night of the year.

The first *Whistle Test* of 1980 — on January 8 — will showcase Public Image Ltd, performing material from their highly-rated 'Metal Box' set. Cozy Powell is also featured in this edition.

The studio line-up for next Tuesday's show (December 4) is Judie Tzuke and UK, plus film of The Knack. Madness and Jane Aire & The Belvederes are booked for the following week. For pre-Christmas week only, the show switches to Thursday night (December 20) — no bookings for this date yet, but it's likely to be a special.

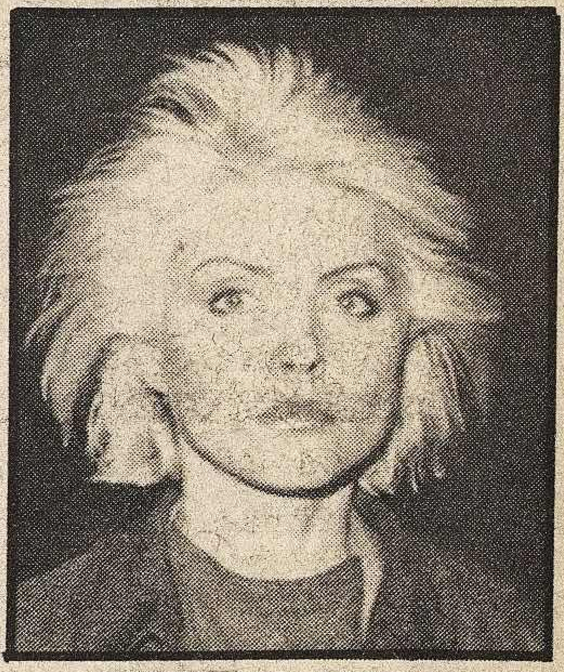
The *Whistle Test* team were also responsible for filming last Thursday's charity concert at Wembley Arena with Gary Numan, Cat Stevens, Wishbone Ash, David Essex, Sky and The Real Thing. And it's being screened by BBC-2 this Saturday (1).

Judie Tzuke has another BBC-2 spot next Monday (3), when she co-stars with Catherine Howe in *Rhythm On Two.*

Dr Hook fly into Britain next week to film a sequence for BBC-1's Christmas Day edition of *Top Of The Pops* (industrial action permitting) and, during their visit, they'll be presented with a UK Gold Disc for their No. 1 hit 'When You're In Love'. Blondie will also be seen in the Xmas *TOTP,* performing 'Heart Of Glass' and 'Dreaming'.

London ITV viewers will have the choice of seeing Kenny Everett's *Happy Old Year Show* on New Year's Eve (11 pm-midnight), which Thames will make available for networking to those companies seeking a change from the traditional haggis-bashing.

Public Image in 'Whistle Test'



DEBBIE HOGMANAY

Stones LP for New Year, tour to follow

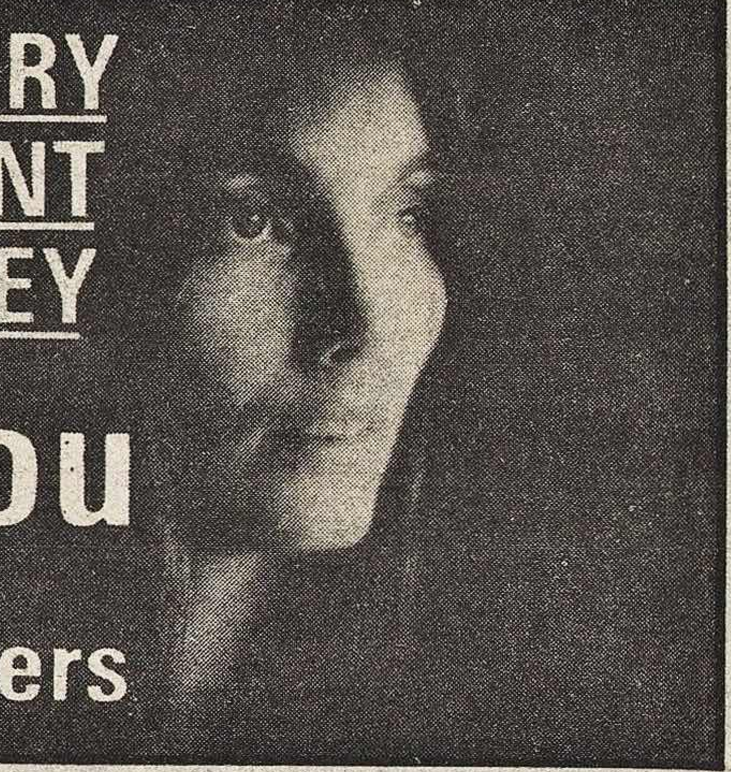
THE ROLLING STONES' long-awaited new album, which they spent months recording in Paris, is provisionally scheduleo for mid-January release. Although still untitled, it's understood to revert to the style of 'Exile On Main Street'.

And they are making initial plans for their much-delayed return to the concert platform — involving tours of Australia, Europe and Britain — which hopefully would bring them to the UK in the early spring.

Commented their London spokesman: "There's also talk of another film for Mick Jagger, which would be shot in South America. We're not yet sure if this would affect the timing of the tour — but if it did, it would only be a slight disruption."

Meanwhile, this weekend Jagger flies from New York — where he's working on the album sleeve — to West Germany to attend the Olympic bobsleigh trials in Winterberg, as he is personally financing and sponsoring the two-man London team of Alan and Arnold Dunn.

1980 COUNTRY MUSIC EVENT AT WEMBLEY
Emmylou —and 49 others



EMMYLOU HARRIS, Jerry Lee Lewis, Charley Pride, The Bellamy Brothers, Charlie Rich and Brenda Lee are among the 50 names already lined up by promoter Mervyn Conn for next Easter's four-day International Festival of Country Music at London Wembley Arena (April 4-7). It will be the 12th annual event, and the first to be sponsored (by Marlboro) — and, as usual, there will be extensive TV and radio coverage. The bookings announced this week are:

GOOD FRIDAY (April 4): Charley Pride, Stella Parton, The Kendalls, Janie Fricke, Hank Locklin, Dickie Dee, Sonny Throckmorton, Jimmy C. Newman, Philomena Begley, The Mintings, Susan McCann, Roly Daniels, Hilka.

SATURDAY (5): Roy Acuff, Faron Young, Ronnie Prophet, Bill Monroe, Boxcar Willie, Kitty Wells, Lloyd Green, Charlie McCoy, Johnny Gimble, Cristy Lane, Mac Wiseman, Ralph Emery, Claire Courtney.

EASTER SUNDAY (6): Charlie Rich, Brenda Lee, Roy Clark, Glaser Brothers, Bobby Bare, Jeanne Pruett, Stonewall Jackson, Barbara Fairchild, Eddy Mitchell, Eileen King, Little Ginny, Poacher.

EASTER MONDAY (7): Emmylou Harris, Jerry Lee Lewis, Don Everly, The Bellamy Brothers, Carl Perkins, Commander Cody, Joe Sun, Mac Curtis, Pete Sayers, Colleen Peterson, Raymond Froggatt, B. Haland & The Country Snakes.

Conn is also presenting Country Festivals, featuring many of the above artists, in Frankfurt (March 29-30), Zurich (30), Paris (31 and April 1), Gothenburg (5) and Rotterdam (6-7).

Mail order bookings are now being accepted by the Ticket Unit, Mervyn Conn Promotions Ltd., Chandos House, 45-46 Chandos Place, London W.C.2. Now take a deep breath, and stand by for the prices: £15.50, £14.50, £13.50, £9.50, £7.50 and £5.50 (for one day only); £29, £27, £26, £18 and £14 (two days); £42, £40, £38, £27 and £21 (three days); and £54, £51, £47, £34 and £27 (for all four days). Enclose SAE and, if ordering for less than the full four days, state which days are required.

● Jerry Lee Lewis is also being lined up for a British tour, and it's expected that several of the other festival stars — particularly The Bellamy Brothers, and possibly Emmylou and Commander Cody — will play additional UK dates on either side of the Wembley event.

HEEP: NOW TWO REPLACEMENTS

JOHN SLOMAN

URIAH HEEP have now confirmed officially that they have parted company with their long-serving drummer Lee Kerslake. Commented a spokesman: "It had been coming for six months, and finally ended in a blazing row, when he was asked to leave." But after a series of auditions, the band have now acquired a new drummer, who in fact is already recording with them — apparently he's a "name" musician, and his identity isn't being revealed for a week or two.

As reported last week, Uriah undertake a major UK concert tour in February, when they will introduce their new vocalist John Sloman (ex-Lone Star), who recently replaced John Lawton in the line-up. So with a new drummer also coming in, this means that only Mick Box and Ken Hensley remain of the original personnel for the British dates — which mark the beginning of Heep's tenth anniversary world tour.

TAJ MAHAL FOR TWO AT VENUE

TAJ MAHAL — the U.S. singer and multi-instrumentalist, whose repertoire ranges from country blues to West Indian roots music — returns to London to play two concerts just before Christmas. They're at The Venue in Victoria on Thursday and Friday, December 20 and 21.

Another new Venue booking is Gallagher And Lyle, who next week complete their extensive UK concert tour with Judie Tzuke. They appear at the London night spot on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 11 and 12.

McTELL: SIX XMAS DATES

RALPH McTELL is once again headlining a Christmas charity concert at London's Theatre Royal, Drury Lane — this year's date is Sunday, December 16. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2, and the name of a special guest artist will be announced shortly. McTell is also playing five other December concerts on either side of his London gig — at Sheffield Crucible Theatre (14), Birmingham Town Hall (17), Slough Fulcrum Centre (19), Dublin RDSC Hall (20) and Belfast Grosvenor Hall (21).

● JOHN OTWAY has added Glasgow Strathclyde University (December 8) to his UK tour, reported last week. The V.I.P.'s are the support act on all dates, except Cheltenham (12) where it's Merger, and Poole (16) where Tours support.

ALBERTOS PLAY LONDON SEASON

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias return to London's West End to perform a 7½-week seasonal engagement at the Mayfair Theatre (off Berkeley Street) from December 13 to February 2. They're presenting their new show 'Never Mind The Bullocks', which has already played a season in Manchester. Written by C P Lee and John Dowie, it's a musical play set in the Middle Ages, taking "a light-hearted look at the Black Death". A single from the show, a demented version of 'The Ballad Of Robin Hood', is out on the group's own Paranoid Plastics label.

CAFE'S JANUARY GIGS POSTPONED

SAD CAFE have been forced to postpone plans, reported last week, for a UK concert tour early in the New Year. This is because their next album is being produced by Eric Stewart of 10cc, and his only available time is in January and February, when the band had intended to be on the road. Dates had already been lined up, but have now been scrapped and are currently being re-scheduled for later in the winter.

FINAL FREEBIES OF THE DECADE

SCREAMING TYRES is the name of the last free tour of the decade, featuring London-based band Blank Space (comprising ex-Here & Now men plus girl singer Corinne) and Oxford group Beast. The tour is financed by the bands themselves, who hope to recoup some of the costs by selling cassettes, badges and T-shirts at the various gigs — which are **High Wycombe** Nags Head (this Sunday), **Oxford** Polytechnic (December 3), **Nottingham** University (4), **Liverpool** Eric's (5), **Keele** University (6), **Manchester** Funhouse (7), **Southampton** University (8), **Winchester** Art College (9), **Brighton** Sussex University (10), **London Kensington** Imperial College (11), **Canterbury** Art College (12) and **Birmingham** Polytechnic (14).

NEWS ROUND-UP

STREETBAND, who made the Top Twenty a year ago with their Logo Records single 'Toast', have broken up. Apparently the split occurred several weeks ago, but has only just become known with the emergence of a new group called the Q-Tips, whose line-up includes three former Streetband members — Paul Young, Mickey Pearl and John Gifford. They can be seen in action at London Fulham Golden Lion tonight (Thursday). Other dates are being set, the first confirmed being London Wealdstone Queens Arms (December 15).

ROBIN TROWER — who, as reported last week, begins his first British concert series in four years on February 3 — is also to appear at Bristol University on January 25. It's understood that one or two other college dates are being slotted in for late January, as a warm-up to the main tour.

IRON MAIDEN have been signed up by the Cowbell Agency, who also handle AC/DC, UFO and Judas Priest, among others. They are newly booked for Middlesbrough Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), Birmingham Underworld (December 3), Swindon Brunel Rooms (4), London North-East Polytechnic (7), Bristol Granary (8), London Marquee (9), Exeter Routes (10), Portsmouth Polytechnic (11), Swansea Circles (13), Birmingham Bingley Hall (15), Liverpool Oscar's (21) and Oldham Tower Club (22).

WRITZ — being described by their current publicist as "the band most likely to succeed in 1980", after being hailed last year by their previous publicist as "the band most likely to succeed in 1979" — play a few December gigs in support of their debut album on Electric Records, with their name as its title. They visit London Marquee (6), London City Polytechnic (7), Huddersfield Polytechnic (8), Exeter University (10), Taunton Youth Centre (13) and Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (14). Prior to these, they're at Dublin University College this Saturday (1).

RADIO 1 is to start a new expanded 'Rock On Saturday' show in the New Year, running 3½ hours and incorporating the present 'Rock On' and 'In Concert' series, as well as other material — with Tommy Vance as overall host. There'll be a new Friday evening rock show (7.30-9.50 pm) hosted by Anne Nightingale. And Steve Wright joins Radio 1 from Radio Luxembourg, presenting his first show on Saturday, January 5 (7.30-10 pm).

THE ACT, who've recently been getting some very favourable reviews and are featured on the Rocket compilation album '499 2139', have London gigs this month at Clapham 101 Club (5, 12 and 19), Crystal Palace Hotel (7), Covent Garden Rock Garden (13) and Camden Dingwalls (21). Out of town they play Nottingham Sandpiper (this Sunday) and Bradford Palm Cove Club (December 14).

GINGER BAKER has added another member to his new band Energy, who are currently on their debut UK tour. He is keyboards man David Lennox, who has previously worked with Herbie Hancock, Alvin Stardust and Rory Gallagher, among others. The band's gig at Scarborough Penthouse moves back 24 hours to tomorrow (Friday), and tonight's show is now at Middlesbrough Rock Garden.

THE LAMBRETTAS, the Brighton-based band who recently signed a one-off deal with Rocket Records, have now had their contract with the company extended into a long-term deal (including albums). They promote their newly issued single 'Go Steady' at Nottingham University (December 7), Brighton Alhambra (12), Manchester Osborne Club (13), Nottingham Sandpiper (15) and Bradford Palm Cove (28).

BLACK SLATE are newly booked for Bournemouth Town Hall (December 7), Reading Bulmershe College (8), London Dalston Four Aces (16), Gloucester Jamaica Club (22) and Bristol Romeo & Juliet (26). Their single 'Sticks Man', which has already been a twice-over hit in the reggae charts, is reissued in December on their own TCD label — it's a 12-inch backed with the previously unissued 'Boom Boom — Rasta Festival'. They are currently concluding a deal with a major label.

THE ROYALTY in Southgate, one of London's leading disco venues, is starting a series of "big star" nights — and confirmed so far are Marvin Rainwater (December 6) and the only London date by Al Hudson & The Soul Partners (14). Other bookings for the venue include Matchbox (13), Crazy Cavan's Christmas Party (20) and a seven-hour event with Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels, Polecat, Rebound and The Blue Cat Trio (27).

PIERRE MOERLEN'S GONG, who had been expected to play a string of gigs here at the end of their European tour, have in fact restricted themselves to just two UK dates — two performances at London Victoria The Venue (this Sunday) and one at Birmingham University (next Monday, 3).

MARC BOLAN is the subject of a detailed biography, just published in a limited edition. At present it's available only by post from Paul Sinclair, 17 West Park Avenue, Cliftonville, Margate, Kent — enclose cheque or PO for £1.85, plus a large self-addressed envelope.

SHIRLEY BASSEY was forced to cancel the last four dates of her British tour — at Wembley Conference Centre (November 16) and Birmingham Odeon (19-21) — as she was suffering from tonsilitis. She's hoping to arrange replacement concerts after her current Scandinavian tour, but meanwhile ticket money is being refunded for the cancelled gigs.

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A BRITISH RAIL BREAKFAST WITH THE ARTBREAK KID

TIMING: a while ago someone asked Bob Geldof — famous vocalist and composer with the extremely well-known Boomtown Rats pop group — for his definition of happiness, and he replied: "Timing".

Being in the right place at the right time; not too far ahead, not too far behind. Geldof's success is due, among other things, to his timing, but for others timing is the bane of their lives. It breaks their art.

Annette Peacock is the Artbreak Kid. If her records are released when they're made and her compositions are recorded when they're new, everyone says she's nuts. If, on the other hand, they sit around and stew for a few years before sneaking out onto the market, then the ideas are common currency and everyone thinks that she's ripped them off from somebody else.

'Everyone' in this example being — of course — a fairly small circle of people. 'Everyone' in the mass sense — of course — either remains in a state of total blissful ignorance or else vaguely knows of her as some sort of arty type, a New York jazz weirdo.

Naturally! The New York avant jazz scene is one of many worlds that Annette Peacock has moved in, and even there they thought she was weird. Very good, mind you, but weird. So she did rock and roll and they thought she was weird — very good, mind you, but weird — and jazz-rock fusion and poetry and then rock and roll again and then what she calls 'spaced-out ballads' and the marketing men all thought that she was weird — very good, mind you, but weird — I mean, *Jesus, she's great, but how the hell are we are going to sell her?*

So they didn't. Bill Martin — composer and producer of records that sell in Woolworths, the man behind everything from Sandie Shaw's 'Puppet On A String' to truckloads of Bay City Rollers hits — thought that she looked lovely and had the most incredible voice (all of which is true) and came to her with a proposal, but eventually decided that she just wouldn't take orders. A little later Brian Eno, the man who inherited Frank Zappa's crown as chief entrepreneur of the marketably weird, approached her with a naturally far more upmarket variation of the same idea and abandoned it for much the same reason. In the early '70s, RCA signed her up along with David Bowie and Lou Reed in an attempt to vibe up their image, but by the time they'd recouped their investments on Bowie and Reed, Annette — who'd been their prestige item, their 'house artist' — had been shunted to one side and her 'I'm The One' album, released with virtually no promotion, had done little more than become a byword in a few small circles.

She didn't have another record out for seven years, by which time she'd transplanted from New York to London and ended up in Crowthorne, Berkshire (of all places). The material had been written in the early '70s and basic tracks recorded as much as four years earlier. When 'X-Dreams' finally came out, she was rewarded by comparisons to Patti Smith.

Which is why Annette Peacock — vocalist, composer, poet, scenemaker, artist — sometimes feels bitter in the mornings.

IT'S 8.20 a.m. Annette Peacock is getting dressed to go to London and attend a marketing meeting at which some kind of strategy to attempt to sell her latest album will be devised. A week or so earlier, she had been interviewed but had become dissatisfied in retrospect with her answers to some of the questions. So now she is communing with a cassette machine, taping a monologue to supplement the original interview material.

But it is — after all — the morning, and even the beautiful and gifted are depressed in the mornings, so she's talking into time, talking to someone several miles away who will not hear the tape until some 36 hours later. She begins by providing an impromptu definition of 'an artist'.

"An artist," she muses in that extraordinary voice, the sound of a raised eyebrow, "is these things: they like to live alone, they don't wanna play anybody's game but their own and they're *schmucks!* Why? Because they make life difficult for themselves. If they could sell out and play other people's games, they wouldn't be artists but life would be a hell of a lot easier. A person who has spent a lot of time getting good at something may become obsolete by the time they've gotten good at it. Nowadays people are after rawness and primitiveness, but when I was doing that it was slickness and smoothness that people wanted. So if I haven't succeeded it was because I was doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. I lost all the battles, but I'm still fighting and I haven't lost the war — yet.

"A success is someone who combines elements and ingredients which are working at the time and creates a product for which there is already a marketplace. An artist is hooked on discovery, but an artist doesn't make it unless they're part of a movement, because a movement can elicit a lot of attention from the public and the press, but if you have your own separate movement going then forget it. You can be the token house artist for a record company, but they won't promote you.

"I'm sounding bitter." In a frosty Berkshire morning at 8:30, Annette Peacock chuckles to herself. "Well, sometimes I am. I get angry . . . but I was brought up to be *a lady.*" She enunciates the last two words with exquisite scorn. "I wonder what the hell I'm doing in this business, because all the reasons that brought me here are now irrelevant. IRRELEVANT." The cassette machine snaps off with a loud, decisive *click*.

ANNETTE PEACOCK can't be pigeonholed, mainly because she not only doesn't fit any of the existing pigeonholes, but also because no one's ever been able to figure out what dimensions a custom-made pigeonhole for her should be. In the avant jazz world, she had the disadvantage of being a woman in a basically male environment, a vocalist in a primarily instrumental music. She was married to Gary Peacock, who — along with Scott LaFaro — was the architect of free-jazz bass playing, and she was bringing up baby and was saddled with the "So-and-so's old lady syndrome" which impedes the careers of talented women all the time.

In rock and roll, she was too jazz, too arty.

Still, with that voice and those looks — she appears absurdly young for the amount of time that she's been around — she could slide an elegantly booted foot into the public door by making a NORMAL RECORD, by not confusing people. Or could she?

"Winning the respect of my peers used to be what it was all about, but I can't win the respect of my peers now. It'd pay me more to be less than I am. Maybe I'm stupid. Why don't I do it? Maybe I will. If I play the game, then I'll win, but I won't have proved anything to myself, only to other people, and by doing that I'll have humiliated myself."

And the reason that Annette Peacock won't consent to be masterminded by someone else, be it Bill Martin or Brian Eno, is that she wants to be successful with her own music, that delirious, sensual blend of energy and sophistication, structure and chaos, speech and song, polemics and whimsy . . . it's really very simple. Define one's own role and one's own music. If you succeed by dumping you own definitions in favour of someone else's, then it's *their* success and not yours. Peacock wants her own success.

Okay, we've eavesdropped on Annette Peacock feeling sorry for herself in the morning and you've heard me telling you that she's very, very good and not particularly like anyone else and your next question is: if Annette Peacock *is* very very good and not just another failed poser with an advanced case of self-pity, then howcum she isn't more famous, more successful?

"Just to set the record straight, how do you think I feel when people are consistently comparing me to people like Patti Smith? In 1969, I made an album called 'Revenge', which no one's ever heard of because it got no promotion from the record company, and I was doing poetry to rock backgrounds and free jazz and singing through synthesisers. And then in 1971 when I made my RCA album, I was singing through them live at a time when nobody had thought of doing that and they were just being used as overdubs on jingles. I got booed off stages for doing that and then later I was compared to Yoko Ono, who'd gotten raves for just using a little echo . . .

"I remember seeing Patti Smith singing 'I Get A Kick Out Of You' to a very small audience of sychophantic gays who thought she was really hip standing up there and singing standards. I gave a tape to a friend called Michael Minick who lived in the same building as Patti and — maybe even next door — and it had 'Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook' (from 'X-Dreams') and 'Succubus' (from 'The Perfect Release') on it, and that was 1973, okay? Maybe there's no correlation between that and the facts, but I'm always being compared to people who ought to be compared to me, except that I'm not famous and successful enough for anyone to have *heard* of me to compare me with anyone . . . And I appeared topless at New York Town Hall, which is a classical stage, two years before Genya Ravan did her topless thing and got all the publicity.

"If I mention these things, it's like sour grapes. We've heard this story from so many artists who say 'I was doing this before so and so did it . . .' It doesn't matter. It's just that I'm sitting here watching all this go down and I wanted to get it all out — for once."

She snaps the cassette machine off once more, pulls on her boots and sets off to catch her train.

ANNETTE PEACOCK was born in New York and raised in California. Her mother was a concert cellist with the L.A. Philharmonic, and her father was an interior designer. She has one brother ten years her senior, and her relationships with her family and the lovers she found when — at the end of her teens — she made her way back to New York, can be found on 'Mama Never Taught Me To Cook', the stunning opener of 'X-Dreams', the first of the two Aura albums which are the only examples of her work currently available in this country.

Before the Aura albums were 'Revenge' (Polydor 1969) and 'I'm The One' (RCA 1971). Other than that, there was the work she did with pianist/composer Paul Bley — she asserts mordantly that Bley was ripped-off hook, line and sinker by the more lionised Keith Jarrett — but even there she was hamstrung by following, both musically and socially, Bley's

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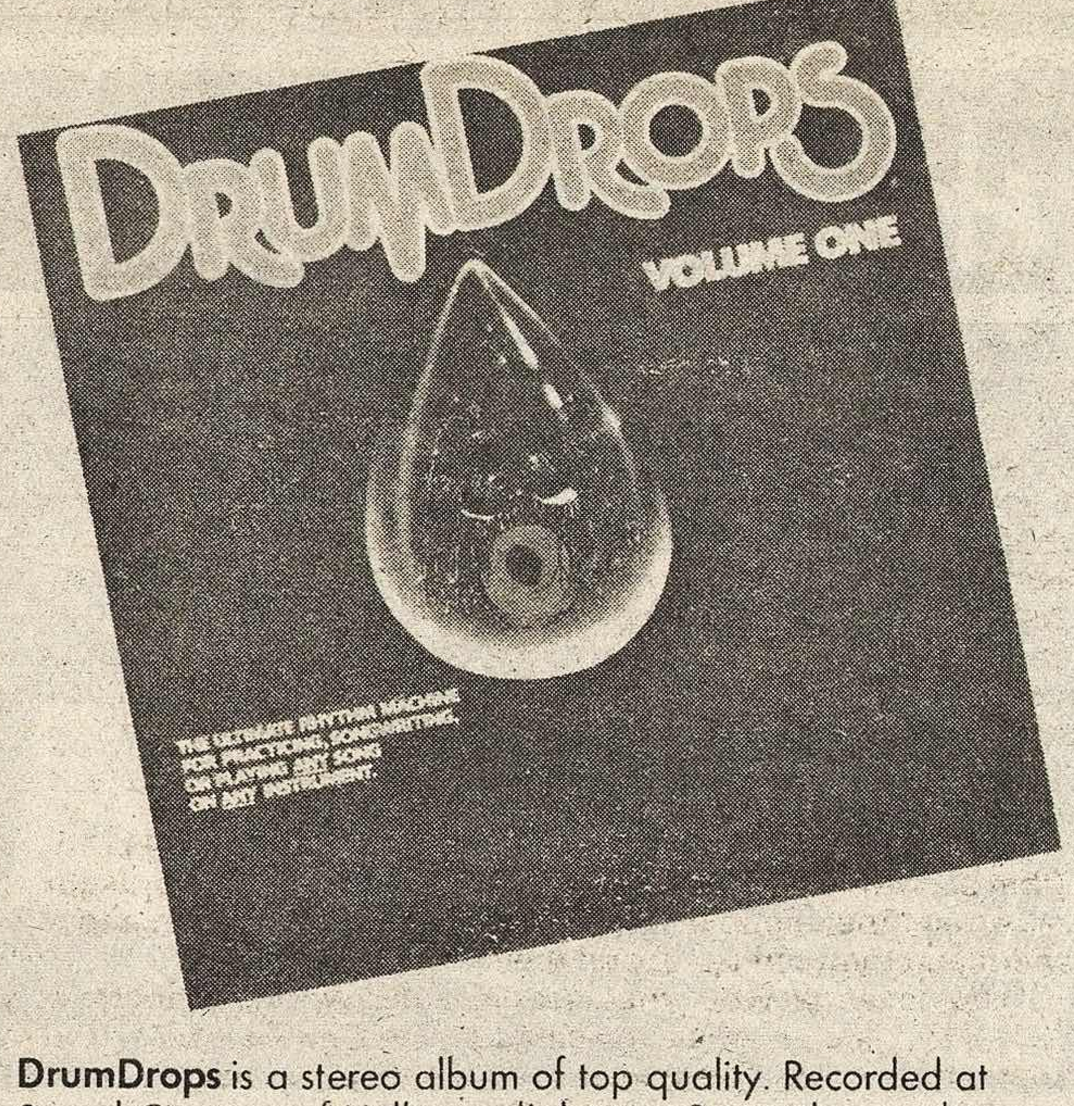

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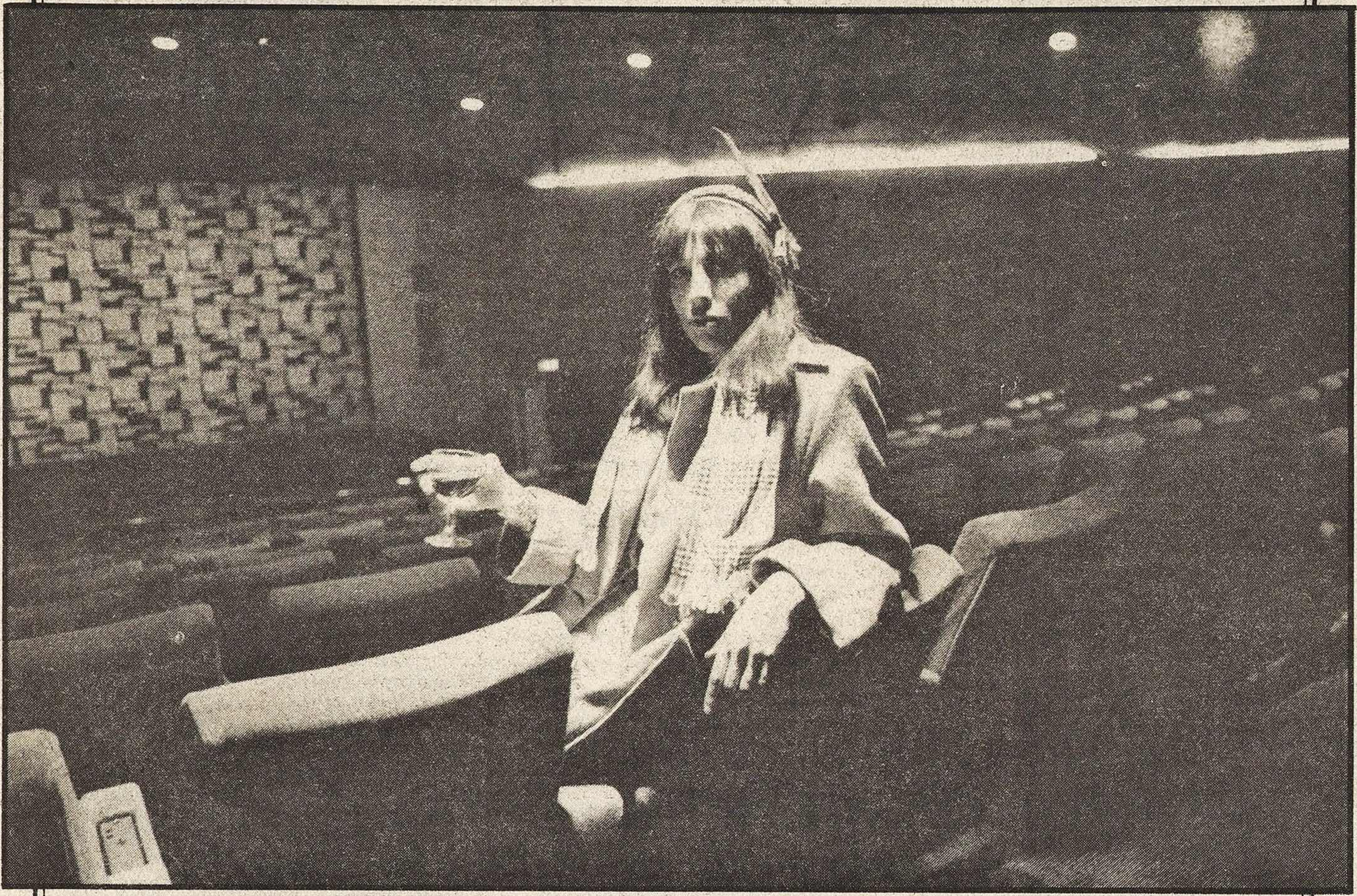
Pictures by Jill Furmanovsky



"If this is 1979 I must have missed my stop," says Annette Peacock. "Oh no you haven't," says Charles Shaar Murray, and shares a cab to the station.

wife Carla, who had fulfilled a similar function with Bley's earlier music. She was not taken seriously not simply because she was a girl, but also as a girlfriend.

When she arrived at RCA — and passed briefly through the MainMan fold — Mick Ronson was much taken with her. He featured the title song of her 'I'm The One' on his solo debut 'Slaughter On Tenth Avenue' and borrowed her arrangment of Elvis Presley's 'Love Me Tender' for the same album. Clad in a scanty sequinned T-shirt and singing through a bank of synths, she conquered her fear of live performance long enough to confuse people at the major European jazz festivals with an act that — from what I can gather — would have made more sense on the rock and roll stage. From Montreux to Crowthorne!

Annette keeps her cassette turning as she crunches through the leaves to the station, discovers that she's missed her train and hops a cab so that she can make it to the next connection before the train does. She asks the cabbie if he had a bad night. He says no and she tells him that his driving is kinda weird. She leaves the cab without apologising and misses another train.

"There goes another train going somewhere I don't wanna go," she announces to her tape recorder after a train has indeed arrived at the station and then turned out to be the wrong one. "The frustration of wanting everything at once! I could make myself a lot happier by settling for that which *is* instead of what I would like it to be. Timing is everything, that's all. If you have an imagination you can translate reality any way you wanna you see it and make it happen that way — if the timing is right. It's worth trying because if it works it really happens. But living in dreams is *the worst.* You have to get good at dealing with reality, because if you don't deal with reality, reality deals with *you.*

"Here comes the train!"

ONCE underway via British Rail, Annette gets talking to a bunch of young blokes on the train and — wonder of wonders! — they know who she is! They know her albums! They interview her.

"I never get bad reviews for my records," she tells them. "Only for my live performances 'cause I don't give a damn. I just get up on stage and if I don't like a tune I'll make the band stop and then start again. Or I'll stop in the middle of a sentence and roll a cigarette. I just can't get into this whole thing of performing, 'okay, folks, here we go: *show business!*' Show a bit of leg, show a bit of tit, show a bit of ass, get the band really hot and work up these tight arrangements. It's discovery. You work with really good musicians but you don't rehearse 'em too much and then you just do what happens."

"Don't you think it's pathetic," one of the lads asks her, "that someone like you goes to such lengths to write brilliant music and then people like The Sex Pistols just scream and shout and they can't play and they make millions?"

"You never get what you deserve in this world," Annette tells him. "You get what you can get. The Sex Pistols represented a lot of people at that time who wanted to scream and shout about a lot of things that were wrong, and they did it."

"They were expressing their feelings," the boy says.

"That's *right,*" replies Annette. "What they were doing was valid, so how could I get uptight about that? It's nothing to do with what *I* do, but I'm interested in expressing my feelings too. It's just that people get confused if the music's too good; they don't see that you're saying something as well. I've always tried to do too much at once."

" 'Ere," interjects her interlocuter, "what does your little girl think about you being a singer?"

"Well," begins Annette, "she watches *Top Of The Tops* every week and . . ."

"No," he interrupts, "are you married?"

"I have a boyfriend."

"Oh, I don't want to embarrass you . . ."

"You won't embarrass me, ask anything you like."

"Well, some of these pop stars, they get a little money and they start going through the men like anyfink . . ."

"What?"

"THROUGH THE MEN . . . what does your little girl think? I mean, how old is she?"

"Twelve," Annette replies. On the tape, you can hear their jaws drop.

"Twelve???? You're kidding!" They burst into embarrassed laughter. They are no match for her.

"My boyfriend's 21," she adds. They are nonplussed with this piece of information.

" 'Ow old are you then?" asks their leader.

"You shouldn't ask that," one of his friends interposes.

"I've been with my boyfriend for two years," Annette tells them; "and *he* doesn't know how old I am."

"Bloody Jesus! You with a 12-year-old daughter . . . most pop stars look all haggard and that!"

"Well," says Annette, "I don't drug a lot and I don't drink."

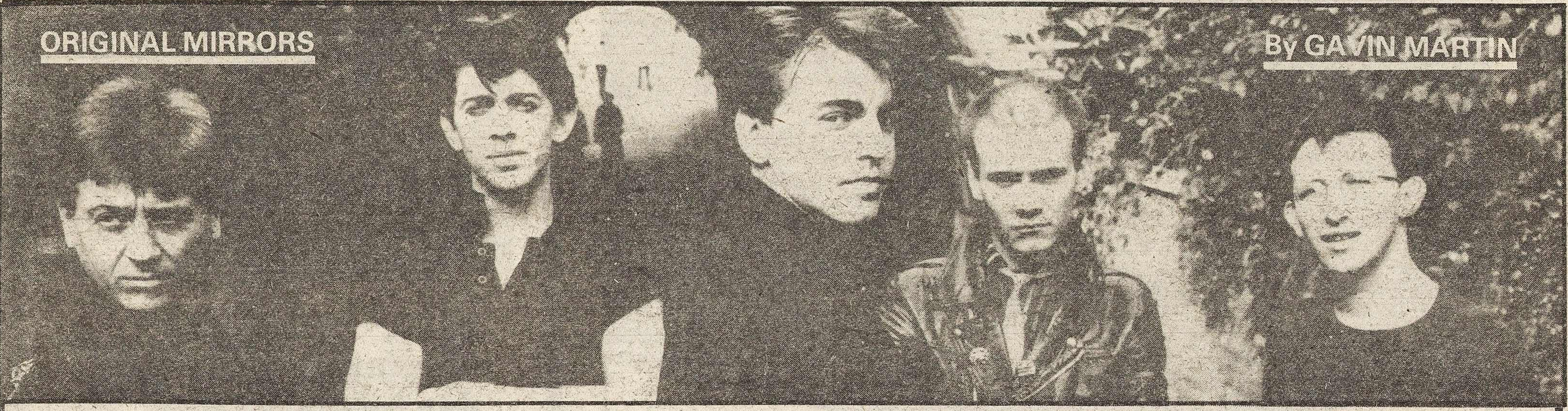
The boy is even more flabbergasted.

"A sensible singer!"

And the train takes the sensible singer to London, where once again marketing men will put their heads in their hands and try and figure out what the hell she's doing and who they can sell it to and how.

ORIGINAL MIRRORS

By GAVIN MARTIN



Original Mirrormen (l-r): Pete Kircher, Jonathan Perkins, Steve Allen, Phil Spalding, Ian Broudie.

The Mirror Image Belongs To Us

PLUMPED in the sleazy confines of a famous Wardour St dressing room, Steve Allen (late of Deaf School) and myself are perfunctorily unravelling the story behind Steve's new band, The Original Mirrors.

Formed a mere four months ago, the group draws together souls from a variety of partially successful combos. From left to right we have the aforementioned Mr Allen taking lead vocals, Ian Broudie guitar (previously with Big In Japan), Peter Kircher drums (served time with Honeybus and Shanghai), Phil Spalding, formerly Bernie Torme's bassist, and Jonathan Perkins, veteran keyboardist of Stadium Dogs and a host of others.

Due to the absence of other band members, who seemed to have found more convivial post-gig activities, throughout the interview I get the impression that the full story behind the OMs is being covered unsatisfactorily. Steve, an amiable character who immediately belies his 'art school' associations, doesn't exactly make with a feast of scintillating hot poop. Still, his approach is favourable to the customary half-baked 'drive to the '80s' campaign espoused by so many others.

After the respective splits of Deaf School and Big In Japan, Steve and Ian came together as the Mirrors' embryonic Liverpudlian songwriting partnership. A publishing deal from Steve's School days helped to finance an early set of demos which were recorded with a Heavy Metal Kid and a member of Red Noise; before long the major labels began to take notice and having reached their present line-up the Mirrors inked a £25,000 deal with Phonogram. Were there any stipulations they wanted their prospective company to fulfil?

"No, we were just writing the songs and weren't really sure whether they were good or bad, so we'd have settled for a singles deal or whatever was available. The response of the companies to the tapes was great, but we decided on Phonogram not because they offered the most money but they just seemed to genuinely like us more."

So far the band have recorded one single, the nearly released 'Could This Be Heaven'. Their set consists of only 12 numbers but at the tail end of the year the Mirrors will be composing new material for possible inclusion on their debut album. Steve's the first to admit that so far the band have had a relatively easy ride. While they've yet to undertake an extensive tour they've played about 20 headlining dates all over the country, press coverage has been quite liberal, averaging at about one review to every five gigs.

So are the Mirrors just another Deaf School?

"Nah, not really. Deaf School was a very arty band, or at least got misconstrued as such. I wanted to get into a rock'n'roll band."

And with hindsight how does he view the group's history?

"Well, it was a personal rather than a commercial success. It reached a point where both albums had sold in the same amounts and it didn't seem like we could go any further."

Steve began to find his own progress stifled.

"Meeting Ian was great as we both wanted to be in a good rock'n'roll danceband with a great rhythm section," he emphasises with a cocky Scouse accent.

But was there no feeling of desperation or bitterness towards the industry, considering that all the group members have slogged across the country before this with little to show for it?

"Well, most of us had only been in one group so there was no real feeling of bitterness. Personally, I'd been off the road for a year and I felt I had to get a band back together."

Onstage The Original Mirrors deliver a considerable hard rock clout. A rigorous rhythmatic base dovetails with the irridescent keyboard figures and the slashing guitar chords into a well defined but not particularly enticing modern rock'n'roll sound (and that's not a reference to people in pork pies'n' parkas). The boy stage centre looking quite like Bo Bo Phoenix works it out in the vocal stakes with a passing Bowie inflection.

It's guitarist Broudie who provides most of the attraction visually however, with his ⅛-inch crop and bug-eyed blankness he comes over like an animated cross between Wilko Johnson and Mensi of the Upstarts.

"We try to write songs rather than riffs," explains Steve — and this could be the problem! There is little to distinguish one song from another and it is perhaps significant that the most memorable number in their set is a blazing rendition of The Supremes' 'Reflections'.

The Original Mirrors make no bones about their chief preoccupation — achieving fame and acclaim. They are stridently and perhaps, if you consider their past history, understandably ambitious.

"We don't really like playing support slots, although we supported The Pirates recently at Bradford University and that was great — they booked us back the next day. We seem to go down really well in those big places."

Their first real test will come when the album is unleashed in the new year. Their modern world wave image, their caustic songs of 'heavy romance', their naive distaste for mixing rock with politics, should interest record company and public alike. On the other hand, I guess it's a formula that's failed more times than it's succeeded — though I'd much sooner the chemistry reacted favourably for a friendly geezer like Steve Allen than a whole bunch of others who spring to mind.

JOHN OTWAY IN PERSON

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30th Liverpool University

DECEMBER

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3rd Town Hall, High Wycombe
5th Manchester University
6th Tiffanys, Blackpool
7th Ernshawe Hall, Sheffield
8th Strathclyde University
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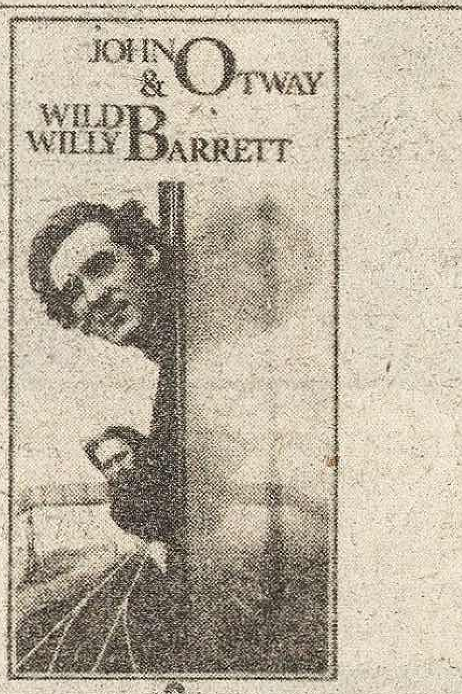
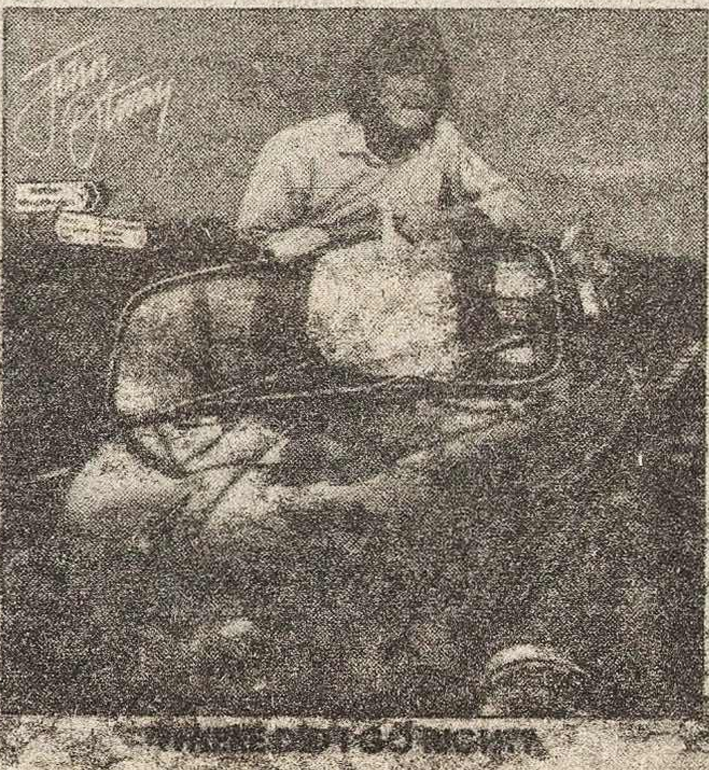


JOHN OTWAY & WILD BILLY BARRETT

DEEP & MEANINGLESS



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NEARLY TEN THIRTY
I'M RISING EARLY
I'VE GOT AN EYE
TO BUY THE BEST
BEFORE THE RUSH
SOMEONE LEFT A BABY
IN THE CAR PARK
NEVER ANY REASON
DON'T YOU LISTEN
ONE MORE SOB STORY
SOMEONE IS CALLING
SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW
CALLING THROUGH MIRRORS
DON'T YOU LISTEN
DON'T INTERFERE
IGNORE IT AND
IT WILL GO AWAY
SOMEONE IS CALLING
DON'T YOU LISTEN
DON'T YOU LISTEN
SOMEONE IS CALLING
DON'T YOU LISTEN
DON'T YOU LISTEN

SLOW MOTION
SLOW MOTION
GETTING RID OF THE ALBATROSS
SOWING THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT
I KNOW YOU VERY WELL
YOU ARE UNBEARABLE
I'VE SEEN YOU UP FAR TOO CLOSE
GETTING RID OF THE ALBATROSS
FRYING REAR BLINDS
IF I WANTED
SHOULD I REALLY
IF
I RUN AWAY
RUN AWAY
RIDING ALONG ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE
GETTING RID OF THE ALBATROSS
ANOTHER WILL NOT FORGET
I KNOW YOU VERY WELL
RUN AWAY
RUN AWAY
SHOULD I
I RUN AWAY
GETTING RID OF THE ALBATROSS
I KNOW YOU VERY WELL
YOU ARE UNBEARABLE
I SEEN YOU FAR TOO CLOSE
IF I WANTED TO
IF
RUN AWAY
RUN AWAY
I RAN AWAY
I RAN AWAY
HIDING ON CARPETS
ANOTHER
SLOW
SOWING THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT
RUNNING AWAY FROM THE ALBATROSS
STILL THE SPIRIT OF SIXTY EIGHT
I RAN AWAY
I RAN AWAY
FAR TOO PERSONAL
SHOULD I REALLY STAY
GETTING RID OF THE ALBATROSS
ALWAYS FRY
GETTING RID
IF I WANTED TO

IT IS YOUR CHARACTER
DEEP IN YOUR NATURE
TAKE ONE EXAMPLE
SAMPLE AND HOLD
ROMANCE AND REPLACE
THE LACK IN YOURSELF
IT IS YOUR NATURE
IT IS YOUR NATURE
WE SEE YOU CLIMBING
IMPROVING THE EFFORT
WEARING MY SUIT
IT IS YOUR CHARACTER
THERE IS A LIMIT
OVER YOUR SHOULDER
EVERYONE LOVES YOU
UNTIL THEY KNOW YOU
PERFUME AEROSOLS
MAY CHAMPION THE STRANGERS
NICK
STANDING AROUND
ALL THE RIGHT PEOPLE
CRAWLING
TENNIS ON TUESDAY
THE LADDER IS LONG
IT IS YOUR NATURE
YOU'VE GOT A SUNTAN
FOOTBALL ON SUNDAY
SOCIETY BOY
ON SOCIAL SECURITY
IT IS YOU'RE NATURE
TENNIS ON TUESDAY
SIPPING CHAMPAGNE
FOOTBALL ON SUNDAY
HOME ON THE TRAIN
IT'S YOUR NATURE
GIRL FROM TOTTERIDGE PARK
SAID YOU WERE NICE
SO WAS MY SUIT
THE LADDER IS LONG

SEEING IN YOUR EYES
WORDS CAN NEVER SAY THE WAY
TOLD ME IN YOUR EYES
FINAL IN A FADE
SEEING IN YOUR EYES
SEEING IN YOUR EYES
NEVER REALLY KNOW
NEVER REALIZE
SILENCE IN YOUR EYES
SILENCE IN YOUR EYES
NEVER REALLY KNOW
TIL ITS GONE AWAY
NEVER REALIZE
THE SILENCE IN YOUR EYES
SEEN IT IN YOUR EYES
NEVER NO MORE HOPE AWAY
FINAL IN A FADE
WATCH HER SLOWLY DIE
SAW IT IN HER EYES
CHOKING ON A BED
FLOWERS ROTTING DEAD
SEEN IT IN HER EYES
ENDING IN A DAY
SILENCE WAS AWAY
SEEING IN YOUR EYES
SEEING IN YOUR EYES
INSEEING THROUGH MY EYES
WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS
WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS
WORDS CANNOT EX. ....

YOU MAKE ME FEEL ASHAMED
AT ACTING ATTITUDES
REMEMBER RIDICULE
IT SHOULD BE CLEAR BY NOW
CLEAR BY NOW
YOUR WORDS ARE USELESS
FULL OF EXCUSES
FALSE CONFIDENCE
SOMEONE HAS USED YOU WELL
USED YOU WELL
I COULD BE WRONG
IT COULD BE HATE
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE
CLINGING DESPERATELY
UNAQUIRING PRETENDING
NO PERSONALITY
DRAGGING ON AND ON AND ON AND ON
AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON
I THINK YOU'RE SLIGHTLY LATE
SLIGHTLY LATE
THIS PERSON'S HAD ENOUGH
OF USELESS MEMORIES
ALWAYS REMEMBER
TWISTED AMENITIES
COULD BE WRONG
THIS PERSON'S HAD ENOUGH
OF USELESS MEMORIES
ALWAYS REMEMBER THESE
TWISTED AMENITIES
OUT OF ORDER
OUT OF ORDER
IT COULD BE WORSE
YOU'RE LOSING ALL THE TIME
I LET YOU STAY TOO LONG
I COULD BE WRONG
IT COULD BE WORSE
YOU'RE LOSING ALL THE TIME
I LET YOU STAY TOO LONG
I COULD BE WRONG
I COULD BE WRONG
WHATEVER PAST
COULD NEVER LAST
ALL IN YOUR MIND
WHERE IT ALL BEGAN
YOU'RE DOING WRONG
IT'S NOT THE MOVIES
AND YOU'RE OLD

A FACE IS RAINING
ACROSS THE BORDER
THE PRIDE OF HISTORY
THE SAME AS MURDER
IS THIS LIVING
HE'S BEEN CAREERING
THE STEADY HAND AS PLANNED
BEHIND THE REASONING
NO CLAIM FOR PROPERTY
BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER
THERE IS BACTERIA
IS THIS LIVING
HE'S BEEN CAREERING
TRIGGER MACHINERY
MANGLE THE MILITARY
NO ONE SHOULD BE THERE
IS THIS LIVING
BLOWN INTO BREEZE
SCATTER CONCRETE
THE JAGGED METAL BAD LIFE
MANUFACTURED
HE'S BEEN CAREERING
IS THIS LIVING
A FACE IS RAINING
ACROSS THE BORDER
THE PRIDE OF HISTORY
THE SAME AS MURDER
IS THIS LIVING
CAREERING
THERE MUST BE MEANING
BEHIND THE MOANING
SPREADING TALES
LIKE COFFIN NAILS
IS THIS LIVING
HE'S BEEN CAREERING
IT'S RAINING
I NEED TO HIDE
TRIGGER MACHINERY
I'VE BEEN CAREERING
ACROSS THE BORDER
IS THIS LIVING
BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER
THERE IS BACTERIA
ARMOURED MACHINERY
MANGLED

VOICE MOANING IN A SPEAKER
NEVER REALLY GET TOO CLOSE
ONLY A GIMMICK POINTED FINGERS
NEVER MORE SERIOUS SIGHT
WOULDN'T WASTE THE EFFORT ON ENTERTAINMEN
OUT OF CONTROL-MOB RUNNING WILD
ALL YOU EVER GET IS ALL YOU STEAL
SIDE OF THE LONDON THAT THE TOURISTS NEVER SEE
ANGLO AMBIENCE
CHANT
DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER
THERE'S NOTHING IN IT FOR ME
THE MORE I SEE THE LESS I GET
THE LIKES OF YOU AND ME ARE
AN EMBARASSMENT
CHANT
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT
IT'S NOT WORTH A MENTION IN THE GUARDIAN
EVERY LIBRARIAN HAS ITS THEORY
CHANT CHANT ANGLO AMBIENCE
CHANT
VOICE MOANING IN A SPEAKER
CHANT

DRIVE ME TO THE FOREST IN A JAPANESE CAR
THE SMELL OF RUBBER ON CONCRETE TAR
HINDSIGHT DOES ME NO GOOD
STANDING NAKED IN THIS BACK OF THE WOODS
THE CASSETTE PLAYED POPTONES
I CAN'T FORGET THE IMPRESSION YOU MADE
YOU LEFT A HOLE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD
I DON'T LIKE HIDING IN THIS FOLIAGE AND PEAT
IT'S WET AND I'M LOSING MY BODY HEAT
THE CASSETTE PLAYED POPTONES
THIS BLEEDING HEART
LOOKING FOR BODIES
NEARLY INJURED MY PRIDE
PRAISE PICNICKING IN THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE
POPTONES

THIS COULD BE HEAVEN
SHALLOW SPREADS OF ORDERED LAWNS
I LIKE THE ILLUSION
ILLUSION OF PRIVACY
THE CAREFUL TREES BLENDING SO PERFECTLY
BLAND PLANNED IDLE LUXURY
A CAVIAR OF SILENT DIGNITY
LIFE IN LOVELY ALLOTED SLOTS
A TOKEN NICE
A NICE CONSTITUTION
'A LAYERED MASS OF SUBTLE PROPS
THIS COULD BE HEAVEN
MILD MANNERED MEWS
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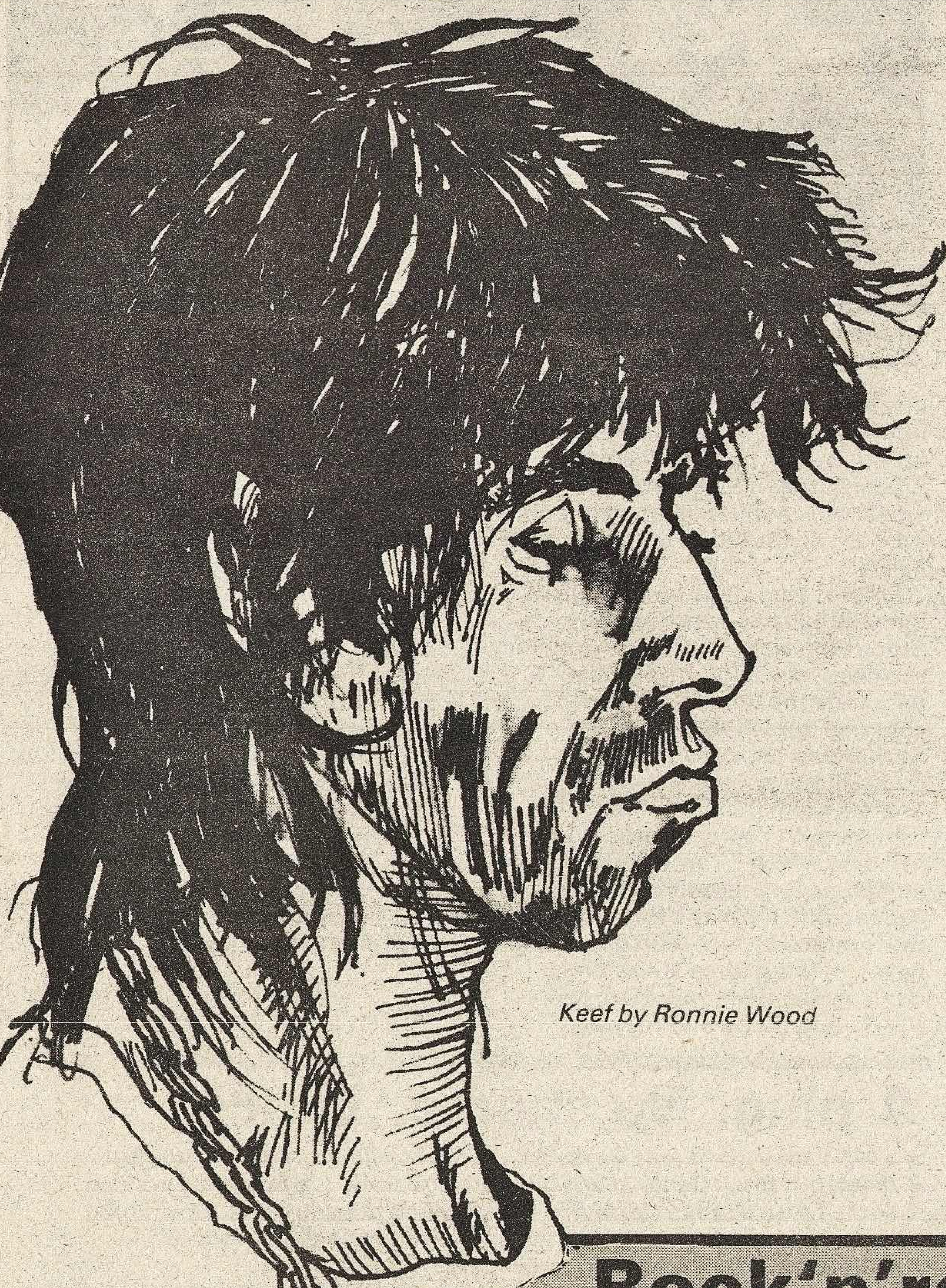
THRILLS



Keef by Ronnie Wood

KEITH RICHARDS: LOVE IN VEIN

Nick Kent surveys the latest entrant in the Stones biog stakes. This one's really 'the works' . .

THE ROLLING STONES have already been the subject of too many books.

The '70s alone have witnessed the publication of at least a good baker's dozen. There's been fanciful speculation on the band, half-arsed scandal sheet volumes on Mick Jagger, at least two books on just one of the five or six tours the band have undertaken over the past decade, a Music Sales tome filled with a separate book's worth of chapters to spice up the sheet music quota, Roy Carr's *Illustrated Record*, a *Stones In Their Own Words* cash-in and a semi-authorised collaboration between photographer Annie Leibovitz and Terry Southern on the group's '75 tour.

The latter publication was, as I said, blessed with a half-hearted 'authorisation' gratis a foreword scribbled by Jagger himself. Ms. Charone's *Keith Richards — The Authorised Biography*, is an altogether more impressive 'coup' only because, its shortcomings notwithstanding, she has hung in there with a tenacity that matched the Stones' classic reputation for ruthlessness when it comes to casually hurling former acquaintances aside when they become a touch irritating.

Some claim Richards granted journalist Charone the rights to open an authorised biography because of his concern that a jail sentence loomed large and he wanted his life story put down before the cell door slammed. Others reckon Richards used Charone's enamoured prose to counter the embellished half-truths that his ex-right hand man, Tony Sanchez, was concocting in order to blacken the Stone's name. Others felt that Richards liked Charone, trusted her and was quite flattered to have a book written about him instead of Mick Jagger. Whatever the reasons, *Keith Richards* is now available, and provides endless access to everyone from Richards' mother, Andrew Oldham, Ian Stewart, all the Stones, early engineers, early tour managers, publicists, friends, co-workers, confidants and even Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry.

Charone dashes all fears of those who reckoned that the book would be a lengthy splurge of sycophancy by hitting the reader straight in the gut with a realistic insight into Richards' and Pallenberg's constant fighting, the latter's hysterical outburst bordering on clinical insanity, while Richards' numb, junked-out condition makes him seem like a zombie.

This is *not* pleasant reading and Charone's vivid detailing of the volatile atmosphere at the Richards home grants anyone even vaguely enamoured of the gent's style of wasted elegance a fierce collision with the real character behind the scarves, gaunt cheekbones and reputation for 'keeping it together, maaan' for days and nights on end.

■ *Continues over*

HOW do we manage it? How does *Thrills* keep coming up with these great competitions and how do we get ourselves into a scrape like the one surrounding last week's *Thrills* competition in which we offered the original **Elvis Costello** demo tape as first prize in our *NME*/Oval Records comp, where five copies of Oval's 'Honky Tonk Demos' albums were also up for grabs?

Following the appearance of the competition *NME* and Oval received a call from Elvis himself and manager Jake Riviera to tell us that no, they didn't think it was such a good idea after all.

The tape in question, they pointed out, was hardly ours to give away. In any case we might well be setting up a bootlegger with prime unreleased Costello material, some of which might yet be surfacing on future Elvis albums, and some of which EC considered substandard and did not wish to appear. "It's like someone printing the articles that you'd thrown in the wastepaper bin," said Jake Riviera.

Neither *NME* nor Oval wished to imply that Elvis Costello personally endorsed either the competition or the 'Honky Tonk Demos' LP, as may have appeared to be the case. Respecting their wishes, *Thrills* and Oval withdraw the 'Elvis Costello At Home' tape as our first prize. Instead, thanks to the good offices of Elvis and Jake, we'll be offering an alternative and equally fabulous special prize. What *that* is you'll have to wait until next week to discover, but rest assured it'll be something that will allow you to walk head held high at the school hop this Xmas.

The competition is now closed.

THRILLS

Rock'n'roll bullies

ACTOR AND TV STAR John Bindon was last week cleared at the Old Bailey of murdering London underworld figure John Darke, but the thespian fellow's past lingers on.

The morning after Bindon's acquittal the *Daily Mirror* carried a picture on its front page of Bindon, wearing a T-shirt bearing the logo "Use Cocaine", alongside a snap of the noble Princess Margaret on the island of Mustique.

Last week the *Mirror* also carried details of how Led Zeppelin paid American promoter Bill Graham's staff $100,000 in an out-of-court settlement over the beatings handed out to them by drummer John Bonham, manager Peter Grant and Bindon himself in San Francisco during the lumbering dinosaur's 1977 US tour.

Although it appears a rather odd task for an actor, Bindon was employed as Zeppelin's bodyguard. After an argument broke out between stagehand Jim Matzorkis and Grant's 11-year-old son, Bindon, Grant and Bonham attacked Matzorkis, who later required hospital treatment.

After joking about 19-stone Grant's waistline, carpenter Jim Downey was knocked out by a single punch from Bindon who then repeatedly banged Downey's head against a concrete wall.

In addition, backstage worker Bob Barsotti is said to have been chased and hit with a metal pipe by Zeppelin tour manager Richard Cole.

At Oakland, California, guilty pleas to assault charges were filed on behalf of Bindon, Grant, Bonham and Cole in their absence. Bindon received a 60-day suspended jail sentence and was fined $600, whilst the other defendants each received $400 fines.

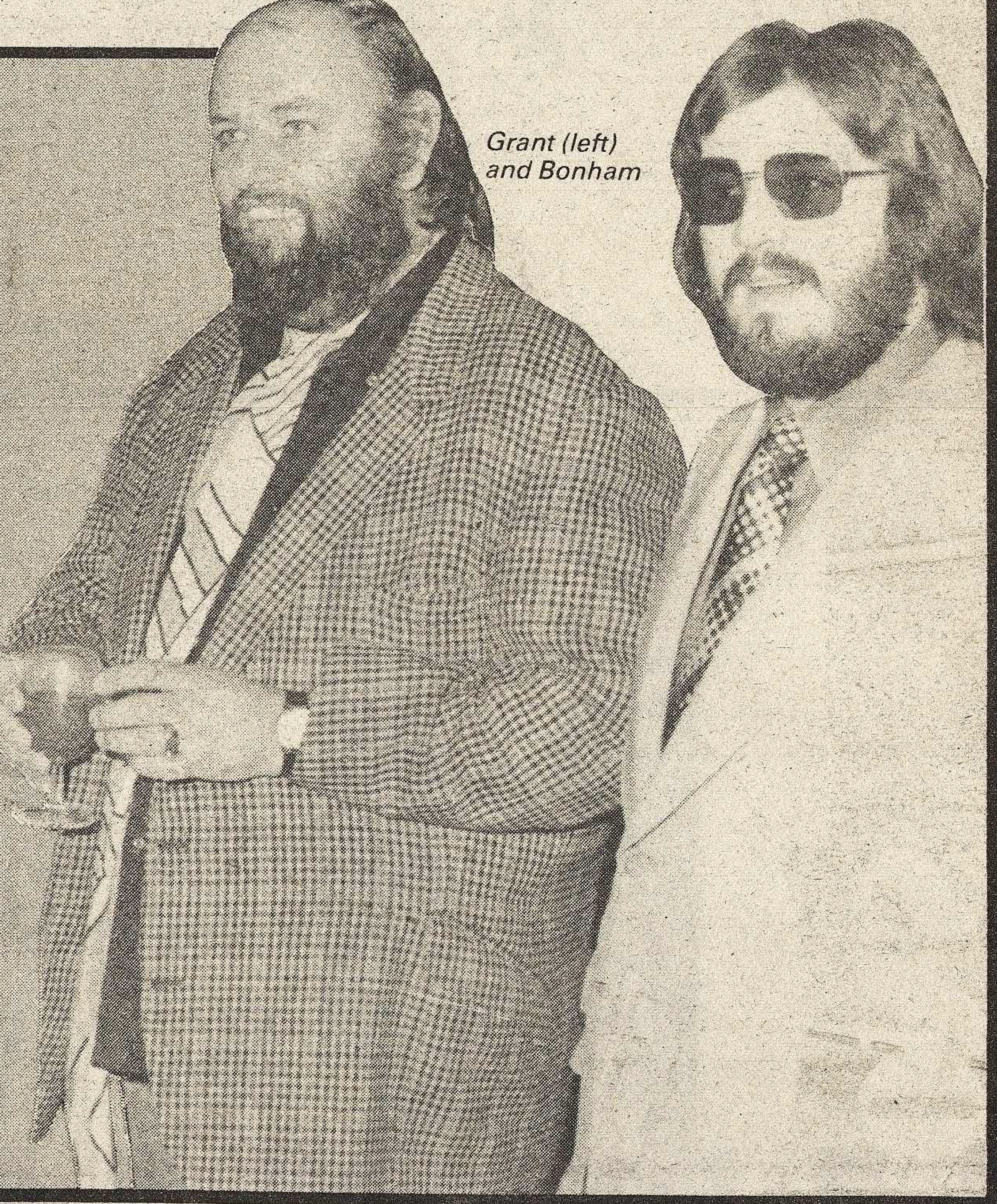
The $100,000 settlement was made in a secret out-of-court pay-off at the end of last year after Graham's staff had begun a lawsuit for damages.

Could this distribution of Zeppelin funds have anything to do with widespread reports that at the time of this pointless incident Bill Graham had threatened to ensure the band never worked in the States again?

And is Bindon's defence counsel breathing a sigh of relief that information concerning this Zeppelin incident didn't leak into the British press before his client's murder trial at the Old Bailey?

WILL E. DIXON

THRILLS



Grant (left) and Bonham

Lowry

"We'll save a packet in wages and, if anything, that wooden backdrop of them is marginally more lively than the real Jordanaires."

Disco death toll mounts

THIS WEEK copies of the Greater London Council's Disco Code Of Practice will be sent to more than 1,000 holders of GLC music and dancing licences.

The Code, rather glibly entitled *Disco Rules OK?*, was announced last Thursday by Stanley Bolton, chairman of the GLC's Public Services and Safety Committee.

"We have no wish to spoil young people's fun," says Bolton, "but we are determined that youngsters' lives shall not be put at risk."

The Code Of Practice, plainly a GLC attempt to de-escalate the growing violence in clubs in the capital (and elsewhere, too, though the GLC's Code only applies to London), suggests that all customers be searched either physically or with an electronic scanner for weapons, that obvious drunks be refused entry, and that the audience be split fifty/fifty between men and women. It is being questioned how gay discos will react to the last suggestion.

Though the Code is not legally enforcable, clubs and discos choosing to ignore it should consider that it is the GLC that licences their premises.

The most contentious area of the Code concerns the GLC's decision that bouncers appear to be a necessary evil. "Security stewards", as they are euphemistically referred to in the Code, should be over 18 and have no criminal record. Though they should be expected to be able to "look after themselves" they should do nothing to provcke violence. Nor should they be permitted to carry weapons. It is also suggested they should be garbed in distinctive dress such as dinner jackets, fluorescent jackets or inscribed T-shirts.

There is also a GLC belief that DJs who play extra loudly to create excitement, "or cover up their own low-level performances, should be controlled by electronic noise-limiting devices.

"The wave of violence at some discos and the appalling toll of death earlier this year demanded urgent action," concludes Bolton.

STEWART STEWART

THRILLS

KEEFCAKE

■ *From previous page*

Indeed the first chapter — detailing the week spent at Redlands just preceding the pair's ill-starred trek to Toronto and the subsequent bust — is by far the best chapter in the book.

From there on out, it's fairly straightforward. Richards' and the Stones' history is dealt with, using a bulging reservoir of quotes from crucial figures in all areas, to the point where long-trampled ground is reploughed but with a more personalised focus. Charone grants Richards immeasurable space for his own vivid recollections whilst making sure that a figure remarked upon gets his or her side of the story told as well even if the bias tends inevitably to fall on Richards' side.

Brian Jones, for example, is viewed with contempt by Keith, so Charone helps reinforce the image.

Easily the book's greatest slice of uncensored candour is Charone taking down at length all Richards' slights of Jagger. Jagger, according to Richards, "treats women like cattle", a statement that tracks from 'Aftermath' only too willingly bear through, although anyone mostly responsible for the lyrics to a song as exquisitely affecting as 'Wild Horses' could hardly be envisaged holding a branding iron as an endless trail of submissive females pass on by. In fact Jagger is all too often bombarded with belittling remarks from Richards or the odd disparaging observation from Charone herself.

But, although the book tries to go for the proverbial 'big picture' by talking to enormous numbers of people involved, the fact remains that Richards, as far as Charone is concerned, *is* the Rolling Stones (she states so on page 5) and there lies the problem. Give or take the occasional forgiveable transgression, Richards is always right and to claim that he *is* the Rolling Stones is pure, blind stupidity. The interplay between Jagger and Richards with Charlie Watts' drumming, Wyman's bass and a second lead guitar *is* the Rolling Stones. Nothing less.

Similarly, although Charone and Richards take great pains to deny the latter's reputation for consciously parading his former long-term narcotic use as a great image conceit, the fact remains that more is written about heroin in this authorised biography than there is any basic technical reporting about Richards' guitar playing style, about how he constructs a song, about how he discovered the open tuning that became a trademark of his rhythm work (although, grant her some credibility, Charone did try to interview Ry Cooder, the man who once claimed that Richards stole the classic 'Honky Tonk Women' riff from him, only to be rebutted due to Cooder's defiant refusal to discuss any topic about the Stones whatsoever).

Meanwhile Richards' rap about heroin usage is, frankly, facile. His view, despite the obligatory "It does you no good" claim, is contradicted by remorseless barrages of verbiage, stating how he, Richards, can handle the drug because of the strength of his metabolism. This may be true, it may also be a display of perverse heavy doper machismo, but it *is* inevitably irresponsible.

After a fearsome first chapter in which she looks as though she's hit the perfect balance by capturing the sordid existence involved in being one of rock's few truly charismatic figures, Charone half-heartedly lets others try and capture the Keith Richards behind the ghoulish mask whilst only ending up applying further panstick touches to the mask itself.

Finally, after page upon page of interesting facts worthy of any Stones fan's attention, she won't dig too deep, she appears afraid to penetrate the facade. Instead, she contents herself with dabbling on further paintwork, with backing up one-dimensional perceptions. There's Keith "the mischievous schoolboy" (a term Charlie Watts refers to which Charone picks up on and plugs relentlessly), Keith the Human Riff, Keith the forever young, forever face-to-face with doom but never yielding force, Keith the compassionate family man, Keith *the* Rolling Stone and *the* very epitome of rock 'n' roll.

But in fact the man is only Keith Richards, nervous, twitchy, a man locked within a world of sycophants, full of people one can never trust, full of characters desperate for just a taste of the Jagger & Richards' very own 'glimmer'.

When Richards made that absurd opening remark to Charlie Murray during the New Barbarians' tour this year about punk/new wave being dead, it proved not merely that he was absurdly out of touch with what is happening in young white rock these days but that the Stones now consider their vocation as really "only rock 'n' roll". To anyone passionately involved in rock, the phrase is a contradiction in terms so absurd as to be offensive.

THRILLS

Keith leaves Brian holding the baby. Barbara Charone and Nick Kent exchange badinage in the background. Pic: Syndication International.

Benyon

"Er . . . somehow I don't think we're managing to keep politics out of our music."

A plug. No shame, Thrills.

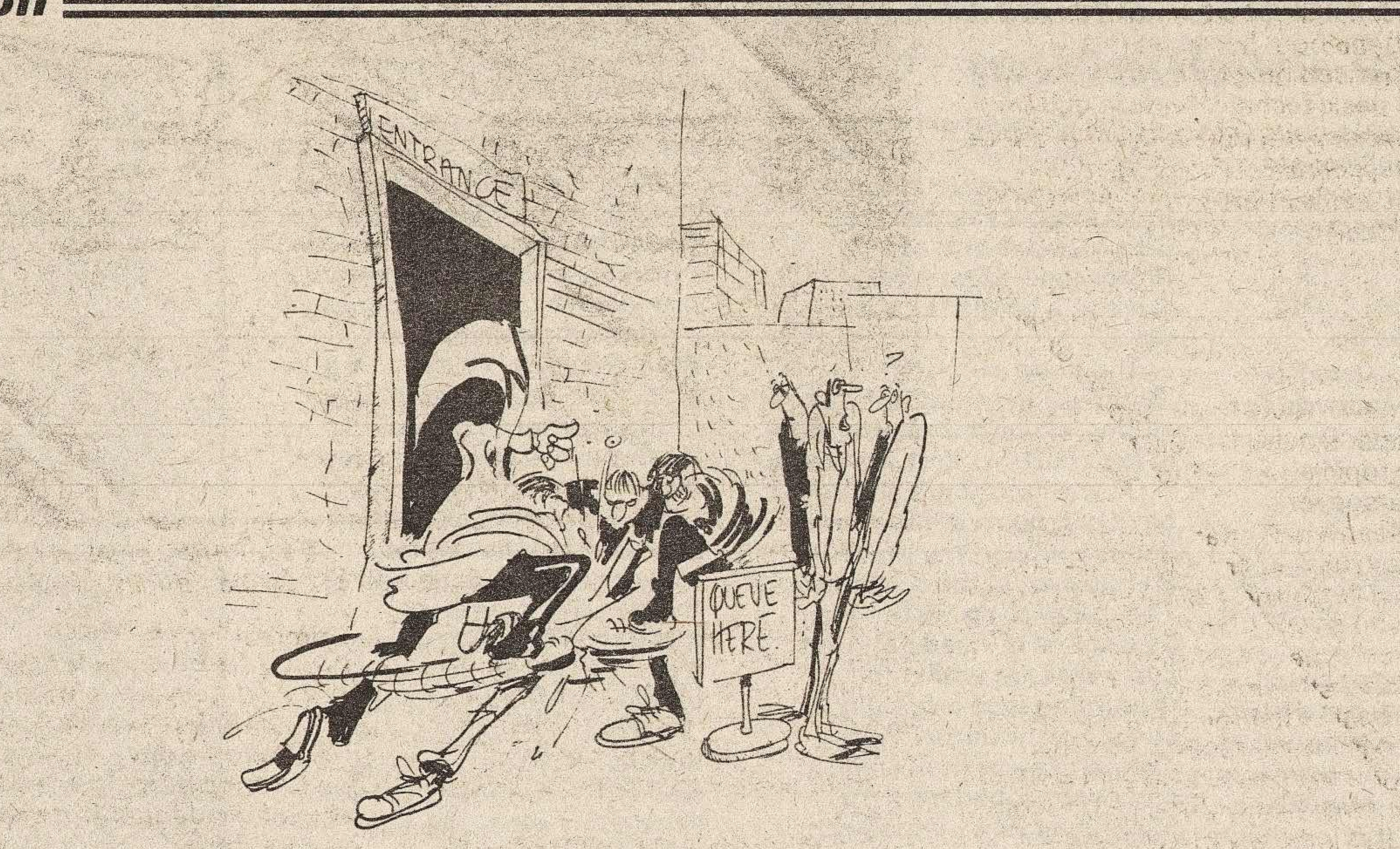
IT MAY take Sir James Goldsmith three million greenies to publish *Now!* but Brian Davis needs only the goodwill of a few mutants and some loose change rattling in his striped trouser pocket. Brian's *Rat* magazine greets the streets at the end of this month packed full of words and drawings all trying hard to be funny.

***Rat* is tabloid size and will contain such contributors as Douglas Adams — he of *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy* Heathcote Williams, Tony Benyon, Ray Lowry and a zillion others. Could this be the publication to fill the vacuum left in the wake of *Punch* and *Private Eye?* Could this be the British counterpart to National Lampoon? Does anyone really care? If they do they should spin some coins in the direction of their newsagent before both copies are sold.**

ANNE INTERESTEDPARTY

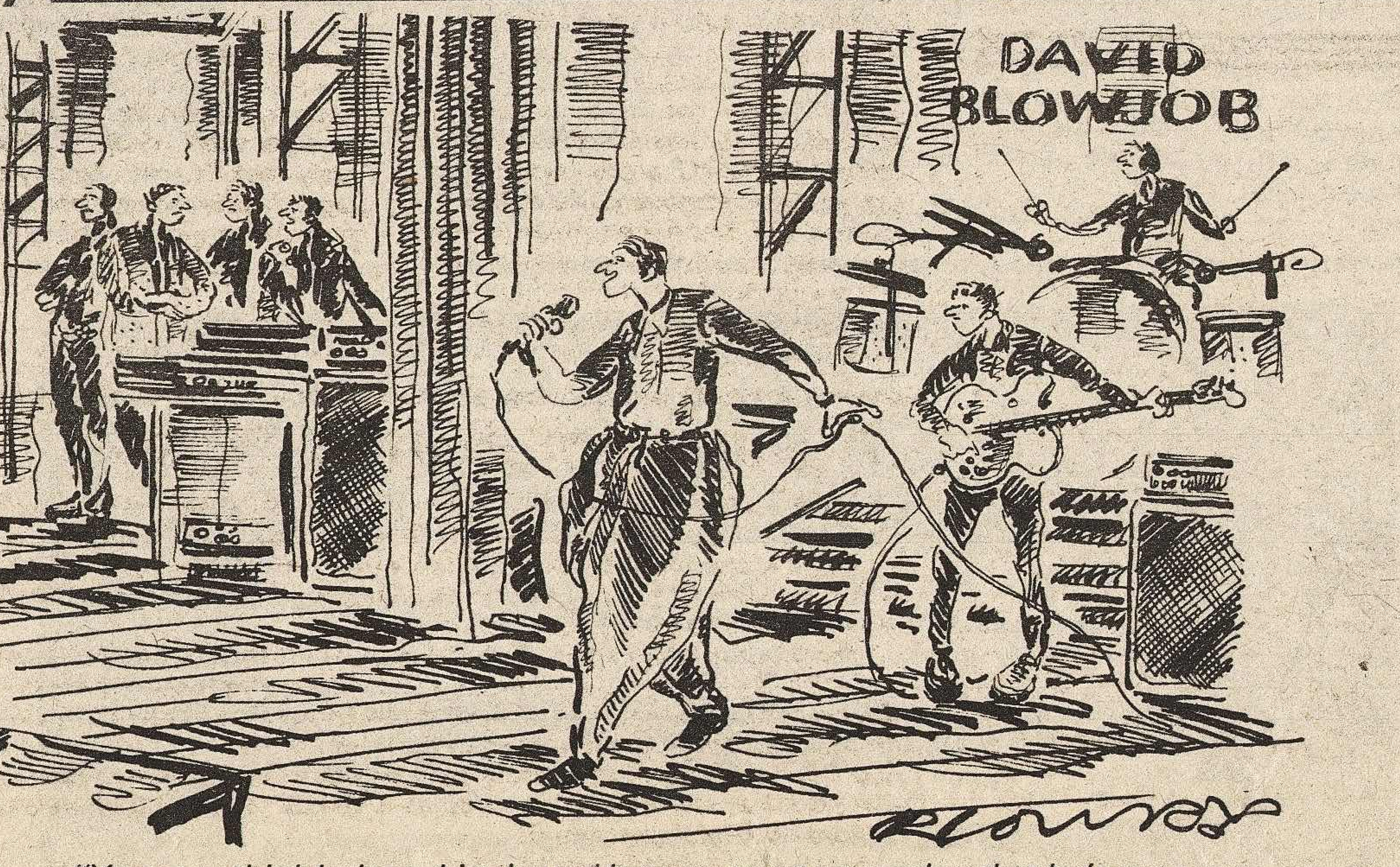
THRILLS

Benyon



"The bouncers are beating everyone up as they go in — because they want to go home early."

Lowry



"You may think he's multi-talented but you must remember that he's got a moogsynthesiser, pre-recorded tapes and two female backup singers hidden inside those trousers."

The Pistol And The Damage Done

ACTRESS Carrie Snodgress has retracted her claim that record producer Jack Nitzsche raped her with the barrel of a gun. She told a preliminary court hearing that she hadn't read the police statement carefully before signing it.

Nitzsche — erstwhile producer for Snodgress' ex-husband Neil Young — entered the bedroom of her LA home and forced her to strip, she told the court, then "he put the gun between my legs and talked about how he wanted to destroy that part of me."

Movie director Paul Williams, who was in bed with Snodgress at the time, claimed in court that Nitzsche "came around the side of the bed and ran his hand up my leg. He could have thought there was only one person in the bed, but when he reached my groin he got a surprise!"

The three most serious charges against Nitzsche — burglary, rape by instrumentality, and assault with intent to commit murder — were dropped, and in mid-December he will face charges of assault with a deadly weapon and false imprisonment, which means he held Snodgress against her will. Nitzsche has entered a plea of not guilty.

His manager, Kip Krones, claims that early press reports of the incident were somewhat exaggerated, and predicts that the case won't even come to court. He points out that the first phone call from the police came eight days after it happened, and adds that "bail was set at only $3,000. A relatively low figure considering the apparent severity of the charges."

Krones explained to *Thrills* that Nitzsche and Snodgress had been lovers for three or four years, though the relationship ended that night when Nitzsche found her in bed with someone else.

Nitzsche, who passed through London last Friday, felt unwilling to comment about the case. He has been working on the soundtrack to William Friedkin's controversial new movie *Cruisin'*, starring Al Pacino as a cop who infiltrates the New York gay community after a series of grisly murders.

After the preliminary hearing of his case in LA, Nitzsche told reporters that, despite what may have taken place between himself and Carrie, "I still feel friendly towards her."

THE LONER

THRILLS

Right: the automobile for the rock star who has everything and fully intends to keep it. Just look at those features! They remembered the lot 'cept for the smallest room in the car. Obviously it's a car fit for a deposed king — or even a Shah. Cheque books ready? (From the International Herald Tribune).

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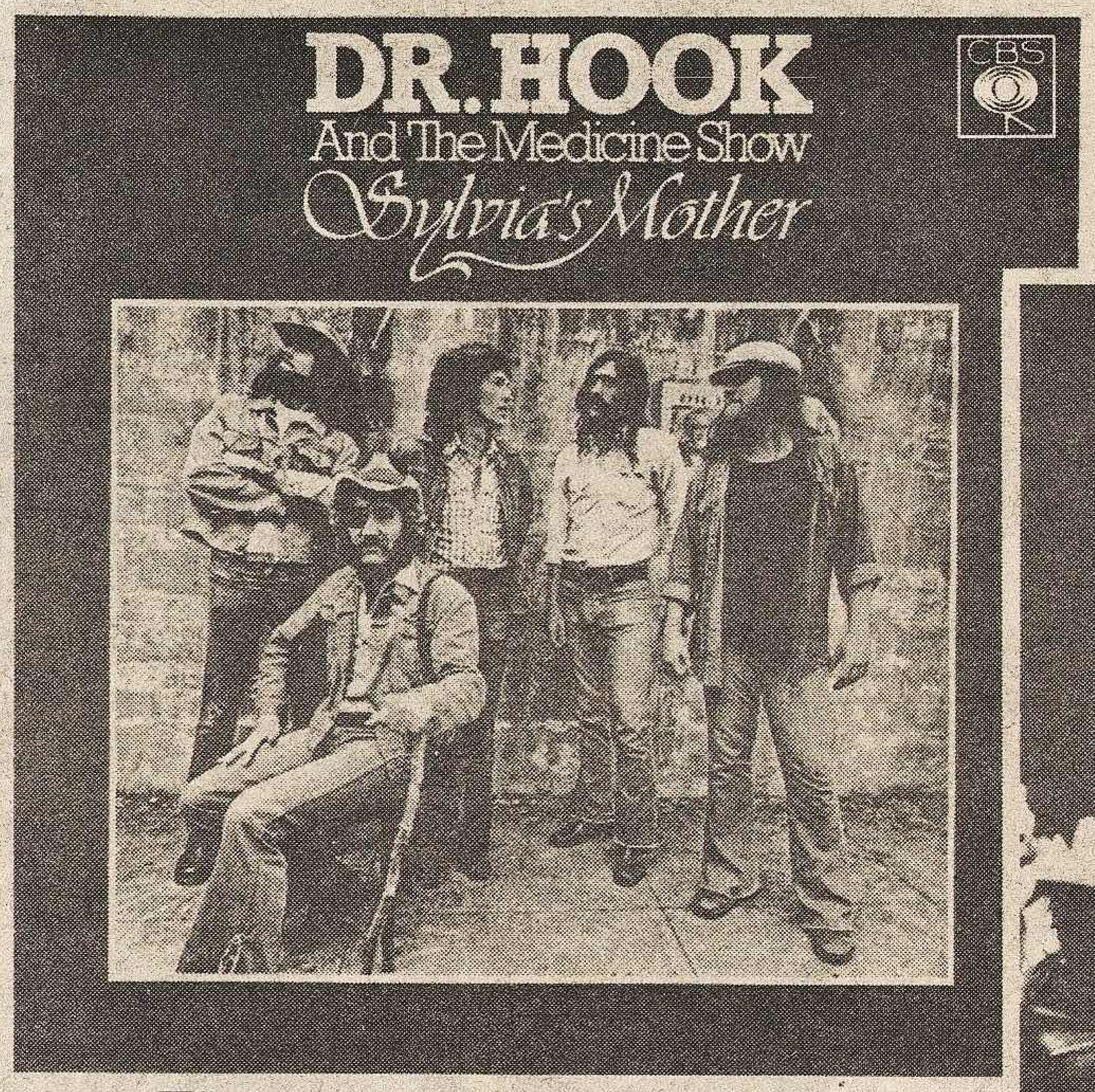

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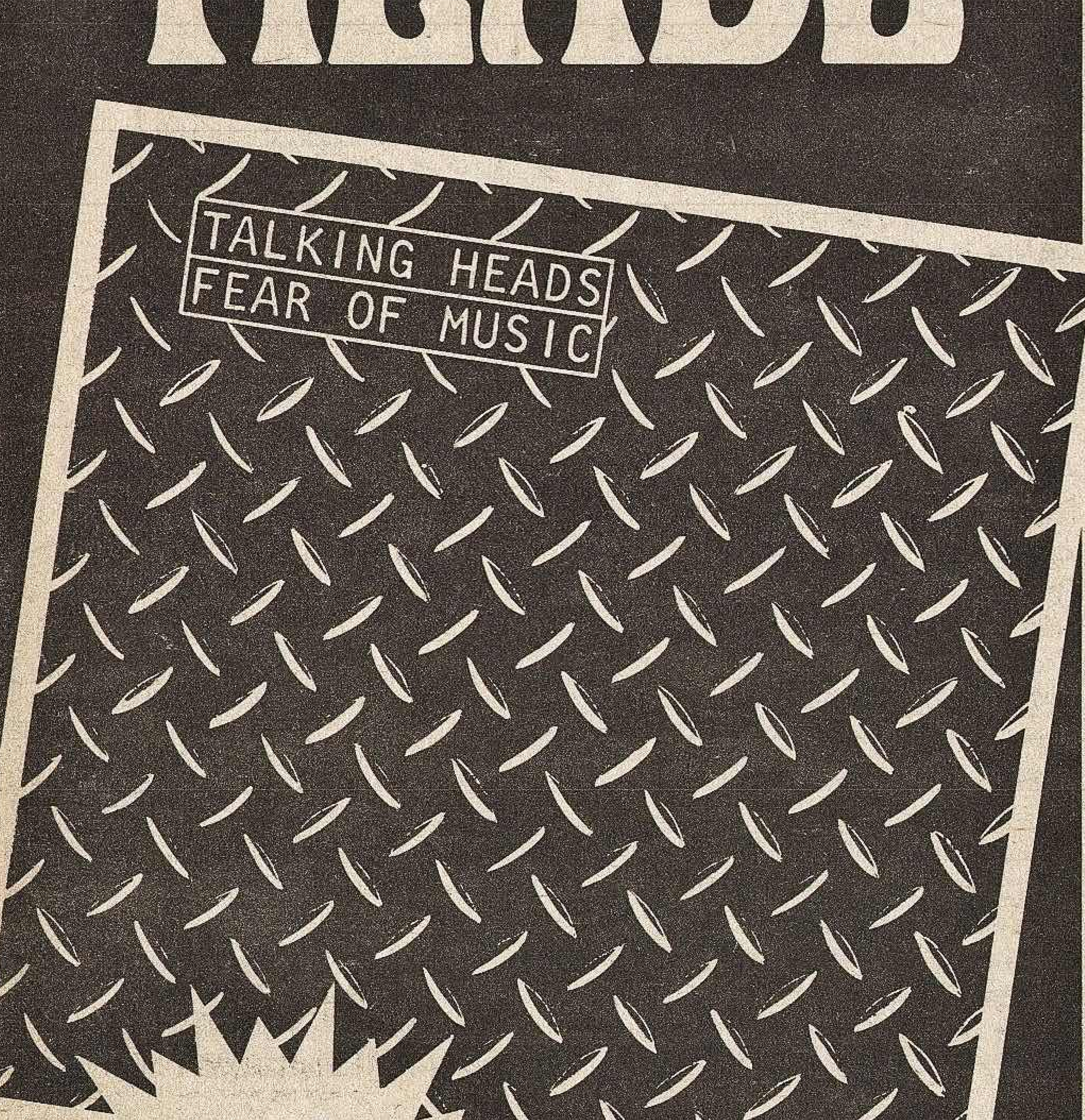
TALKING HEADS



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Motorhead: an artistic re-evaluation

READERS of last week's *NME* may have noticed that on page 47, below Angus MacKinnon's sterling words on the last Little Feat album, was an advertisement placed by United Artists Records for an album entitled 'On Parole', Motorhead's "Original Recording Session".

"Now Available For The First Time Ever", reads the ad copy.

This is hardly surprising. United Artists may have paid for the tapes to be recorded at Rockfield in 1975. However, when the first Motorhead line-up delivered the completed prospective first album to the company's then A&R boss, Andrew Lauder, UA made a decision that the album wouldn't be released.

The record, which had had its production chores handled at first by Dave Edmunds, was apparently not what UA had been seeking. Some said they didn't think the tapes were actually very good.

This decision played a major part in Motorhead's living at near-starvation level for at least a year before Chiswick put out, as Motorhead's first official release, a further LP the trio cut.

And now, of course, 'Bomber', the third M-head album, makes number twelve in the charts its first week out.

On the record which UA have just put out it was only Lemmy who of the present line-up was at the sessions. The guitar parts were taken by original M-head guitarist Larry Wallace whilst the drumming was originally by Lucas Fox, though Phil(thy Animal) Taylor then came in and overdubbed his own sticks over Fox's wiped-out parts.

United Artist marketing director Howard Burnam is probably speaking without too great a forked tongue when he tells how UA's management staff has undergone a total overhaul since the days when 'On Parole', as it is now titled, was cut.

So UA may manage to wriggle out of almost all the moral responsibility involved in this pretty shoddy bit of bowling. However, M-head manager Doug Smith is still not at all happy.

"It's really a bit out of order that they should release it now," he complains in strictly musicbiz-speak. "But there's not much we can do about it."

Lemmy himself is more than unhappy. Telephoning from his hotel bedroom the morning after their gig in Hanley in the heart of heavy metal country, the bassist told *Thrills*: "I'm disgusted! UA rejecting that album accounted for a good half of the problems we went through in the following year. It completely confirms my opinion of United Artists. "I'd like to officially disown the album. The drumming was all overdubbed after we decided to wipe Lucas off. You know how difficult it is to do that. It doesn't sound very good at all.

"I really do recommend people to have a good listen to it before they buy it. It's a bit low . . . Same as the record business usually is."

WALLY WALLY

THRILLS

Lemmy looks well pissed-off about it all . . . Well pissed, anyway. Pic: Paul Cox.

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ARCHIVE FUN

MORE photo file fun . . . Dredged up from the dusty pile of over 25 years of rock's DOAs comes a rare early snap of the baby-faced eight-foot Portsmouth Playboy club lounge pianist Joe Jackson. This man's closet contains numerous skeletons, amongst them the imaginatively titled Arms & Legs. Five men with a message to oblivion.

Notice that two of them are going bald — the gent with the lop-sided smirk at the rear and the other one with the nauseating grin at the front — and notice also that *they* survived whatever it was that Arms & Legs were trying to appeal to. The one in front still fronts a hard-working boozer outfit under the name Mark Andrews, whose name will be familiar to dedicated *Gig Guide* watchers. The one at the back is, of course, Elvis Costello.

THRILLS

Arms & Legs (L-R): Graham Parker, Joe Jackson, Elvis Costello, Millie Jackson, Elvis Presley.

Get up, I feel like being a legal machine

CLAIMING he is the victim of an undeclared economic war against black businessmen, James Brown has hired radical lawyer William Kunstler, who defended the Chicago conspirators among other famous cases, to investigate his allegations that the business is discriminating against him.

At a recent press conference Brown, who owns three radio stations in Georgia, claimed that national radio advertisers are conspiring together to "starve out" black-owned stations. Brown claims two of his stations are in receivership as a result.

"I see what's happening to black institutions," said Brown. "They're about to be banished from the face of the earth. I see black stations going out of business because there is a conspiracy against them."

Brown has also charged his record label Polydor with "shortchanging" him in its accounting of the number of records he's sold in the last 10 years, and with inadequate promotion of himself and other black artists on the label.

The subject of race discrimination came up in an interview Brown gave to journalist Kristine McKenna, which was published in the Los Angeles magazine *Wet*.

Says Brown: "When I put out 'Please, Please, Please' in 1956, black people weren't allowed to be shown on the cover of a record. If a girl like you woulda said, 'Boy, I love that James Brown, he sure is sexy', they woulda hung you."

McKenna questioned: "Do you think the racial barriers you've broken down are more important than the musical contribution you've made?"

Brown: "Yes, that's very important. It's important that you and me can sit here and talk and not have any bad feelings towards one another. It's important that we know we haven't done anything to each other. I never wanted to be black — I just wanted to be people. The system said I was black. In '66 I put out a record called 'I'm Black, I'm Proud' and white kids would look at me and say 'What's he talkin' about?' Today they say, 'He was a man, he had guts enough to say it'."

Brown's message to the world still stands: "Guts will take you a lot further than know-how."

James Brown and his Famous Colonnades.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B

THE LITTLE ROOSTERS

PYE 7P152 DEBUT SINGLE PYE 7P152

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C/W
ROOSTERING WITH INTENT

R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B

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On The Air
The Lines
"Unremittingly tedious stuff" SOUNDS
AVAILABLE NOW ON RED RECORDS

Arturo the man with the lead guitar in Pinpoint. The amp is a Vox AC30 Combo: One of them plays through the other and there's no prizes for guessing which

Anyway our story starts at the Nashville in October. We decided that as Arturo needed an amp and we had one spare maybe it'd be an idea if the two of them got together. So we pitched up at the Nashville with an AC30 and a couple of Escort rehearsal amps.

Pinpoint were a little bit magic and Arturo said I like the amp and we said keep it and give us some nice things to say about it in an ad and he thought for a bit and then said OK because it's not so bad really which was roughly when we switched on the tape recorder which we left running.

Arturo's amp. A love story.

...the first guitar I ever owned was a Vox Clubman... cost me seven pounds and it had a socket like a television aerial. It was ridiculous really... my brother played in groups years ago... taught me three chords and it just went from there...

What other gear... did I have? All sorts. A real mish mash... for a long time though I've had my eye on an AC30... preferably an old one although when I've played the new ones there really isn't that much difference...

well they haven't changed it in fifteen years... No it's the same circuitry...

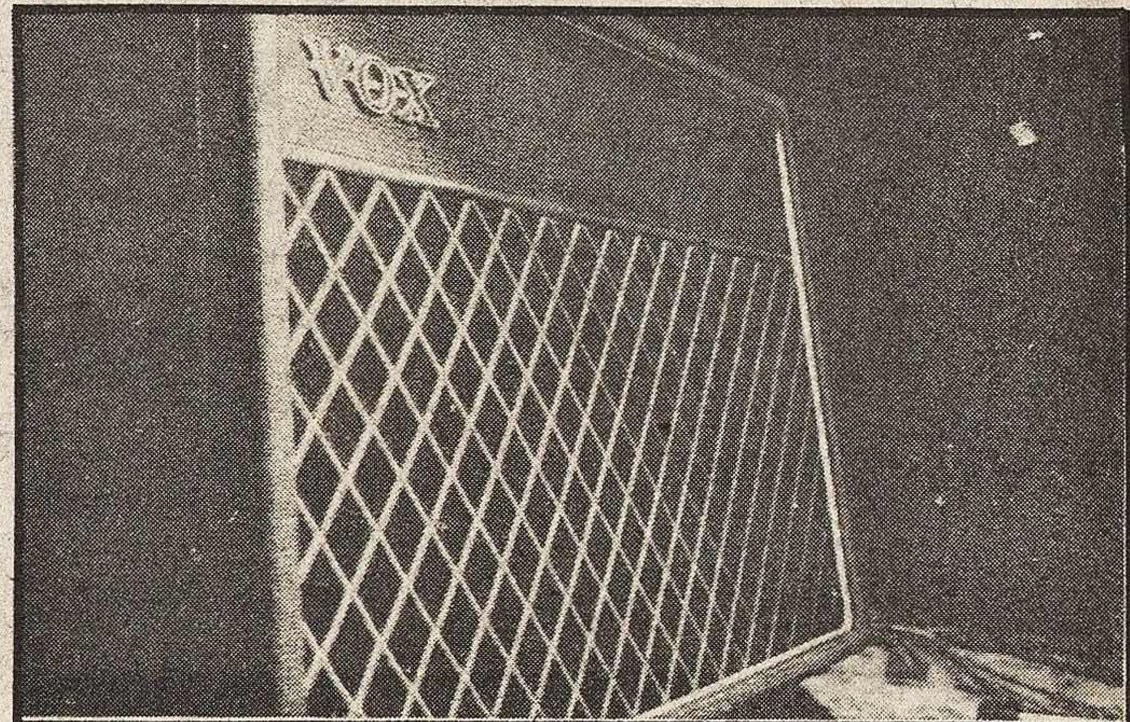
all that's missing is a few kick marks... no well it'll get like that after a few gigs now I'm using it...

was that the first time you'd set up with it...? yeah...yeah it was...I was really pleased with the sound...really punchy...I use a Gretsch Roc Jet which is really an old guitar as well and it sounds really good...I think too many people are using the same guitar and amp setup and the sound is too similar in a lot of groups...the thing about an AC30 as well is that it's small...you don't get as much spread so the vocal mike and the drum mike don't pick up as much...the overall sound's not as mushy as it used to be...

how do you find working in the studio?... depends on the producer...you can hear every single beat... every single note...the first time you're in a studio is the first time you really hear yourself...there's no way though you can sound as raw in a studio as you do live...no way...*

what's the most frustrating thing about playing live...touring?...getting to a gig at five and not going on stage 'til midnight...and having to kill time in a town you don't know with no money...most of mine goes on the motorway services...eating sometimes and playing Space Invaders...

when you were doing the tour with the Members did you have any hassles?...None at all...we had a really great time...I think that the people who you do get like that...they think you don't deserve a soundcheck or whatever...have something seriously wrong with them... it's silly...everyone's a support band sometime....



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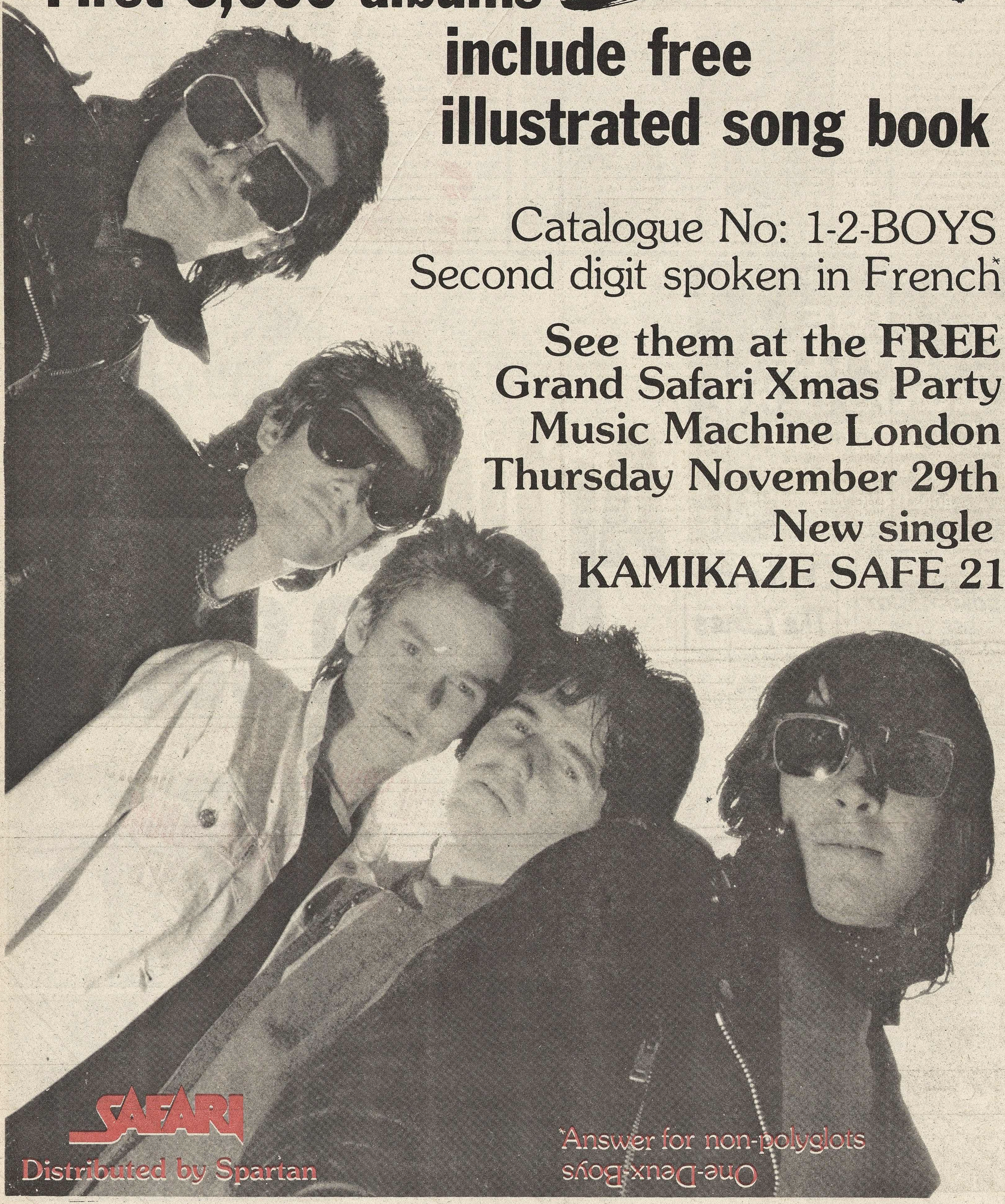

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THIS IS AMERICA

Reefer mad grannies & coke crazed medics

INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

THE SNORTERGATE case is providing the best and most consistent human drama since *Soap*. The question on the lips of a nation is: did Hamilton Jordan really snort cocaine at that Hollywood party two years ago?

Science writer Lowell Ponte believes he can settle the matter once and for all using a mass spectrometer, a device that uses light to measure extremely small traces of chemicals. One such device at the John Hopkins University can detect trace substances in parts per trillion. Cocaine, claims Ponte, leaves small traces in the body that can linger for years, so the wonder of science could prove Jordan's guilt or innocence.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the urban jungle, Studio 54 isn't the only disco in New York that's got a drug problem. The management of another top club, Xenon, are currently denying charges that their disco is a haven for drug dealers after a French tourist was arrested with a small quantity of cocaine. He told arresting officers that he scored it at Xenon and that the disco is a drug supermarket.

Episode 24 to follow.

● IN CALIFORNIA, meanwhile, Dr Lowell Somers is in trouble with various authorities after admitting prescribing cocaine for fifty of his patients suffering from rheumatoid arthritis. He claims that the drug helps the pain and swelling of the joints and that he even prescribed coke for his mother. He claims the swelling in her fingers went down so much that she had to buy a new bowling ball.

As a result of this, Dr Somers must appear at a Board of Medical Quality hearing next January on a charge of being mentally unfit and of taking cocaine himself. Another doctor will take over his cocaine caseload until the outcome is known.

Somers is also to face a criminal trial for five misdemeanour violations of the Business and Professions Code. Two of his patients claim that he took cocaine 30 or 40 times in their presence and another doctor, who examined Somers, says his condition is "compatible with cocaine abuse".

● GRANDMA MARIJUANA is the new handle adopted by 68-year-old Lois Faulkner after she was sentenced to a 53-day jail sentence in Ventura County, California, after being found guilty of selling marijuana to school children.

Lois' case was last February. When she was released after getting 17 days' credit for good behaviour, she announced her plans to "make a fortune from Grandma Marijuana T-shirts, pants, hats, caps, belts and other paraphernalia".

In a letter to her lawyer she wrote that she had "withstood the ordeal of incarceration splendidly", using the time to meditate and map a new path to riches. She said she looked out of her jail window "onto the hill from which cometh my strength. . .I feel I'm part of the little herbs of the hills and the forests beyond."

Her plans also include a college speaking tour to campaign for the legalisation of marijuana.

● SUPPORT for the legalisation of cannabis can come from unexpected quarters. Aside from an article in *The Magistrate* saying that "much time and energy is wasted by magistrates. . .enforcing laws against cannabis possesion", juries are becoming increasingly reluctant to convict in cases of possession involving petty amounts, according to the Legalise Cannabis Campaign.

A trial in Leicester recently involving a mere one hundredth of an ounce was stopped when a juror declared that both the prosecution for such a small amount and the law on which it was based were absurd. The judge praised him for his honesty with the court and ordered a re-trial, where the defendants were eventually acquitted.

Jurors are of course fully entitled to return a verdict in accordance with their conscience, no matter what the direction of the judge. 'Perverse' jury verdicts, as they are known, have had their effects on the statute books before, and with luck they could do it again.

● SAN FRANCISCO was recently the venue for a Marijuana Reform Festival, sponsored by NORML and two drug-orientated magazines. Although none of the booths were dispensing the herb, there was something to satisfy even the most jaded, with panel discussions, movies, drug-abuse tents, massages and marijuana growers' workshops.

Kevin Jackson won the title of champion joint roller in a time of nine seconds — tea leaves were used. Kevin claimed to be a veteran joint roller with some 50,000 spliffs to his credit.

● A WEEK before in the same city it was claimed that 16% of 12-17 year-old Americans had used marijuana during the previous month, according to national survey statistics.

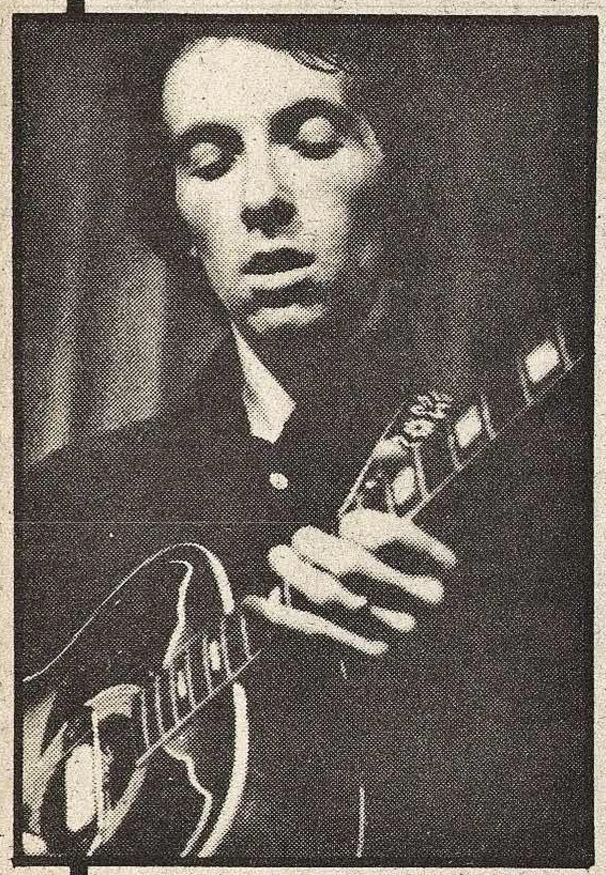
Dr Robert Peterson of the National Institute of Drug Abuse also cited recent studies in Maine and Maryland which claim that one in six high school students use marijuana on virtually a daily basis. His aim, he said, was not to revive a "reefer madness" campaign but to publicise researchers' beliefs that the physiological effects of marijuana are different on kids than on adults.

Peterson also referred to an Academy report which claims head shops are now carrying merchandise aimed at marketing marijuana to children. The report cites paraphernalia that looks like space guns and "frisbees with a hole in the centre for placement of a marijuana cigarette so that one may play and smoke at the same time".

THRILLS

. . .And Snortergate as Bill Plympton sees it

Cartoon courtesy L.A. Times



SO WHO was the sensitive study in sheer artistry that appeared in the *Blackmail The Bozo* box in the November 10 ish of *NME*? Well it wasn't Lord Lucan, neither was it Mick Jones, Bob Geldof or Bruce Springsteen as some of you suggested. The first person who drew on a pair of false hornrims and figured the little fiend as D.P. (Elvis) Costello was eagle-eyed Lynne Scotten of Balham, London S.W. 12.

"For added street credibility," said Ms Scotten, "I remember seeing them (Flip City) play at the Red Cow some time in November 1975!!" Elitist!

Anyway, we promised the winner a desirable vinyl collection of the artiste himself, so apart from life-long membership to the I-Spy Club and a dream date with Anthony Blunt, Lynne cops a special limited edition promo-only red vinyl copy of "My Funny Valentine' backed with '(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding' that was distributed to fortunate ticket-holders (only) when Elvis & The Attractions played a St Valentine's Day gig in Long Beach, California, earlier this year.

Said artefact now changes hard upwards of a tenner a throw — and we don't want to see it advertised in the Records For Sale section of next week's *NME* classifieds. Next week, win British Leyland.

THRILLS

UNDERTONE'S BROTHER IN MASTERMIND SHOCK

Feargal for the Krypton Factor?

Q: WHAT'S got a beard, a brain, and claims to be a mature student from Derry? "Pass."

Q: What's got a pineapple crop, a leather jerkin, claims to be a popstar, and is currently pioneering an upsurge in urchin-chic and used Doc Martens'? "Pass."

Q: Why is *Thrills* asking these foolish questions? "Pass."

You passed on three. 1) Michael Bradley — *Mastermind* supremo. 2) Mickey Bradley — Undertones bassman. 3) Because — earth-shattering scoop here — there's a family link afoot!

Let the truth be known — these Bradley Boys are BROTHERS!!

Viewers of last week's *Mastermind,* beamed from Trinity College, Dublin, witnessed the said Bradley rocket his way into the semi-finals to become only the second Irishman ever to stand in line for one of Magnus Magnusson's mail-order glass beakers.

Competition was fierce. The titon from the 'Tones fraternity was pitted against a retired naval rating from Belfast, a civil servant from County Antrim, and a local government officer from somewhere unpronounceable, all of whom had chosen gargantuan "specialist subjects" like Western Malaysia and France From 1848.

Not so Bradley. Shrewdly sweeping such academia aside, he rooted for The Films Of Steve McQueen, a subject not overly taxing to the brainplate, and charged home to what Icelandic pensioner Magnusson dubbed "a handsome five point lead". This was soon to become "a handsome five point victory" as Bradley's fathomless general knowledge caused him to leap to a 31 point grand-slam, despite his knowing next to nothing about fruit trees, the source of the Shannon or the structure of paraffin-hydrocarbons. Still, nobody's perfect.

What, we ask, is to follow? Lemmy for *The Book Programme?* Mensi's Mum for Mensa? For those who've got one intact, the brain boggles.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

DANGEROUS VISIONS

Sick as a kid in a candy store

TV TORTURE IN THE LAND OF THE ALL-NITE TUBE

ON THE surface, New York City looks like a paradise for the hopeless TV addict.

Seven channels running for between 18 and 24 hours a day have an initial kid-in-a-candy-store fascination for anyone who was raised in Britain. You're finally out of the paternalistic tradition that pats its viewers on the head around midnight and tucks them up in bed so they'll be ready for work in the morning.

The very first thing you notice when you turn on the TV in New York (or anywhere else in America, for that matter) is that the commercials are lousy.

They conform without exception to a pattern of sledgehammer hard sell. You are constantly assaulted by products demanding that you buy them. There is none of the charm and wit of the Smash robots, the Fiat Strada commercial or the Hofmeister Lager bear. Nobody here would think of using Vincent Price in a wet suit to sell pickled onions.

It takes a little longer to realise that a depressingly large number of the current programmes are almost as awful as the commercials.

The realisation comes slowly. The variety of choice and the fact that at any given time at least one channel is running a fairly acceptable movie, tends to mask the pitiable quality of the stuff that is actually being manufactured for the viewer right at this moment.

After a while, however, there is no escaping it. The Hollywood TV industry is working almost exclusively on a level set by the lowest of lowest common multiples.

The culprits are the three big networks, NBC, CBS and ABC. Their attitude to the home audience can best be summed up in the words of NBC president Fred Silveman, who stated, not without a certain measure of pride, that a television network was not in the business of entertaining an audience but of selling that audience to the advertisers.

Thus the three big networks are engaged in a brutal and never ending ratings war in which only the numbers count. All ideas of taste and quality are mercilessly sacrificed to the single goal of having the biggest possible audience for the longest possible time.

The tactics of the ratings war are less than subtle. One of the most obvious is the time honoured principle of "if it works, flog it to death". It's a principle that dictates that a show which is consistently successful is forced to run and run, season after season, until the original idea is so threadbare that you can see daylight through it.

Happy Days is currently the most glaring example of what flogging a show to death can create. After years at the top of the rating charts, the comedy potential of '50s teens has been so thoroughly exhausted that both writers and actors seem to be barely able to force themselves through the motions.

M.A.S.H. is another example. With Trapper John, Frank Burns and now even Radar departed for pastures new, and only Alan Alda, Loretta Swit and Jamie Farr as Klinger holding the original line, *M.A.S.H.* makes Korea start to look like the Thirty Years War.

Mork & Mindy hasn't racked up quite so many tube hours, but, being so dependent on Robin William's amphetamine-paced comedy schtick, there are already the first signs of flagging in the new series. At the moment, some of the leaks are being plugged by ploys

HEAVY METAL POWERHOUSE.

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Get the album 'MARSEILLE.' TOPS 125

MOUNTAIN RECORDS

like having Raquel Welch guest star as a "sultry space spy".

Flog-it-to-death does, however, have its logical limits. When it's clear to even the network chieftains that a previously successful show has to be put out to pasture the next move is to search for a spin-off.

Spin-off is the way of milking the last ounce (if not a whole new hit series) out of a winning formula. Sometimes it works, as when *Happy Days* begat both *Laverne & Shirley* and *Mork & Mindy*. Other times it's a disaster, as in the case of *Trapper John MD*, the new and abominable '79/'80 season attempt to keep the *M.A.S.H.* formula rolling. With Pernell Roberts playing a now ageing Trapper, coping with 1979, the show tries to do a medical *Lou Grant*. Instead of Rossi they have a 'whacky' young doctor, Gonzo Gates (Gregory Harrison). The results are as bad as you could possibly imagine.

The ratings war also throws up some pretty unpleasant facts about the viewing habits of the great American public.

Prior to nine in the evening, it would seem that children are in total control of the channel selector of the family box. There can be no other explanation why shows like *CHIPS*, *BJ And The Bear* and the spin-off *The Adventures Of Sheriff Lobo* should hold almost absolute sway over the early evening airtime.

It's also the reason for the success of the comic book shows.

Once upon a time, comic book heroes were strictly afternoon, post-school fodder, but the success of Linda Carter as *Wonder Woman* and then Bill Bixby in *The Hulk* have now made this kind of show a permanent fixture on prime time. This week a new hero makes the switch from comic book to small screen when Reb Brown makes his debut as *Captain America* in a two-hour premier episode.

Once the children are in bed, the idiots take over. At least, that's the way it appears. The continuation of shows like *Fantasy Island* and *The Love Boat* must provide some support to the theory that radiation from a cathode tube really does cause the brain to atrophy.

DESPITE the general attitude of conservatism and of sticking to the formula, the pressure of rating battles does produce sudden sweeping innovations. This season's big deal has been the TV blockbuster. The basic idea is to present something so huge and expensive that it drives out all the competition.

ABC started the ball rolling with the purchase of *Jaws* for $25 million. The effect, as they say, was stunning. Through the three hours it took to show *Jaws* on TV, ABC had something like an average 65% of the American viewing audience. It was also packed with advertisers paying $400,000 a minute for the privilege. This is really what selling an audience to the advertisers is all about.

Needless to say, the other networks followed suit and have currently purchased, at great expense, recent cinema movies like *Dog Day Afternoon*, *A Bridge Too Far*, Henry Winkler's *Heroes* and *The Omen*. There have also been major steps to follow through with made-for-TV biggies that range from a new production of *All Quiet On The Western Front* starring Richard (John Boy Walton) Thomas to *The Birth Of The Beatles* from the same team that gave the world *Elvis* (shown in British cinemas as *Elvis — The Movie*).

Birth Of The Beatles also demonstrates the point that the networks will exploit anything but do little or nothing to service minority interests. Even as large a minority interest as the rock and roll audience is pretty much neglected. Right now there are no rock & roll TV shows playing in New York except *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert*, with its late night blend of heavy metal and disco, and *Sha Na Na's* '50s revival half hour. Beyond that, the only rock & roll you can see on TV is the one-a-week guests on *Saturday Night Live* and the occasional rock spot on a showbiz special.

Even in something as boxed in and mindless as US network TV, the occasional gem does get through. While most shows descend to the lowest level of jiggling breasts, speeding cars and mindless scripts, shows like *The Rockford Files* (sadly now in its last series, James Garner having finally said enough) and *Lou Grant* do manage to present adult entertainment and still maintain an audience.

Others, however, are not so lucky. An intelligent, well-produced cop show called *Paris*, starring James Earl Jones, was jerked off the air after only five episodes because it wasn't making the ratings. The rationale for dumping the show was that the public wasn't ready to accept a black hero in a prime-time drama show.

One thing the networks refuse to do is to sink money into a programme even though it isn't an immediate hit. If a show doesn't make it straight away, then forget it. Words like "development" or a phrase like "slowly building an audience" are not included in network vocabulary.

It would be easy to dismiss US network TV if it were strictly confined to the USA. Okay, so the system that dominates American television is producing consistently lousy shows; maybe the Americans are simply getting the TV programmes they deserve.

Unfortunately, the US TV industry isn't limited to the land of the free — it provides the rest of the world with a hell of a lot of its TV time. If the US networks decide that their policy is "grab the bucks and so long suckers" it affects a lot more than just the US audience.

The shows we see today are the ones you get tomorrow. If you don't like them the only thing you can do is switch off.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

DENNIS WILSON FLIES THE COUPE

PACIFIC Ocean Blues! Dennis Wilson, the Beach Boy with the nicest bum, has finally packed his surf board and taken his collection of Hawaiian shirts elsewhere. *Thrills* learnt at the weekend that a replacement has been lined up for some time by Bruce Johnston, t'Boys' acting overseer and the man responsible for keeping Brian's sandbox lined with fresh paper.

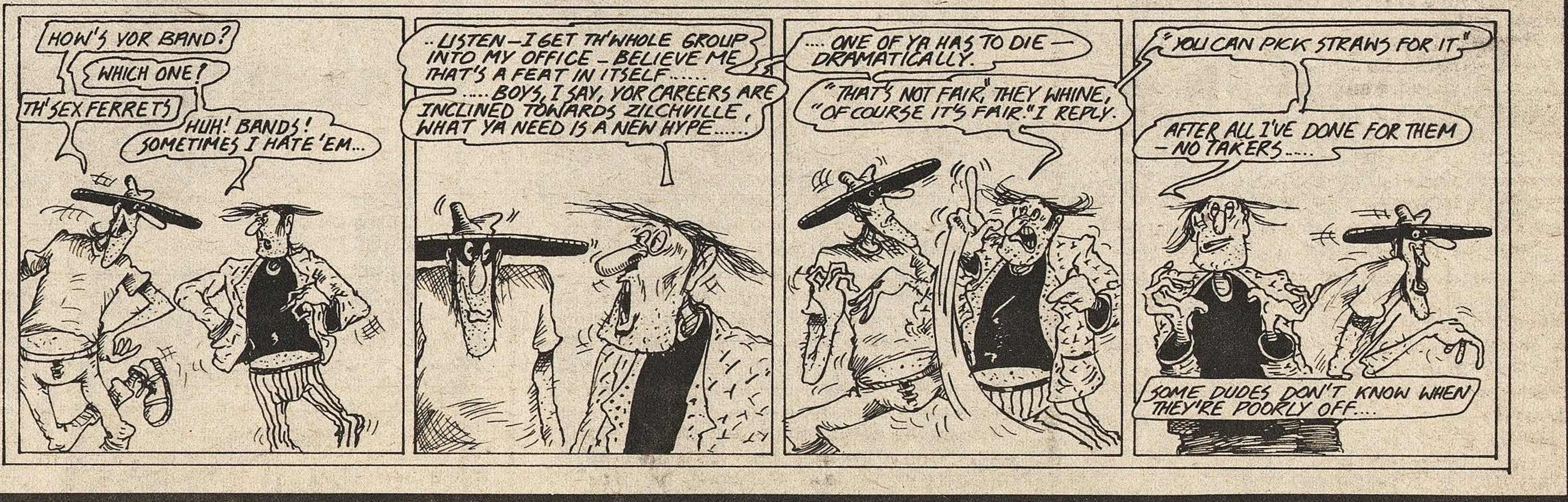
The hapless new incumbent will be one Scott Matthews, a young (24) multi-instrumentalist whizz-kid from Sacramento. Matthews will presumably inherit the vacant back-line but in his former incarnation, as one half of The Durocs (Capitol artists who also featured the cult figure Ron Nagle), Scott applied himself to guitars, keyboards, spoons and electric comb. He's written material for Barbra Streisand and the Jefferson Starship (ugh!) amongst others and was recently in London wearing his producers hat for the benefit of Geoff McCormick (better known as Bowie's bosom pal Warren Peace).

Dennis Wilson's reasons for quitting the homestead were unspecified by the band or the company (Columbia) but there are rumours of a solo career and the undeniable fact that Dennis likes a drink or ten before breakfast.

PET SOUNDS

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — Benyon



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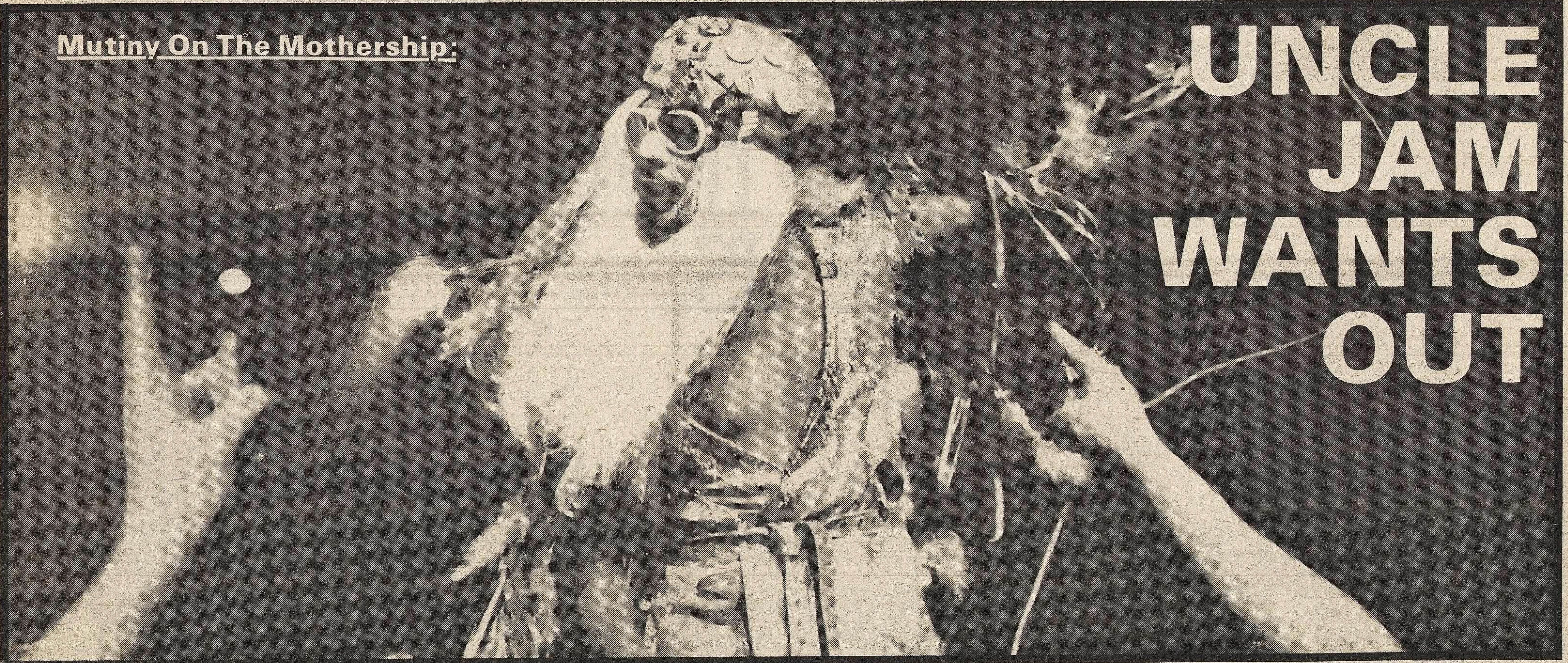
Mutiny On The Mothership:

UNCLE JAM WANTS OUT



Paul Cox

THE Parliafunkadelicment Thang is a set-up so complex as to be nearly indecipherable. The spin-offs and permutations grow more elaborate with each passing year.

There is Parliament, the most pure-funk side of the Thang, successor to the original Parliaments moniker. There is Funkadelic, currently the Mob's hottest recording vehicle. There is Parlet. There is Bootsy's Rubber Band, now almost completely an independent proposition. There are solo album projects from keyboard player Bernie Worrell and funk-knows-who else.

And presiding over the whole mess is the Main Mangustiah, the Keeper of Brainburstive Intergravations and Overlord of Funk, George Clinton.

Clinton has done more than set up a complicated entertainment organisation. He has managed to market an entire mythology. Through his lyrics, through the visual packaging of his albums, and through the circus extravagance of his stage shows, he has built up an elaborate lore of Funk, filled with symbolic stock characters, buzzword slogans and half-serious, half-parodic ideologies.

"The whole system pimps you into a lack of education about yourself. Even the people who think they're loose, they're not really loose. But at any moment they could go all the way."

George Clinton settles into a sofa in a New York Warner Brothers office, his fingers gesturing and stabbing at the air. In beard, Army fatigues and outrageous platform-heeled boots, he resembles a psychedelicised Fidel Castro. He has a mischievous smile that he can't keep from playing around his face, even when he's rapping down something serious. He is expounding on the need for the Funk.

"Everyone likes to get down. But they blot it out. People do love to get down, though, even though you've been programmed not to dig the nature side of you. You don't face the fact that you like to get down. So you might get down crazily, in violence.

"If your shit comes out finally and it's violent, you've got to take the rap. It's on your head. You can't say the system did it to you. F. Lee Bailey tried to run that one on them with Patty Hearst. If he could have done that with a rich little white girl, then all the ghetto prisoners would have had to come out, 'cause they've all been manipulated. But they can't acknowledge that concept."

George Clinton tends to see the world in terms of conspiracies. His conversation is laced with references to "they", the ever-present powers-that-be against which he sees himself fighting.

Everything that happens in the world, according to Clinton, is deliberate and plotted out. This is probably a natural corollary of Clinton's own deliberateness about all aspects of his creative output and business dealings, and of his preference for the complex.

Clinton is a social crusader — the Funk ideology he has fashioned is heavy on the good guys vs. bad guys, roots vs. Babylon dichotomy. He describes social forces creating a state of zero-funkativity. Repression, leading to people not being able to think or move their rumps, conditions the responses of the consumer society. And Clinton thinks Funk is the antidote.

He also thinks those powers-that-be feel threatened by the Funk. There is R&B, rhythm and business, and too much rhythm probably isn't good for business.

What's more, although he doesn't spell this out, he implies that the social and cultural forces that keep people from getting down and appreciating the funk are tied somehow to the political and economic forces that manipulate ghetto dwellers into jail. The problem of zero-funkativity in the world is a many-sided monster.

THE BIG news in Clinton's life, which I'm told by his publicist is the main reason for the series of interviews he is presently engaged in, is that he is retiring from live performing. The reasons for this have to do with Clinton marshalling his energy, tightening his own conspiratorial web, and keeping closer tabs on the progress of the Funk.

"I've got to do it," Clinton says of his "retirement". "It's real warfare now. We have to be able to keep getting the records out at a more regular rate, to keep the Funk on time. Because I don't feel a great eagerness out there to accept the Funk as the next main music. They'd like to substitute disco, or something else. So there's a need to keep the definition out there; dance music is funk music, with the records, even more than before.

"Before we were the new thing, but now even the fans are susceptible to saying, 'Hey, they've been around long enough, they've had a lot of hit records'. I mean you're susceptible to that with your wife, your new car. Same way with groups. You're conditioned by TV to cancel shit for the season and move on to something new.

"If I don't do it, the next Bootsy album might not make it, the next Funkadelic album might not make it, the next Parliament album might not make it. I want to go into the studio without the adrenalin draining thing of having to perform in front of twenty thousand people every night."

Here comes some conspiracy theory.

"You're easily manipulated by the structure when you're tired and pressured and rushed. And I know that's a conscious effort by all involved. That's one of the rock star hassles, people going: 'Hey is my shit ready?' when you're in the studio mixing — and they don't do it accidentally.

"So I know I've got to get my shit together even though I'd like to stay here. Because I am tired. I can't get as high as I would like to get and perform. I have to walk up those steps (of the Mothership) — that keeps me from getting seriously high."

The move also coincides with the appearance of a new guise for Clinton himself in the Funk cosmology. The space monster of Dr Funkenstein has come down to more earthy matters, as befits the new mood of seriousness and warfare. He emerges as Uncle Jam, the fatigue-clad leader of the Funk Army, a groovilistic urban guerilla.

"We were just looking for a serious emotional vibe," Clinton says about the new character. "We take the edge off it with roller skates and things, 'cause we don't want to be called terrorists. We're really defusing an emotion bomb."

The complexity of the P-Funk business arrangements, with the various acts signed to different labels, also has a conspiratorial rationale.

"It's so nobody can define what we're about, so they can't put their finger on it. You can't get too radical — if you do they'll infiltrate you and co-opt you. So I know when to smile. But it is about me getting more power."

THE NEXT step in Clinton's plan of attack is to start his own record label, to be called Uncle Jam Records. He won't say much about the details, because the distribution deal has not been finalised.

"That's gonna be my Army," he offers. "We know we have to do that now, to have more control over what we have to say."

The P-Funk acts will still be spread around a few different labels.

"Yeah, 'cause I know I can't get everybody's records played. But it always sparks interest in the next company if you have a hit over here. 'Cause they see that the funk works and they'll say, 'Well I got some funk here so I may as well go out and sell mine'. If you only got one thing going and you act the fool they're gonna put you on the shelf. They have artists waiting in the wings to take your concept.

"If it don't work out today we can start all over tomorrow and still have just as much fun. 'Cause it ain't about shit, it's just about something to do. An' if I get paid for it, I love it. We were doin' it in the barbershop back when an' it was called stylin'. And I advise all others that can talk shit and style to stop selling that shit cheap, and do it where it means the most. 'Cause it works. All those games and shit that we run on each other in the ghetto, that shit works in business like a mutha."

An Army without a mission is a useless thing. The cover of the newest Funkadelic album 'Uncle Jam Wants You', proclaims the mission of the Funk Army to be to "rescue dance music from the blahs". In one corner of the cover design, the head of Sir Nose D'Avoidofunk, a character who represents the non-dancing square, the ultimate baldhead, pops up and asks: "Which way do I disco?" Add some lyric swipes at disco on the record itself, and the message is clear — a funk/disco blood feud. Why?

"It's the blahs because they have a limit on it. They don't want syncopation. It works, it's got just enough of the magnetic drum funk to work. But you won't ever get off, it just keeps you neurotically looking for something to get you off.

"With a James Brown record you know you're gonna sweat, and when you get home, you're gonna hit it. You may even hit it on the floor while you're dancing, you might even come. I love disco itself, but when they give me all records sounding alike, it's the blahs, 'cause it's just one straight groove.

"Like making love, if you just got one stroke, the novelty wears off that stroke, and then you've got to try real hard. But if you come up with a boss new stroke, then everybody's happy."

OF ALL the facets of the Thang, Funkadelic has consistently been Clinton's vehicle for the most adventurous experiments, the place where he really comes up with those different strokes.

Funkadelic albums suffer from too much filler, too many throw-away cuts. The new 'Uncle Jam' set is no exception. The second side is almost entirely disposable. The first side, however, combines two tracks into a single, almost symphonic composition that is one of the funniest, most intricate things Clinton has done.

'Freak Of The Week' starts with a slow, easy, swaying rhythm that eases you into things. Soon the track envelopes you in a whimsical party atmosphere, complete with whistles blowing and hands clapping. Spry bits of nonsense leap out from behind unseen melodic corners. The song has the nagging, irresistible groove of the best disco, plus an idiosyncratic playfulness that lets you know it's goofing on itself.

'(Not Just) Knee Deep' quickens the pace, and then all hell breaks loose. The basic theme is interpreted from every conceivable direction. Snatches of the previous track are inserted repeatedly. The production slides in and out of a variety of textures, from biting acid-guitar rawness to dense, multi-layered lushness. A legion of vocalists appear. There are female choruses provided by the Brides, and some soul-style crooning from Philippe Wynne, former lead singer of The Spinners. His smooth, high voice blends right in with the overall vocal style, which is humorous, eccentric and quirky. This is dance music to laugh at, live with and think about.

Onstage, Clinton acts mostly as an instigator, exhorting the musicians to put out more while giving the audience a figure to focus on. In the studio, dealing with such elaborate material, one imagines him functioning like a conductor leading an orchestra.

"It's almost the same thing I do onstage," Clinton says. "It's almost just a vibe. I make a person play just as much as they want to play. I wouldn't tell Bernie (Worrell) what to play, I wouldn't tell Bootsy what to play. My most serious work is to bridge the gap between egos.

"On this album we've got Philippe Wynne, we've got Jessica Cleaves from Earth Wind and Fire, we've got Junnie Morrison from The Ohio Players. The Mothership is about re-energising people that got sidetracked or whatever. It's the art of dancing with other egos. Most artists can't even be in the same room with each other. This concept goes the other way."

Recently, though, there have been some defections from the Clinton camp. Most notable was that of drummer Jerome Brailey, who left to form Mutiny. Their first album, 'Mutiny On The Mamaship', contains some direct stabs at Clinton, such as an inner sleeve cartoon showing Clinton being made to walk the plank off a pirate ship and saying, "I can't cut the funk". Fred Wesley (of The Horny Horns and James Brown's former right-hand man) is reported to have left Clinton, as has Eddie Hazel, a P-Funk guitarist. Are there cracks in the Mothership?

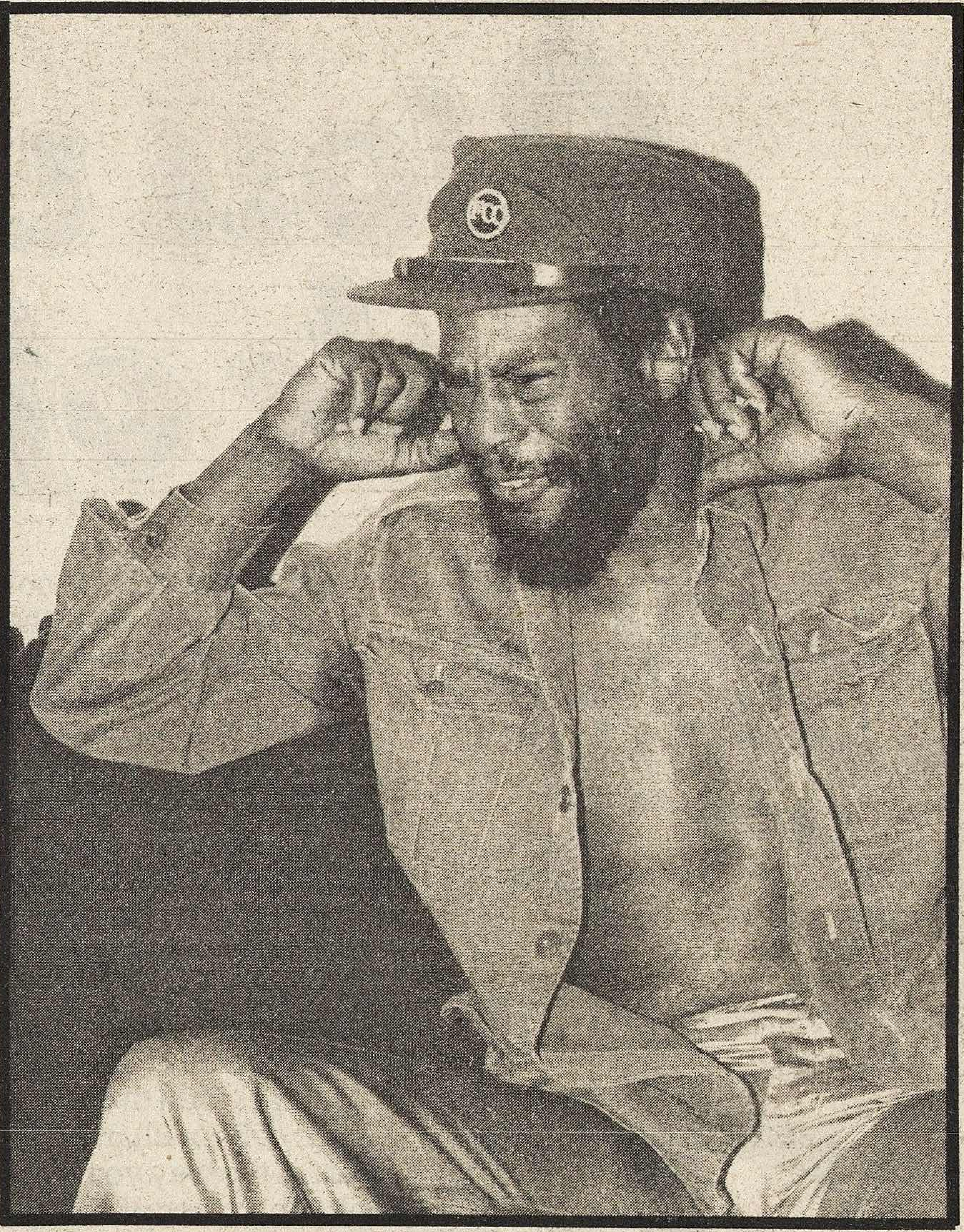
"There's no cracks. Every ounce of funk is something accomplished. Jerome and I are real cool. He should have hooked up with Pedro (Bell, the artist who draws the Funkadelic album covers) and gotten a real concept. But we're cool.

"People are always susceptible to interpretations that say it's all over. But it's still about doing it together."

In interviews, Brailey has suggested he was dissatisfied with not receiving credit due him, and with the distribution of money in the P-Funk organisation. Pay in the Thang is scaled according to contribution and merit, matters decided mainly by Clinton.

"It's as funky as the overall thing. Someone like Bernie Worrell has to make more than most people, he's been around longer and he puts more in. But anybody can attain that position if they put their ass into it. It's up to them to wiggle and waggle and get through, even if I ain't hearing them."

Drummer Jerome Brailey and Horny Hornsman Fred Wesley have already quit Funkadelic — and now George Clinton is giving up live performances. Richard Grabel reports from the Funk Army frontline.



"Mothership ready — aim — blast off!" Clinton prepares to take over the disco universe. Pix: Julie Scher.

TO MARK the departure of Dr Funkenstein from stage appearances, Funkadelic played an eight-night stand at Harlem's Apollo Theatre. As with all Funkadelic shows, it was more than a show — it was a three-hour ritual evocation of faith in something with almost religious overtones of Supreme Silliness.

It's a measure of Clinton's genius that he has inspired a mass cult totally in tune with the changing currents of the Funk drama. A Funkadelic concert is one of the few times you will experience at an American concert a sense of total tribal involvement of an audience with the performers.

Funkadelic audiences are young, racially mixed (though it's the black kids who really *participate*), and they come dressed for the part. Girls in glittery space-age body suits. Guys in Uncle Jam Army fatigue military chic. Shirts emblazoned with "I'm Under A Groove".

They danced on top of the seats and in the aisles. They shouted and blew whistles. They chanted the slogans and key phrases that sum up the tribal creed. "If you ain't gonna get it on, get your dead ass home."

The concert begins with a set by The Brides of Funkenstein, three sassy and sexy women vamping it up. A comedian, James Wesley Jackson, fills in during the set change with the only really funny stand-up routine I've ever heard at a music event, deftly poking fun at everything from television adverts to racial relations.

Funkadelic come out with 'Knee Deep' and the circus begins in earnest. Guitarist Gary Shider, in a silver costume with angel wings attached, handles a lot of the singing. Michael "Kid Funkadelic" Hampton's guitar solos are vintage Hendrix acid-rock that manages to fit easily into the unrelenting funk groove. And when Philippe Wynne appears, old school soul-trooper style in formal powder-blue suit, he too fits right in and is absorbed into the mass madness that is unfolding on the stage.

But it's not until the moment when Clinton, resplendent in silver robes and long blond wig, steps onstage, that the whole thing really comes together. Suddenly, the band starts to tighten up and play in high gear, with guitars, horns and rhythm section pumping it out together and at full blast. All Clinton has to do is walk to the edge of the stage and flash a smile and the assembled Funkateers go nuts. It's moment to savour.

After his entrance, Clinton continually moves on and off stage. He doesn't do much singing — Shider, the Brides, Wynne and various others take care of that. But Clinton is the one who makes contact. He'll ask someone in the front row for a joint, smoke it a bit, and then walk over to a pretty girl standing in front of the stage and give her a "shotgun", blowing smoke into her mouth. And with such gestures he'll have the audience screaming with delight. He serves as an icon — as Dr Funkenstein he embodies the spaced spirit of Funk.

It makes me wonder how he can ever be replaced, now he's "retired". I ask him about it the next day.

"Right," he says, "I do that with just a smile. And that's bullshit in reality. I'll mail my smile in, I'll phone it in if that's what it takes. But the group is beginning to understand how to do it. The group is bad enough to handle themselves on their own now.

"It's just that mystical metaphysical thing that they go for, that I represent. I call it metafoolishness. But I can walk away from that, and I feel good that I can do something else to surprise people."

The show is a masterwork of stylistic interweaving. One minute Philippe Wynne will be singing 'Sadie', an old Spinners tune. A few minutes later Michael Hampton will have launched into a hard, aggressive guitar work-out, and the transition will have been so seamless you don't even notice. The groove just carries you.

The Funkadelic roadshow requires a certain suspension of disbelief. You can penetrate it quickly. After that, you stick around if you're having fun. After two hours, I felt like I'd had enough. When, sometime into the third hour, the giant Mothership was lowered on to the stage and Dr Funkenstein began to make his grand departure, I was relieved. But the committed fans were boppin' and groovin' more frantically than ever. Faith in the Funk is a powerfully animating force.

I wondered if Clinton had a definition for the master plan that held the show, with all of its elements, together.

"It's just that chaos and order can survive together. The fucked up thing is when people try to save their stuff from chaos or from too much order. Our stuff saves itself. We can be totally lost at a given point, but we don't fear — it ain't nothin' but something to do. We get lost just to confuse people."

Did he think he had an obsession with complexity?

"Yeah, I have an obsession with being a positive nuisance. I have an obsession with never getting comfortable, 'cause once you get comforable, everything stops working for you. So I make a hassle out of nothing, that's how I work, and it ends up letting a lot more stuff come through the door. When we rehearse, when everybody knows a song, I stop it right in the middle of a cue, so everybody has to scramble to figure out what's coming next. I call that creative nuisance.

"That's why the Funk lets you think. You will think — even if it's just 'What the fuck is this?' "

Last question. Let's admit that the Funk holds hope for the frigid. But does it have anything to offer towards solving the larger problems out there? Should it?

"It's like, helping to get on the one," Clinton replies. "When it all is in unison and everybody feels that safeness of the one. One is strong, like when you're lying together and really feeling it. The peak of a situation or a groove, and then you don't feel no fear. The one protects ya. It might be metafoolish, but I don't think anything like that should be defined logically."

WELL AND good. But the realities of life in black America are still pretty grim. Will being on the one protect anybody from those?

Not that an entertainer need be expected to come up with answers to the world's social problems. But Clinton is holding out a set of values — "Free your ass and your mind will follow" — the desirability of being loose, groovilistic and funky — and a lot of people are picking up on what he is holding out and taking it seriously. So the question arises: is Clinton showing a way forward, or is he selling his brothers and sisters a pipe dream? The solutions he offers seem high on style and short on substance. At least on the face of it, 'getting down' and 'being on the one' don't seem like real answers to the problems of economic disadvantage and psychological despair.

On the other hand, flamboyant carnival hucksters selling snake oil remedies are a great American tradition, as is escapist entertainment of all sorts. Clinton's music is firmly grounded in black R&B traditions, and when Clinton exhorts his followers not to fake the Funk, he is telling them not to forsake their roots. And his wholesale incorporation of elements of white rock points to a vision of co-operation replacing the uneasy racial stand-off of the status Quo.

And, to quote from another end of the pop spectrum, doesn't that make you feel a whole lot better? I'm just asking.

"I've got to do it," says Clinton of his 'retirement'. "It's real warfare now. We have to get the records out more regularly."

"Uncle Jam Records is my army. We have to have more control over what we say . . . Roller skates take the edge off it."

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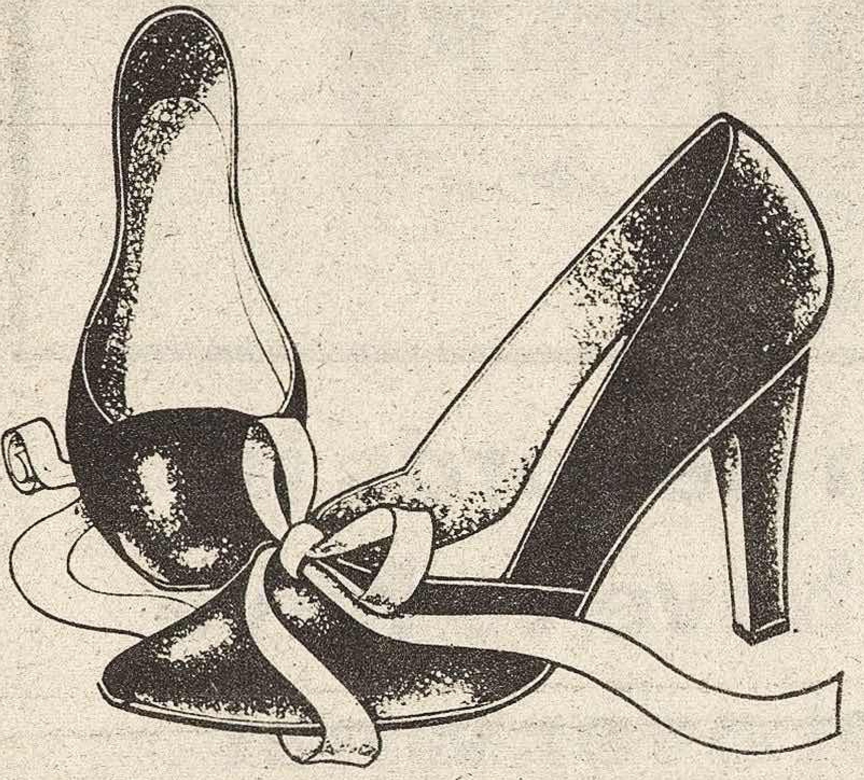

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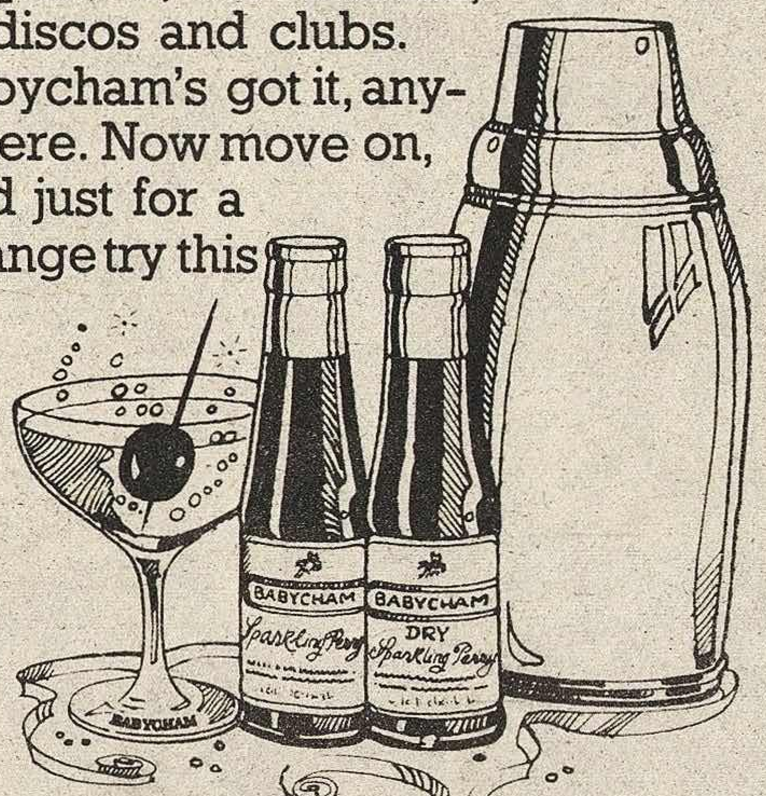

new cocktail. It's called a BABYCHAM ST. CLEMENTS. Ask the barman for it by name. If he doesn't know how to mix it, just tell him it's a bottle of Babycham, mixed with a fresh orange juice, a squeeze of lemon and plenty of ice.

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Baby you've got it!

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BABYCHAM Baby it's got it!

UP SCHEITZESTRASSE MIT DOKTOR FEELGOOD

The 'Goods learn a new chord for the '80s. Paul du Noyer just gets frisked off.

Maybe the sky isn't always grey over Checkpoint Charlie, but it's hard to picture it any other way. Maybe the soldiers smile sometimes, but they didn't this time. The chilled winds whistle through no-man's land, across the wires and the wasteground, around the huts full of stone-faced visa-men, in the spiritless rooms with the endless forms and the one-way doors, and the nervous rifles and the suffocating pall of black farce that hangs over it all every day and every night.

Last of our party through, I'm detained for the grilling that's reserved, presumably, for Western journalists — finally allowed through but with my tape-recorder confiscated (either to stop any tales out of school, or just because it's highly black marketable) — even though we were only there for a few little pictures; you know, the old cheap-holiday-in-other-people's-misery routine.

No chance of the Feelgoods defecting, any road. Ever tasted Warsaw Pact pale ale? And does John B. Sparks look like anyone's idea of a masterspy? And even if your fave Bolshoi ballerina *has* just done a bunk, would *you* accept The Big Figure in exchange?

The others, as I say, went on ahead into the Eastern Sector — or at least as far as the first bar, just down the road apiece, because it was here I caught up with them proposing an eloquent toast to their first communist "bit of a goddess, as it happens", a waitress by trade, in coffee and Russian cognac. "The important thing," Lee Brilleaux advised me, "is always to keep one step ahead of your hangover."

Even here in East Berlin, I thought, they've constructed a little island which is forever Canvey.

Germany is the last stage of another European tour for Dr Feelgood, by now well familiar with life on the Continental road and slowly reaping the hard-won rewards of trans-national recognition. It's also by way of a run-in to the next major haul around the halls of Britain, through late November and into December, coinciding with the recent release of 'Let It Roll' — the band's eighth album and the fourth since all the traumas of Wilko Johnson's departure and subsequent replacement by a young unknown called Gypie Mayo.

Preaching a brand of fundamentalism rather than revivalism, the group's impact upon the mid-70s music scene was of a rude poke up an over-corpulent backside, an electric charge of stripped-down R & B energy that was to start something stirring in rock's racial memory — and, most will agree, blasted a little gap through the edifice of complacency, just large enough for all the new wave of young brats to crawl through and set to demolishing entirely.

But a footnote in the history books doesn't pay the rent, not when you're still alive and kicking, as the Feelgoods certainly are. The job at hand therefore is convincing the sceptical that this thing lives, that you haven't heard it all before, even after eight albums and more gigs than Lee Billeaux's had hangovers.

Back in the hotel bar that night, while the early hours dawdle towards what the ordinary world calls morning, we reflect on a certified triumph of a show at Berlin's Metropole just before, a minor classic of a gig which made any diagnoses of cynicism look pretty sick themselves. Treat any reports of the Doctor's demise as highly exaggerated, or any stories of decline as highly improbable.

"The day this job starts getting to be a pain in the arse, that's the day I'll pack it in," muses Brilleaux, toying with his glass. "Don't worry about that. I'm not one of these geezers who's in it to take the money and piss off. This is my life. And I don't mind telling you, after making a living from this for seven years, if I can do it for another seven then I'll be more than happy." He's in earnest.

As, indeed, are all the Feelgoods in expressing belief in what they're doing. "Like, the reviews we've had," remarked Gypie Mayo on the way to that gig, "some of them criticise us for staying the same, and others say we've tried to change too much. So what can you do?"

Sparko views it in a more philosophical light. "Opinions," he decides, "are like arse-holes. Everybody's got one."

A short walk in East Berlin revealed little of great cheer or encouragement, with or without the miserable icy drizzle. Blackened pre-war buildings, still bullet-scarred, rear up intermittently by blitz-wasted expanses, un-redeveloped even yet. Few cars, a queue outside the one visible shop, a vast Dignity Of Labour mural — peopled with improbably jolly peasants, artisans and banner-waving schoolchildren — a monument to Stalinist ugliness and the corruption of Art . . . and always, at the sudden, unnatural end of old avenues, the wall.

What the locals made of our four reprobates, posing for jokey photographs in a zone where any indiscretion seems likely to start World War Three, remains uncertain — Gypie in his Gestapo surplus leather coat, with perpendicular hair and permanent early-morning-call expression, the other three like sinister bar-proppers in the sort of pub you walk into by mistake and walk straight back out again.

It was no great wrench to leave the East after an hour or so and drive back through bright, affluent, consumer-congested West Berlin, a tinselly showcase of shop windows and hotels and giant advertisements (as idealised and unreal, perhaps, as their counterpart the wall mural), and on to the next campaign stage in the selling of Dr Feelgood.

Lee Brilleaux tries to remember where he parked the Cortina. Sparko (left), Gypie and Figure (right) join the march of socialism. Pic: Chris Horler.

Which turns out to be an album-signing session inside a small record store, hidden away in a modern shopping precinct off the bustling weekday street outside. Despite a display of Toby jugged Feelgoods in the window, promotion for the event has been what's known in the trade as a complete cock-up, with the result that music-loving young Berliners have stayed away in droves.

Walking into the store, exactly the same image occurs to Gypie and me at the same instant — that of the *Clockwork Orange* Korova Milkbar. Stark and dark and low-lit, its sides are lined with soft, deep sofas, on which sit silent rows of slumped youths, zomboid, headphones on, eerily oblivious to the visitors' presence. "Let's all hold hands," says Lee, "and see if we can contact the living."

The store staff look sheepish, the man from the German record company looks embarrassed. One or two kids advance and proffer album sleeves for autographing. The band co-operate with wry good humour.

"Sometimes I think they're frightened of us," Lee ponders. "They think we're like we look onstage. But you can't be like that 24 hours a day. We'd never try to be like that . . . I mean, there's enough fuckin' aggravation in the world without us adding to it, isn't there?

"People have said, 'Why don't you do something about your image?' — become like pop stars or something. But it isn't us, y'know? We couldn't afford the razor blades."

I suppose I've followed the Feelgoods for donkey's years now, ever since stumbling across them (in the classic fashion of the day) playing to maybe a dozen punters in a Shepherds Bush pub, right up to the Odeon jobs of today. And it's been a lot of fun. What happens next?

Sparko: "We're thinking of learning a new chord. That's our project for next year."

Lee: "We don't sit around the table and say, right, the next album is gonna be so-and-so in this direction or that direction, know what I mean? We do 'ave an Annual General Meeting to discuss what we're gonna do business-wise, but when it comes to the musical side of it there's no real sort of discussion, it's just something that happens naturally."

But you must feel like [illegible] change sometimes, [illegible]

■ Continues over

DOC FEELGOOD

■ *From previous page*

"Not really, 'cos it'd be a waste of time. I think we realise our strength lies in the fact that we continue to play the same kind of music. I think it'd be a bad business mistake, as well as a musical mistake, to try and deliberately steer the group in one direction or another.

"All of our albums, apart from the very first one that we made back in the days of Wilko, have been made in much the same way — written sort of like in a real hurry, two weeks before. We're such lazy people that's the only way we're gonna get any work done."

Gyp: "Well, not only the fact that we're lazy — we're idiots, as well. We're on the road all the fuckin' time!"

Lee: "And tryin' to write songs on the road . . . I mean, you get great ideas when you're on the road, but never the chance to really work them out."

Sparko (darkly): "You get great ideas, but they're nothin' to do with music." (Ribald laughter here).

Erm, so you'll stick with the R & B, then?

Figure: "Oo, I should think so."

Sparko: "Yeah, there's always a pound note there. Ha ha!"

Gyp: "That's what we listen to when we're at home most of the time, along with reggae and a bit of country and western, which I think comes out on the new album. Bit more diverse, isn't it?"

Sparko: "What's 'diverse'?"

Lee to Gyp: "You're becoming an ENDANGERED SPECIES in this interview." (Unrestrained laughter).

(Note: All closely-knit groups, especially under the claustrophobic regime of life 'on the road', develop a private language. In the present context, "Endangered Species" appears to be one such code-phrase, of immensely humorous import. Its outbreaks have already been edited from this transcript wherever possible. Its precise meaning need not trouble us here. To continue . . .)

Why R & B?

Sparko: "Well, we've learnt the chords."

Lee: "No, that's why the group existed in the first place, 'cos we decided we wanted to play that kind of music. Speakin' for myself, that's the only kind of music that I particularly want to play, or am physically capable of playing. I couldn't sing anything else, or I'd be up the creek."

All in unison: "UP SCHEITZESTRASSE!"

Gyp (launching interview rescue attempt): "With me, when I was about thirteen —"

Lee: "You started getting these feelings." (More ribald laughter).

Gyp: "Yeah, these little black things started to appear — and at the same time The Rolling Stones came along, right, and The Pretty Things —"

Sparko: "And The Pubes."

Gyp: "And The Pubes, yeah — or The Tubes as they're now know as — and it sort of overshadowed The Beatles and The Shadows thing which I'd been into before."

Figure: "Overshadowed The Shadows? Hey, why don't we write a song!"

Gyp: "I think that was what inspired me and I think that goes for all of us here, 'cos I didn't know those guys then, thank God. It was that and —" (at this point Mr Mayo collapses across the hotel bed).

"That and *Blue Peter,*" the Figure helps out. "That and Valerie Singleton. It's simple music and we're simple musicians. Simple music and simple minds. We just like a row. It's the only music that I find really exciting when I'm actually playing it. I've played other types of music before and I didn't enjoy playing pop, y'know, I always wanted to play rock 'n' roll — and we're more of a rock 'n' roll band, these days, rather than strict R & B — that's what I started off playing and I've come back to it. It's what I enjoy most."

Lee: "And also, it's an Endangered Species, an' all." (Helpless laughter all round). "There's always this thing where you think, we might end up becoming like a living museum, playing R & B classics. Well I don't think we'll fall into that trap because a good 50 per cent of our material is not standards.

"It's better that things happen naturally with us. I mean, the only time we ever analyse what we do is when we talk to journalists. We never talk like this amongst ourselves, you know what I mean? That's why we've got no sort of ready answers for it."

"Improvised under the influence of," says Sparko.

What was the idea behind releasing 'As It Happens', the live album of a few months back?

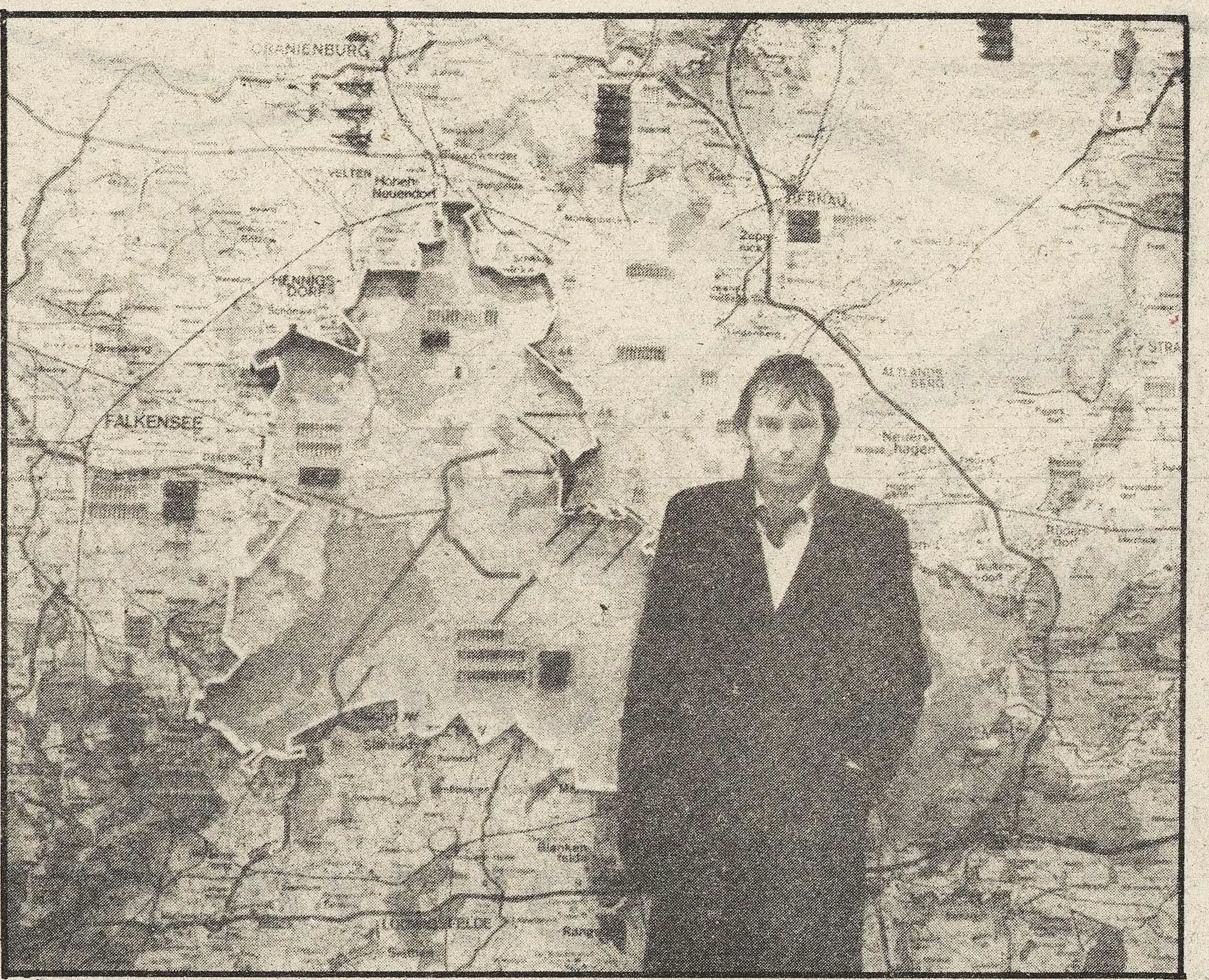
Lee: "A lot of people said the reason why we put out 'As It Happens' was that it was our last record with United Artists and we had some live tapes so we just decided to smash 'em out.

"Well we knew all along they was wrong, but we weren't in a position to say so 'cos matters were still being negotiated and all this sort of thing. We put it out because we wanted a live album, it's as simple as that. There was no politics behind it."

The Feelgoods have in fact taken up a new contract with UA, of which 'Let It Roll' is the first offspring.

Sparko: "Because what happens is, the songs that are on studio albums, by the time we've played them through on stage we think, 'That song needs a kick up the arse to make it work live', and so if you listen to the songs on the live album they're quite a bit different."

"Lee: "They're sufficiently different to justify putting out two versions. It's not as if it's just the same thing rehashed. By the time you've been playing it onstage for six months or maybe 18 months, the song's changed in the way you present it from the way you did it in the studio. The same will probably be true in two years' time of the material we're doing now."



"Blimey, I ask for directions to the Admiral Jellicoe and they give me this production." *Pic: Chris Horler*

Down in the bierkellar at midnight, a champagne cork explodes to herald The Big Figure's birthday. "If we're gonna make prats of ourselves," announces Brilleaux, "we might as well all do it together. 'Ere, 'ave another one, mate. Look on it as a bribe." Much given to jocular badinage, this crew.

Still, the fact that the Feelgoods are, as they'd say, fond of a pale ale, doesn't qualify as the greatest scoop in the history of investigative journalism — and nor is it even the most significant or interesting thing about them.

What impresses is an easy-going professionalism, coupled with a sharp but humane and generous wit, more often than not directed inwards. Simply, I'd number them amongst the pleasantest company I've yet encountered in the line of duty, and I could have suffered a good deal more than the two days I had of it.

And beyond that, as the Berlin gig and the 'Let It Roll' set have reminded me, the band remains about the best we've got still working inside the mainstream of basic rock 'n' roll; four solid parts to a dependable and occasionally inspiring whole. It still feels good.

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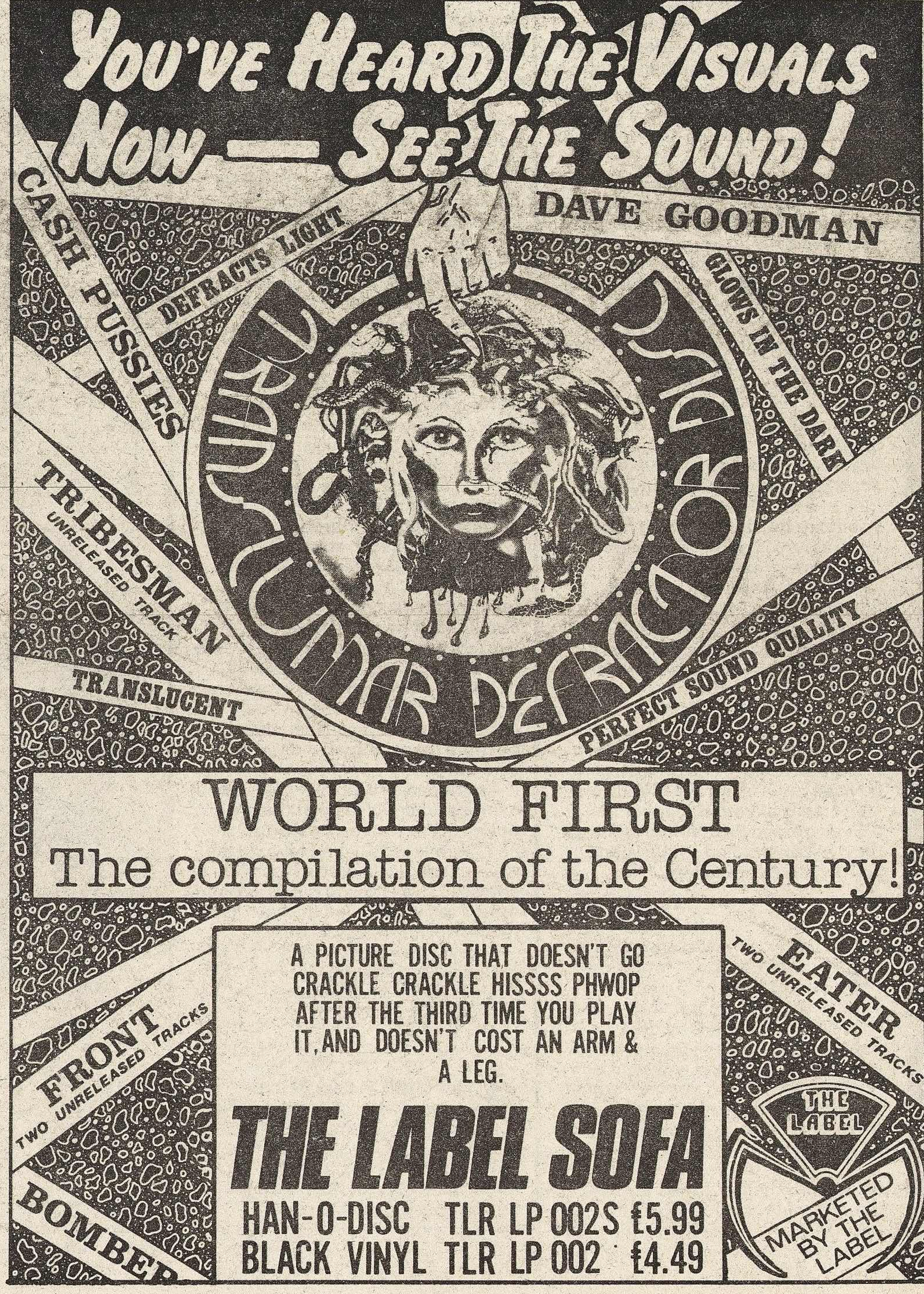
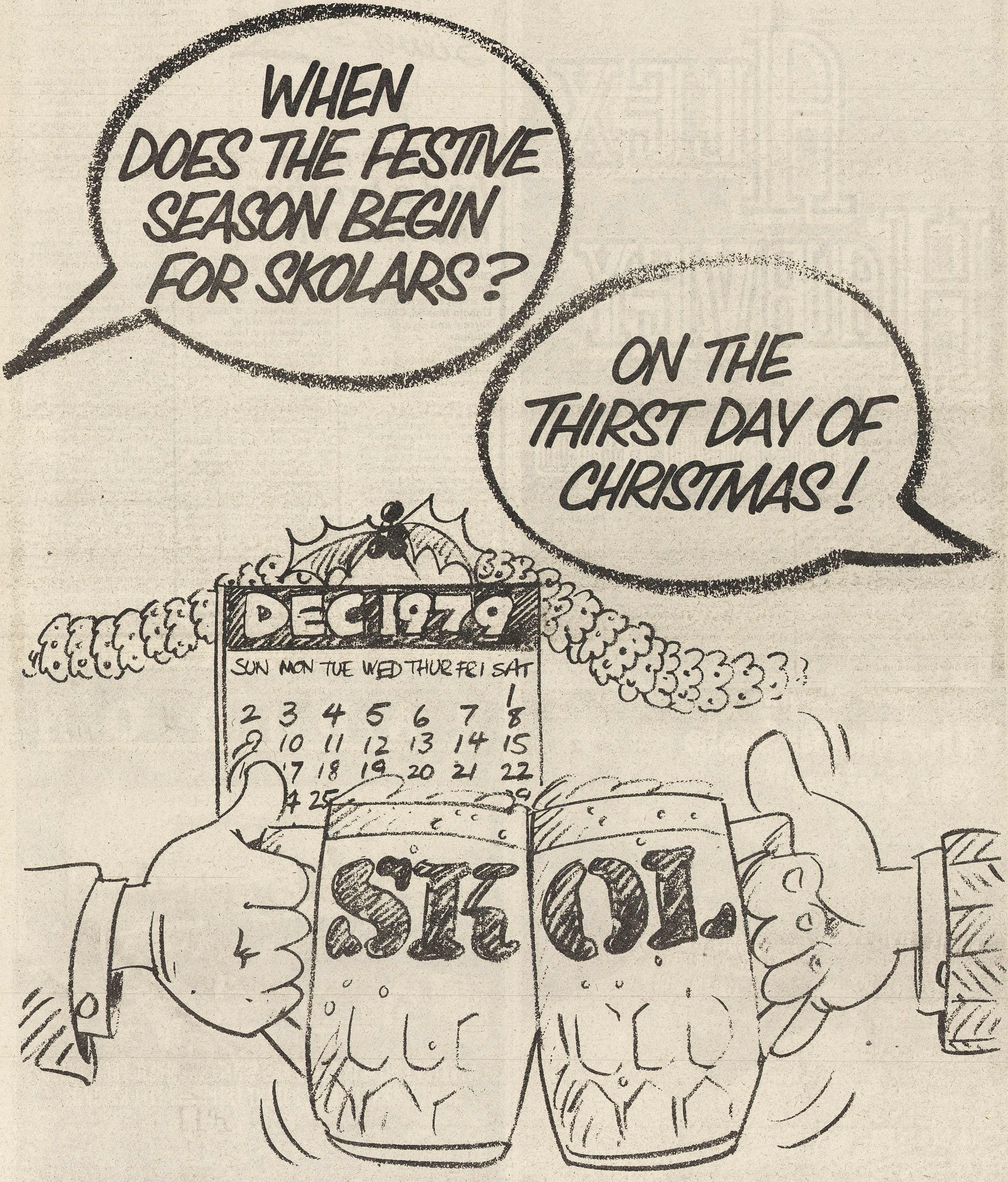




When you know lager you're a Skolar.

Silver Screen

No one ever had a brother like Martin . . .

Martin
Directed by George Romero
Starring John Amplas, Lincoln Maazel, Christine Forrest and Elyane Nadeau.
(Miracle)

JUST how, *Martin* asks of an unsuspecting and largely uncaring world, how can a poor monster stand such times and live?

Made in 1977, this is 39-year-old American George Romero's fifth feature, but only the third to have had an airing over here. Those unfamiliar with the director's work are advised to see *Martin* simply because it's a remarkable little film; those already on intimate terms with the relentless horrorshock overload of his *Night Of The Living Dead* and *The Crazies* are simply warned that they find themselves pleasantly or — who knows? — unpleasantly surprised by a change of directorial tack. In short, *Martin* pulls its many punches in a no less calculated but infinitely more considered fashion.

To all appearances Martin (John Amplas) seems pretty much your standard-issue, spotty, awkward and introverted kid in his late teens. It's not long though before we discover that his inner urges are somewhat, er, anti-social. He has in fact a disconcerting habit of plunging syringes of liquid sedative into attractive, unaccompanied young women, assaulting them sexually when they're out cold and then cutting them open at, say, the wrist and gulping down their blood in a state of advanced excitement.

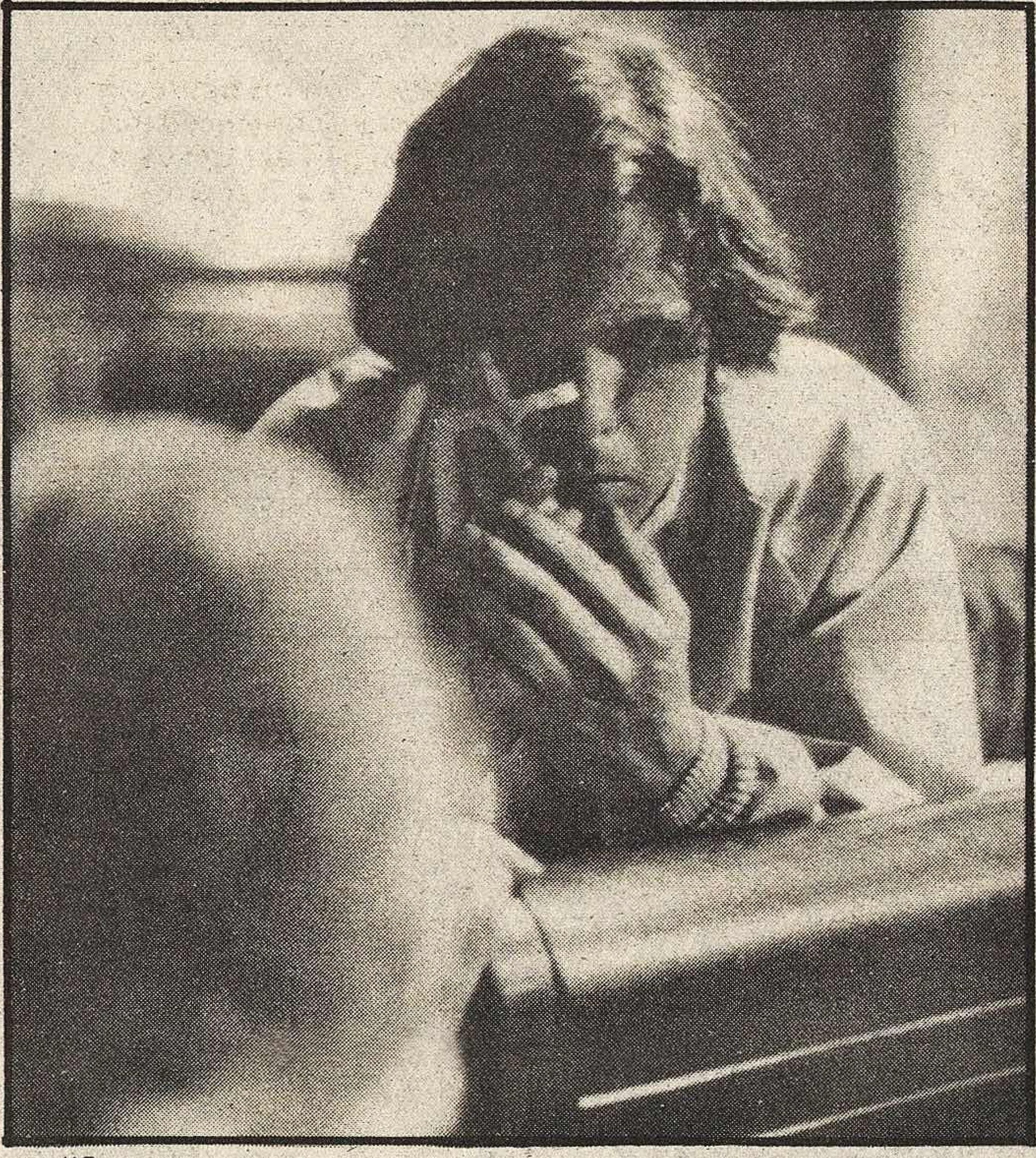
So far, so good or bad, depending. Any temptation to pass instant moral judgement on the boy is soon subverted by the behaviour of his irascible uncle Tata Kuda (Lincoln Maazel), a bearded, patriarchal shopkeeper who was born and brought up in Eastern Europe. Kuda, you see, keeps hissing the word "Nosferatu" in Martin's face and hangs cloves of garlic and crucifixes on his bedroom door, quite convinced the boy's an 84-year-old vampire. The affliction, it seems, runs in the family.

And just what exactly is Martin: a repressed adolescent with psychotic tendencies who's seen too many Dracula movies and plays them back inside his head all the time or the genuine article struggling to come to some arrangement with life in the late '70s?

The choice is yours to make. Romero isn't telling, and leaves all gates open, scattering clues and counter-clues everywhichway. But however you decide, the crux of the film, its centrepoint, is painfully simple — whatever Martin is, he's only going to find cold comfort in this world.

Martin is set in Braddock, a tacky suburb of Romero's native Pittsburgh, Pa., a community that's obviously fast running down: outer urban decay. And old answers don't meet new questions, even halfway. Once a social centre, the local church has burnt down and its priest (Romero himself) is largely unconcerned with the niceties of oldtime religion (i.e. how to deal with vampirism), preferring a glass of good wine after dinner.

Martin is evidently misplaced. At home he has to suffer Kuda's obsessively strict regime and the well-meaning but rather feckless attentions of his near-hysterical cousin Christina (Christine Forrest). Out on the street, he's just as isolated, denied access to any of the neighbourhood gangs and at one stage is literally caught in crossfire between blacks and police. All in all, Braddock has no social mechanisms to cope with the



"See, I can caress a cross, eat garlic sausage, watch Life Of Brian, and everything . . ." John Amplas is **Martin**.

boy; he's alienated, outcast.

Sympathy, such as it is, comes from Mrs Santini (Elyane Nadeau), an unbalanced but attractive housewife from a better part of town who appreciates Martin's almost limitless capacity to listen to her talk aloud to and about herself. She even deigns to seduce him, an action that helps Martin more that she knows.

The DJ on the local radio station's early hours phone-in also becomes and ally, albeit an unwitting one; Martin confesses on the air, only to have the DJ make a melodrama of it all. The irony is sublime.

Martin's 'function' is at best negative; he remains a sort of un-person as people insist on characterising him according to their own preconceptions. And he still has to kill, and kill again.

The particular brilliance of *Martin* lies in Romero's ability to sustain his and our own ambivalence towards his central character, but the film's ripples are wider. Is vampirism "magic" or just a metaphor for madness? Do we rush to condemn someone like Martin as monstrous or merely patronise them as mutant, aberrant?

Martin doesn't offer answers, but it certainly begs all the right questions as, with a sharp, often sympathetic, often witty eye, it exposes the hypocrisy latent in so many 'accepted' social standards. Put down your blood money for it now.

Angus MacKinnon

Blanc stares or film noir?

Radio On
Written and directed by Christopher Petit
Starring David Beames, Lisa Kreuzer, Sandy Ratcliff and Sting
(BFI)

THIS film is as frustrating to write about as it was to sit through. While on the one hand one wants to laud its stylistic confidence, its cinematic loquacity and its gloomy beauty, on the other there's a still, small voice crying "Self-indulgent CRAP!"

Actually, it's a dire warning to any intelligent film buff who's ever likely to get enough money together to make his/her own home movie; because that's exactly what it is.

It affects an identity that can only result from years of genre appreciation and often smacks of the sycophantic celebration of French New Wave and American Film Noir. Cocteau, Godard, Houston, Hawks, Anger and Polanski are all tapped for imagery, technique and even characterisation. In the process, Petit shows himself to be a sensitive stylist parading an insubstantial pageant.

It's an uneasy, restless film that follows the hero's journey from London to Bristol in an immaculate Rover 95 ostensibly to discover how or why his brother died. There is no stillness, from the buzz of traffic beyond rooms to the gently lapping water around the corpse in the bath (yes, that took me a little by surprise, too), and from the bitter monologue of the deserting soldier he picks up to the street jive of the twelve-year-old pimp who offers him every kind of vice for the price of a hot dog.

This constant tide of sound and movement reflects the hero's inner turmoil and dissatisfaction with his lot, and looking like one of the angst-ridden cafe revolutionaries in *Orphee*, David Beames (in the central role of Robert) mooches through the film with suitable lugubriousness.

The importance of music exceeds that of locale which, filmed in low-key light during the winter months, becomes an object lesson in how to transform a recognisable environment into an alien landscape. Not so much cinema-verite as cinema-menteur it is necessary for the camera to linger embarrassingly on 'Free Astrid Proll' graffiti to establish that we're in the Harrow Road.

Thus the radio becomes the primary contact with a tenuous reality both for Robert and the audience, besides acting as a narrative device and counterpoint to vision. Bowie, Kraftwerk, Fripp, Devo, Lovich and Dury all make an aural contribution

Radio On: *" 'Ere, who's that geezer with Sting?" "Eddie Cochran, is it?"*

and despite being played at max. vol. develop from intrusive ornamentation into sensuous cases to nourish the weary traveller and maintain his state of wakefulness.

Although the latter may well be its sole intention, it did not, I fear, prevent me from nodding off during a particularly tedious exchange between Robert and the daughter-seeking fraulein with whom he becomes casually acquainted.

Petit's problem seems to me virtually indentical to that of Kubrick. Neither can reconcile or integrate the natural passion of their human characters within the structured passion of their vision.

Kubrick attempts to disguise this by defining his images within the bounds of instantly recognisable genres or periods; Petit tries to do it primarily by utilising music on an unprecedented level. Neither is wholly successful.

It's a tiring experience. The things I recall with anything approaching enjoyment are one or two cameos including the aforementioned hot-dog kid, Sting's touching portrayal of the Cochran-obsessed garage-hand, and the car, so lovingly depicted that at one point, after a rain storm, virtually every drop of water is seen gleaming against the paint like beads of sweat on skin.

But these are fleeting moments in a movie of 101 minutes, and there are many counterweighted memories, not least of which is the dialogue, to leave one ultimately frustrated and unfulfilled.

In the end, like Robert, all I wanted to do was take the last train to Alphaville.

Neil Norman

On The Box

Friday November 30
THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD: Colourful swashbuckling nonsense with Errol Flynn as Dennis Moore and Olivia De Havilland as the Marian he makes. Basil Rathbone is the loathesome Sheriff, Erich Wolfgang Korngold wrote the loathesome music and Michael Curtiz directed, sort of, in 1938. **(BBC2)**.

GUNS AT BATASI: Stolid study of the impracticalities of imperialism, not to mention the obscenity. Made in 1964, when Richard Attenborough was still a fair actor, with stalwarts Jack Hawkins and Flora Robson and soppy John Leyton and Mia Farrow. No wonder John Guillermin went on to make *King Kong*. **(BBC 1)**.

Sunday December 2
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES: One of those 'the longer it is / the more stars we shove in / the funnier it'll be' flops, but if you have 2hrs 12mins to spare watch out for Terry-Thomas, Tony Hancock and Benny Hill. Ken Annakin directed, flabbily, in 1965. **(BBC 1)**.

SIDDHARTHA: Conrad Rooks' dodgy, dopey version of the suspect Hesse novelette. Artsy fartsy photography from (the usually excellent) Sven Nykvist makes it a treat for the lids, if you're that way inclined, but there's nothing Shashi Kapoor or any of the other actors can do to make it anything but 1973 druggy indulgence. **(BBC 2)**.

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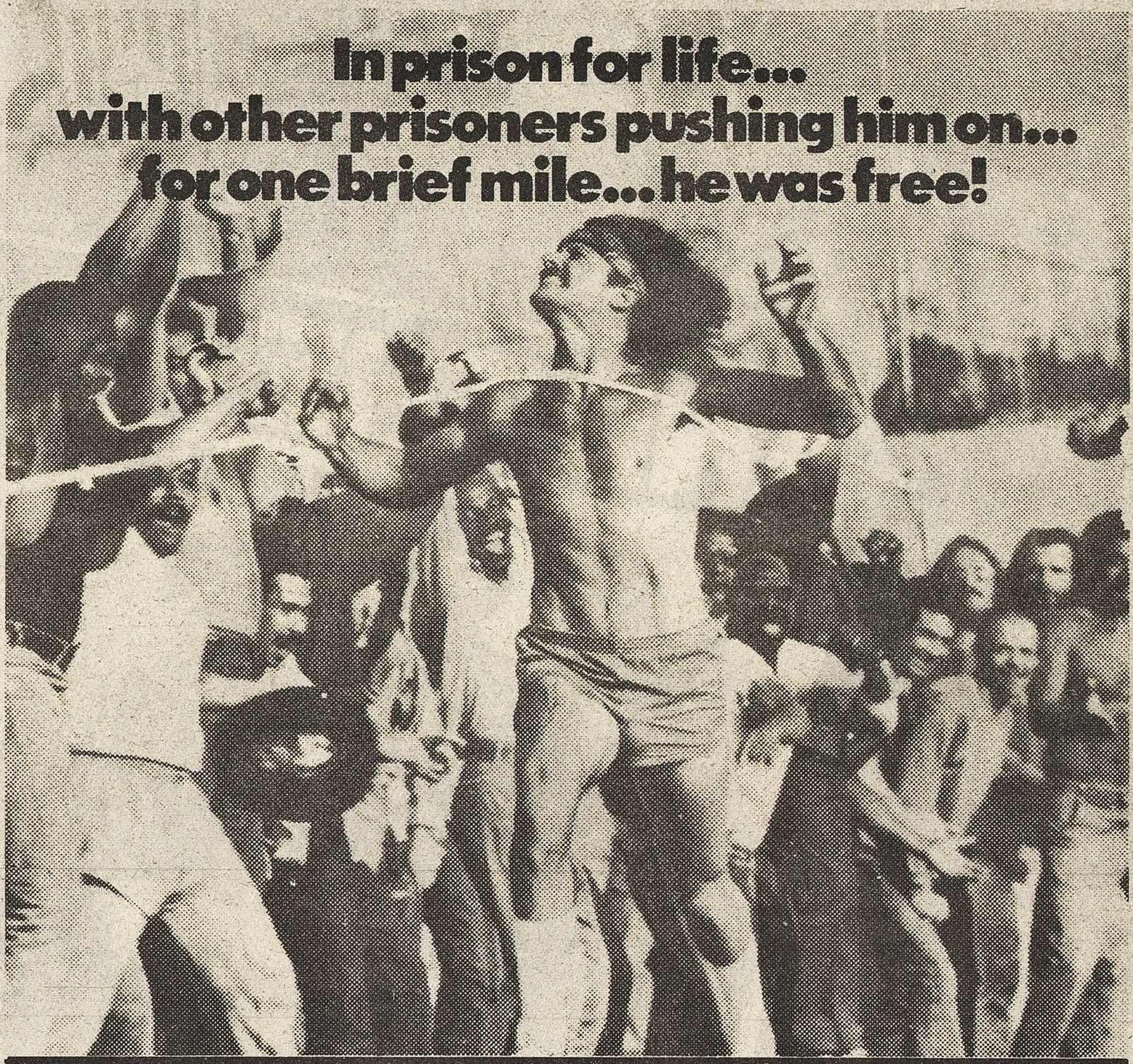

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AND THE SHORTLIST

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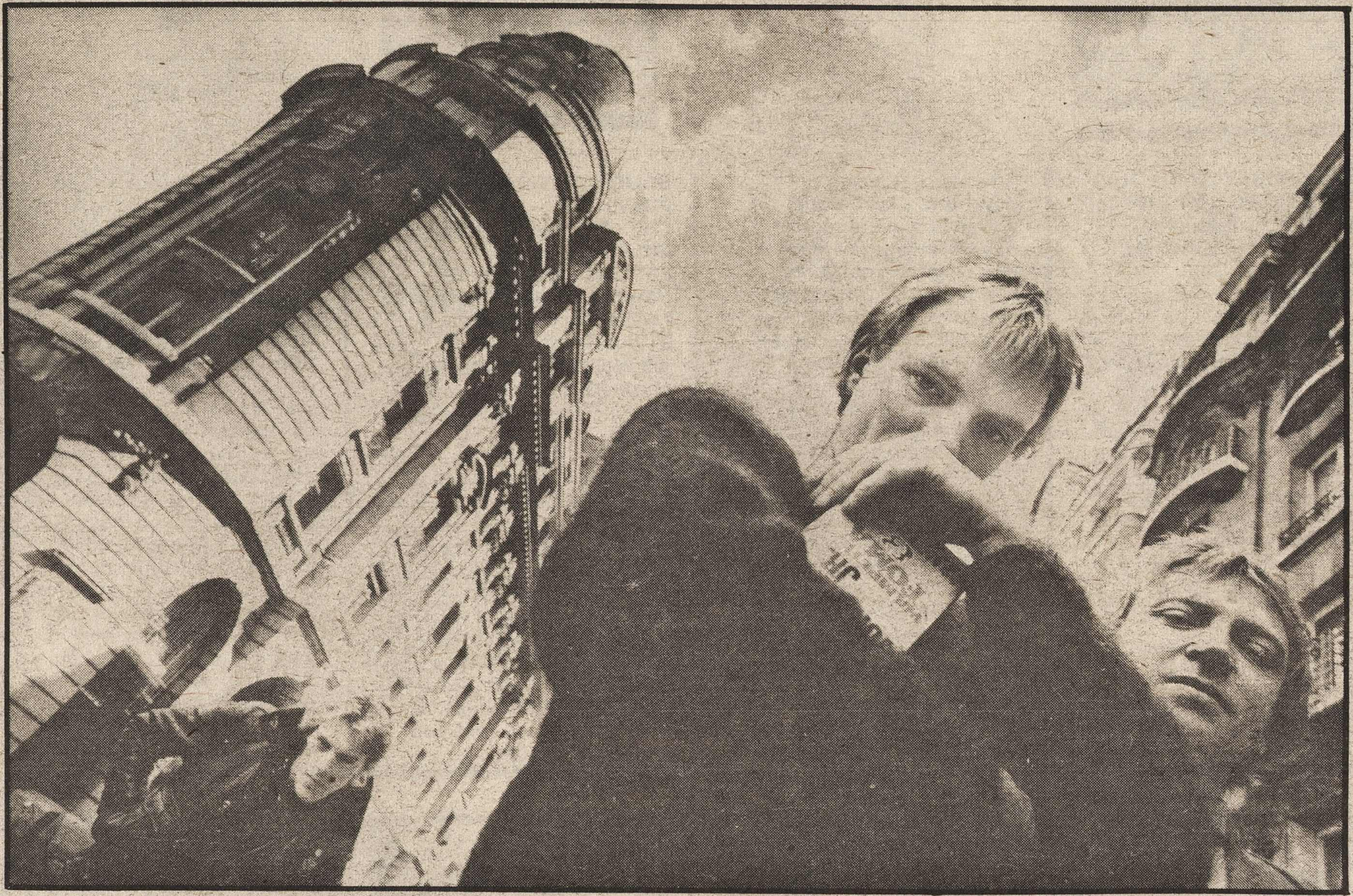
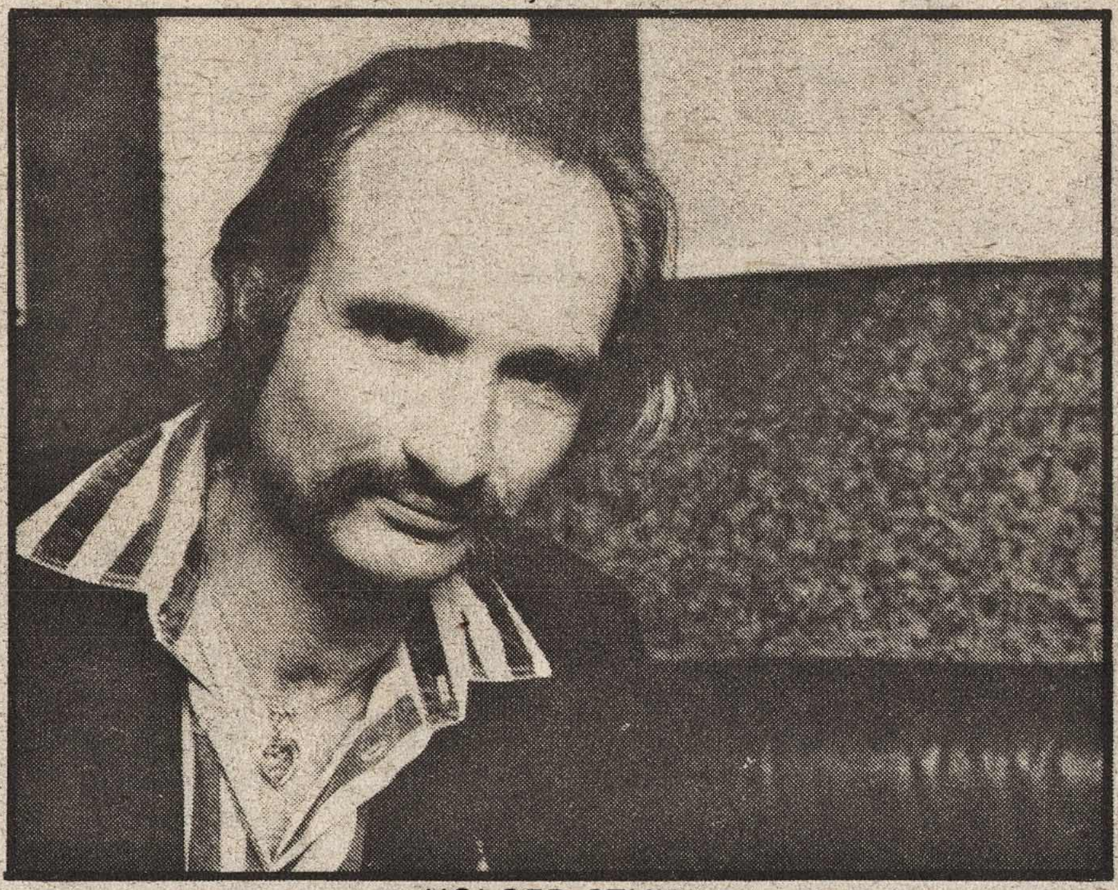
SINGLES


POLICE . . . Pic: Anton Corbijn


HOLGER CZUKAY . . . Pic: Pennie Smith

Baby It's Code Outside

Moon

Cool

Dream

Messages Inna Bracket: IAN PENMAN

SINGLE FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT

THE POLICE: Walking On The Moon (A&M). Message to you, in a bottleneck: love letters, straight for our chart. Made for one another.

A while since I've been persuaded by pop music, but this one is straight to my heart; there's no doubt any longer. Now that The Police have won the necessary space — not to mention hearts — and their eyes are open, there's no sleeping, no sweet nothings. I sensed it the other night — on the thinktank pub jukebox — with 'Message In A Bottle': it's no ordinary affair between those three and popular music's form. Just between you and me, I hope that someone gets the ... Drift around normative lines and tunes: Signifier Over Signified!

So dignified; what a leisurely affair! 'Walking On The Moon' is an undeniable serenade, hinged around popularity or sexuality or some post-euphoric sleight of hand-in-hand. 'Walking On The Moon' isn't soft soil, understated though it is. It's risky dubble seduction: edible reggae and hungry pop interest.

Guitar and bass and drums meet in all the wrong places, at all the nicest times, so discreetly. There's no point as such to the song — where it could all suddenly focus safely, assured of *a* meaning — so you're left exhausted but ... not over the moon but ... kept hanging on. All of which is the right pop path for a single which sounds like something Tim Buckley would have headed for, via recent dub twists: a little more bittersweet than most. Sting's vocal recalls Buckley as lazy, speedy starsailor; less of a voice than a metaphor. What for? *'Walking back from your house, walking on the moon ...'* I've thought this recently, but it's nice to have accompaniment. Bought it yet? I'm grinning and fading away ...

EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN EUROPA

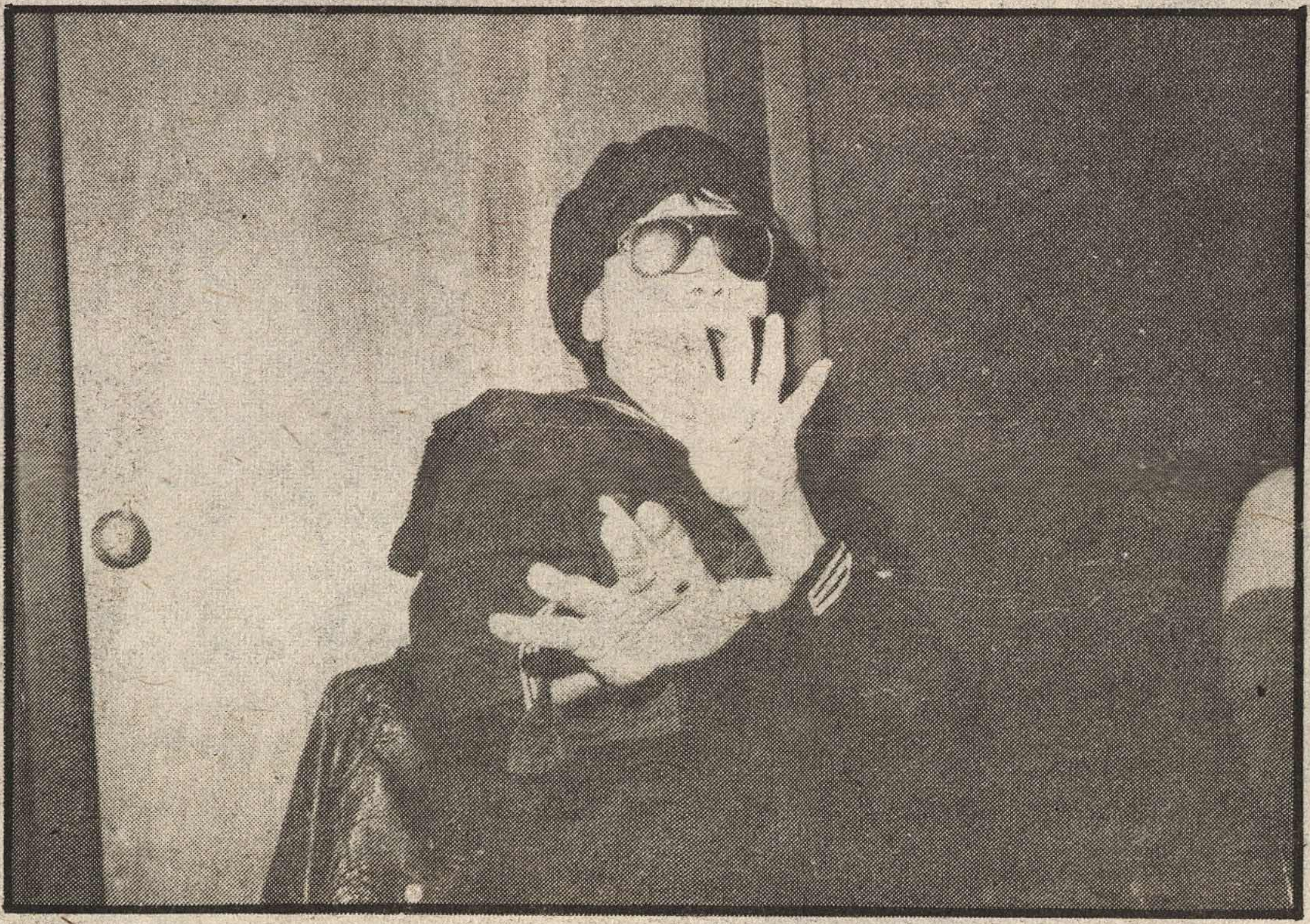
HOLGER CZUKAY: Cool In The Pool (EMI). I've got some slight & busy fun fare for you, you crybabies. C'mon *footsy,* or at least wiggle a toe in the water ... Given the gorgeous wink of 'Walking On The Moon', its spelling and grammar marked *personal,* the subsequent majority of this week's singles paled. Their hooks and lines are swung together all too obviously: music for a repressively limited pleasure: snapshots. Disco, reggae, electronix, whatever, all one demands is at least a smudge of a thought set in motion, made even lingeringly apparent — who cares who was actually 'responsible' for it, singer, writer, producer, personal chef ...

Less melancholy, please. Here is a little something which managed to walk around the linear assemblage bloc: a squeaky biscuit to cure the craving of fond hearts that've waited patiently in the absence of a follow up to Can's 1976 slip of a disc, 'I Want More'. If greed was matched by goods, maybe someone could re-release Can's 'Silent Night' this years as well ...

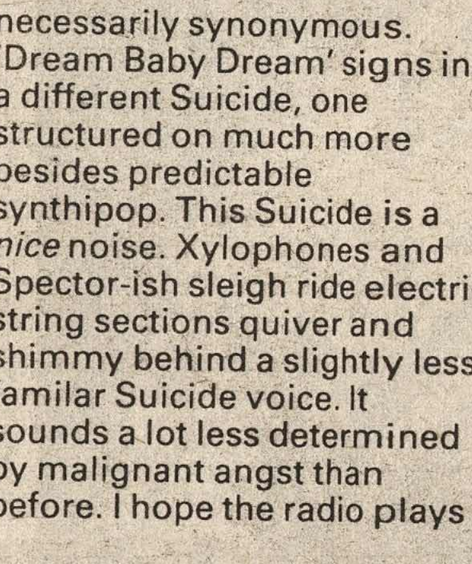
But back to upfront, flipmates. Can have evidently broken up — for the seventh time last week — and bass persona Czukay is first man in space beyond. 'Cool' is Canny collage stuck down on chuckling, Jazzy rhythm guitar, with trombones rolling, a middle Eastern sounding bagpipe, interfering voices and all in all a lot of brackets. What a sandwich. Mmm!

LA JOUISSANCE DU ...

SUICIDE: Dream Baby Dream (Island/Ze 12"). No biased shopping lists to reference either 'Suicide' or 'Synthesiser'. They aren't necessarily synonymous. 'Dream Baby Dream' signs in a different Suicide, one structured on much more besides predictable synthipop. This Suicide is a *nice* noise. Xylophones and Spector-ish sleigh ride electric string sections quiver and shimmy behind a slightly less familar Suicide voice. It sounds a lot less determined by malignant angst than before. I hope the radio plays their song till we can digest its sweet nothing(nes)s no longer. Straight up!


SUICIDE (Allan) . . . Pic: Joe Stevens

HORTENSE ELLIS: Love Comes From Unexpected Places (UA). *'Here I am outside your door, trying to tell you just once more ...'* A lovely memory sadly remade, remodelled. Hortense Ellis deserved a public hearing with this song in its original form when it was sharply produced, sad-eyed and torchy. Now it's been greasegunned down with MOR syrup, presumably to cash in on the kind of *Cresta* 'reggae' pop charts have recently taken a liking to: more chintz than skank. The lyric reads ironically: *'The love songs on the radio you never hear enough of ...'* Be possessive with the original by all means; stoop not to to this workpersonlike imposter.



JOE JACKSON: It's Different For Girls (A&M). Fluorescent lights are popping on now and I'm blinking at the shrinkwrap of a real new morning and so what's *this* doing here? Copied in duplicate, homely hatchings from one so sharp? These foolish things one can expect from a likely 'sensitive' and 'seasoned' and 'knowing' lad, things for him to sing and construct a dodgy persona around. They'll like that. He knows *all about* boy-girl relationships: that is: his. He knows how these things work under the light of a late '60s perspective; he's a smug alec with no new language and the dullest of bands backing him ... I mean, there do exist bands which I would prefer to leave not take, but whose surface noise I can still perceive to be manifestly not made up entirely of old junk, run out mills, cosy constructions (the B-52's being a good example thereof). Bands like Joe's Mob just leave me stone unendangered; the same old dried up rocky tea leaves, nought but padding about, padding it out. 'Girls' has an opening bass bubble from Ace's old 'How Long' and a Lettraset lyric *('Mama always told me / Save yourself, take a little time and find the right girl.')* which leaves nowt to be deciphered and which surely has little dignity anywhere but inside the mouldiest rockandroll hipster folio file. There *have* to be new devices.

4 BE 2: One Of The Lads (Island 12")
THE DISTRACTIONS: It Doesn't Bother Me (Island)
THE BEAT: Tears Of A Clown (2 Tone). All new noise should take a peek (at least) into the back codes of the harder contempo disco and dub. Straight noise — listenable, adaptable, danceable — ought to have bits missing: that *dub* touch. From frame to frame, shot to shot, the reflexive positioning of spaces in relation to a predictable norm is a must. A bit of speed or slurrr ... A lot of the newer 'pop' and 'Mod' soundtack presents such a cranky, cluttered living room; dynamism as the crow flies is such a pointless haste. The most boring songs are those in which "means" — musical sign — and "end" — meaning — attempt self-indentification: the (dead) End.

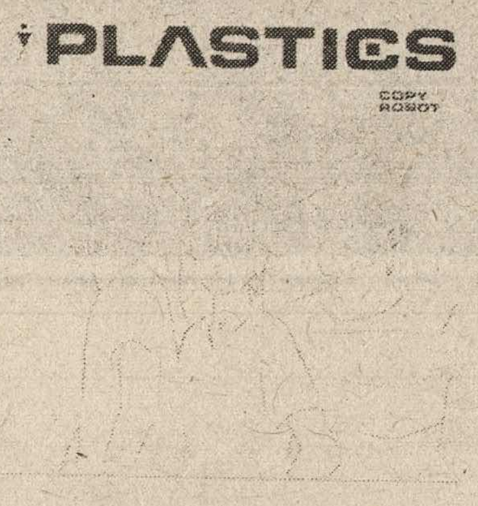
The 4" Be 2" foursome is produced by a PiL with a relative in the ranks; this shower show how to avoid staid lines, despite — or perhaps in part *because of* — material which sounds somewhat a pre(mature) release. The 1½-plus-dub track listing of 4" Be 2" is an early lesson in 'lazy' economy, right blocs removed and razors in. Lovely banjo.

In comparison, the slick Modstomp of The Beat, and The Distractions' glossy harmonic coat have little to offer. The Distractions' 'It Doesn't Bother Me' is their first 'big' label stroll, after one EP and a recent single for Manchester's TJM. A very serious fan of theirs tells me that there are some closing drum quirks previously not included, but I'm still left at a

Continues over

More Singles

From previous page



tangent to their snappy, happy family frequencies. The Beat are another 2 tone act. Something to do with squeaky shoes and migraines? Or is it Italian shirts and Woodbines? Anyway, as regards the rendition of 'Tears Of A Clown' all we in the Motown wing can find in it is diagrammatic and far to strictly up / down, as opposed to wrapped all around the matter's heart. The idea of attempting a specific version of somebody else's original seems like a bit of a contradiction-in-terms: providing a public with the 'different' version it wants to hear? Come to think on it, this season's whole monstrous 'Mod revival' sprawl reminds a non-aligned youth of nothing so much as those children's books where scenery, characters and storyline all fold out — Ooh! See the flimsy cardboard! — when you open the big pages.

BING CROSBY WITH LOUIS ARMSTRONG: Gone Fishin' (MCA). What was quite possibly the first ever DJ talkover duo disc, rhythmically meticulous, ideologically inviting. Here's the kind of revival we should all be knuckling down to, eh?

BC: 'Gone fishin', by a shady wady pool ...'

LA: 'Shangri la! Really la!'

BC: 'I'm wishin', I could be that kind of fool ...'

LA: 'Shall I twist your arm?'

Historically, probably beats the Beats by a few years as well. Does this mean we'll have to re-write 1976?

DOLL BY DOLL: Teenage Lightning (Automatic)
THE DAMNED: I Just Can't Be Happy Today (Chiswick). Doll By Doll are straining out Artaud / R. D. Laing 'psychotic' diarrhetoric, stodged up in the same old playpen power chords and streety lyrics. I'm frightened by how many such hardy bands there are, about their collective metabolism (first album, second, third ...). Their inevitable picture sleeves don't even come in useful, the way postage stamps do. This is all too much for me as you may have noticed ...

All I can say about The Damned is that we all love em in our street because they're cheeky chaps, always up to their tricks and will we ever tire of it? Lemmy plays bass with the boys on their trip through the old sweet favourite 'Ballroom Blitz' which once and for all proves what good taste they have. Welcome to the '80s.

SQUEEZE: Christmas Day (A&M)
CHIC: My Feet Keep Dancing (Atlantic)
FAD GADGET: Back To Nature / The Box (Mute)
PLASTICS: Copy / Robot (Rough Trade)
A K PROCESS: Electronic Music (Output). Nothing too taxing: four of these will be staying in my vicinity, probably to be taped and hummed unconsciously in the company of all my friends from the off licence. The Squeeze single is the odd one out because it points neither a steady beat nor found-and-then-lost-and-perhaps-found-again sound as an essential starting point in production. What will happen is Squeeze will dress up in Santa Claus suits and hand out presents on television to handicapped children. The song itself has harps and religious flashbacks and generally not the sort of businesses one was expecting from the group that brought us 'Luton Airport'.

I presume the Chic track is taken from some album or other, hopefully their latest one as I am a sucker for collecting things and would not want to know that all the effort put in to building up the complete set was in vain.

Fad Gadget and Plastics do googly thingamys with that drolest of instruments, the drum machine ('A house for jiving in.' Le Corbusier) — my favourite noise this week, well, at least until the Water Board sort out the next door overflow's Zen dub practice. I like 'Electronic Music' best of all because, like the more precious dub albums, the way it transmits information and lays out graphics are knotted tightly in a creative exposition of blank space, minimalist biography and *bricolage*. If Output Records' home is anything to go on — 14 Castle Road, NW1 — then I'd wager that 'The Castle' has a major role to play in this unfolding psychodramatic soundscaping. For all you or I know, 'Electronic Music' could have been recorded whilst its 'producer' had popped out for a swift one at The Castle (lovely pub) before dinner was ready. Piecemeal drinking: that's the methodology!

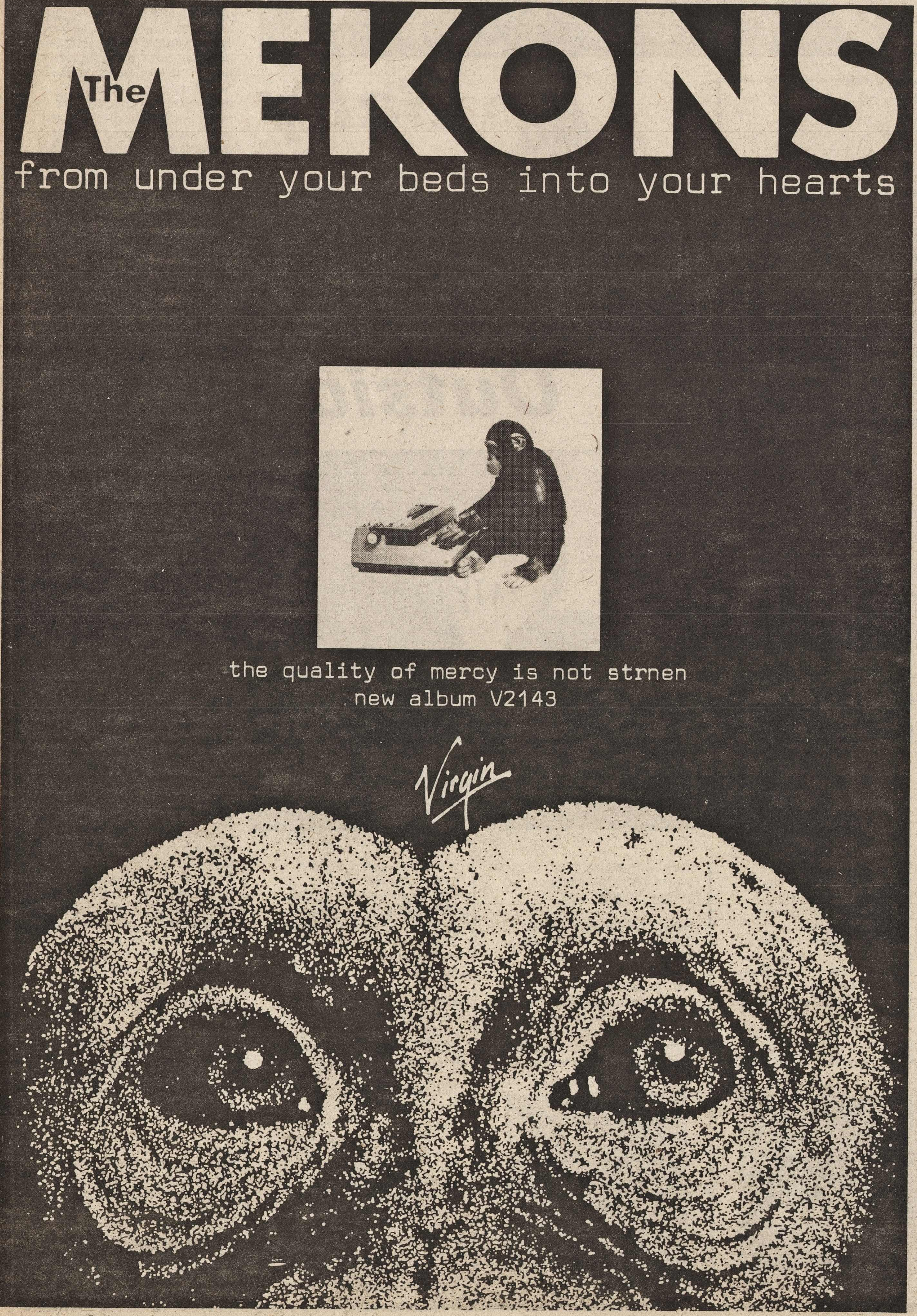
ESSENTIAL LOGIC: Popcorn Boy (Rough Trade/Logic). I'm off to see this lot play tonight if I don't catch a cold before I arrive; I certainly need something more striking than 'Popcorn Boy' to diminish sniffy old doubt. Logic music is too fussy, too laboured on record and too messy, too ill behaved on stage. Lora's singing like Marc Bolan here, and that's the only sure impression left. At this point in the morning I'd like to sneak in a recommendation for a different Rough Trade single, already reviewed, but not exactly sent off in a grand manner. The Monochrome Set's third single, called simply 'The Monochrome Set' is different and fab and everybody should at least hear its title refrain so that they can go about singing it and annoy irritable stuffy neighbours.

EDDY GRANT: Grandma (Ice).
BILL LOVELADY: One More Reggae For The Road (Charisma). I don't believe in the word 'reggae' on the Charisma label; only in reggae labels with charisma. I don't believe in follow ups to Clive Dunn's 'Grandad' sung by someone living on the front line; I might stretch to Front Line putting out a Sly Dunbar Christmas single called 'Grandub'.

MIKE OLDFIELD: Blue Peter (Virgin)
MANHATTAN TRANSFER: Foreign Affair (Atlantic). Go for Oldfield's Blue Peter Cambodia Appeal if you don't like the Khmer Rouge, Manhattan Transfer if you don't like backing tracks on your single, and if you don't like yourself, there's always ...

JETHRO TULL: Four Track E.P. (Chrysalis)
IVOR BIGGUN: Four Track E.P. (Beggar's Banquet)

Bing Crosby (left) and Louis Armstrong go fishing. (Are you sure about this? — Ed.)



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Where the hits come first.

Always Passion In The Same Car

Pictured (left to right): Clive Timperley, Richard Williams, Clair Bidwell, Barbara Gogan. Pic: Steve Dixon.

Adrian Thrills interviews the latest graduates of the Acklam Hall Academy of Unlumpable Bands and gets stitched up with one of this week's dodgier headlines.

THE HIPPEST launch into their as-yet only half realised Chas Smash routines, while the less ambitious take a stab at the Lydon scarecrow skank and the diehards at the front break into the ribcage-crushing pogoism of old. Regardless of the mode of expression, everywhere you look the Liverpool Eric's crowd are on their feet dancing, bearing out the old adage that provincial audiences can 'truck', 'groove' and generally shake ass a good deal more determinedly than their more self-conscious London counterparts.

And this is before any of the night's bands have as much as set a foot on the stage!

Put it down to the management's enlightened decision to install what must be the best rock venue jukebox in the country if you will, but it runs deeper than that.

Whatever else, the bands of '79, from The Specials to Gang of Four, have encouraged a return to the dancing-shoe consciousness that seemed to get hopelessly lost in last year's post-punk confusion. And not before time, either.

The Passions' Dublin-born singer Barbara Gogan sits in a Merseyside hotel lounge after the opening date of the Future Pastimes tour that the band are undertaking with their Fiction Records stablemates The Cure and The Associates. She pinpoints the shift that is taking place.

"I really like the fact that people dance to us," she smiles. "I hate gigs where everyone just stands looking straight ahead. Like, I went to see Joy Division at the Electric Ballroom and it really struck me that there were all these people just standing and waiting for something to happen, waiting for some divine inspiration.

"It's really strange 'cause all these bands like Joy Division and Gang of Four play really rhythmic music. But there's still a bit of a hangover from last year when everyone was supposed to enjoy themselves in a certain way. You weren't allowed to move at all.

"You usually find that the people in the bands are a lot less po-faced about it themselves. It's just some people that pick up on them and try to read so many meaningful things into them.

"People actually play music 'cause they enjoy it. It isn't a business of suffering for humanity. I mean, we have serious ideas as well, but entertainment is entertainment. It's not bland, piped supermarket music, but it's still a night out."

THE PASSIONS' Liverpool gig, though eventually successful enough, was dogged by trouble from the onset. They arrived in the dingy backstreets outside the club to find that neither headliners The Cure, nor second support band The Associates, had yet turned up. What was more, the equipment all three bands were to use that night was stranded in a van that had broken down just out of Birmingham. A few frantic phone calls from Fiction supremo Chris Parry ensured the gig went ahead, though The Passions could play only a shortened set.

Otherwise, things are going well between Fiction and the band with their first single on the label in the shops and a tour on the move. However, the decision to go with Chris Parry's Polydor-backed set-up rather than making their own records was not easily reached — though all are in agreement that the right decision was made.

"Our whole relationship with Fiction is a very personal one," says Barbara, the group's most loquacious spokesperson. "It's not an ideological stance we're taking by signing. It's just that we like Chris and get on with him. We're not really into the alternative ideology of, say, Rough Trade. We could have done the single ourselves but we reckoned we'd be better off concentrating on improving musically and leaving most of the business up to Chris."

"We're not really prepared to put that much time and effort into doing the record ourselves," adds drummer Richard Williams.

I appreciate the frankness, but isn't the attitude a lazy one?

"You could call it lazy — apart from the fact that we really work hard at what we do. There's enough to do without being involved in your own record label as well."

Parry's prowess as a producer — he was at the console for the first two Jam albums — was another factor that swayed them towards Fiction, all concerned being decidedly unhappy with the sound on their debut single 'Needles And Pills', released on the Soho independent at the start of the year.

THE PASSIONS first came to prominence about a year ago along with a glut of bands from The Raincoats to Prag VEC and Scritti Politti who played the clubs and halls of West London, particularly Ladbroke Grove's Acklam Hall.

They had formed 12 months earlier when bassist Claire Black teamed up with vocalist Mitch Barker. The two were joined by Barbara and Richard, who had previously formed one half of leftist pub rockers The Derelicts with Barbara's younger sister Sue, and John Studholm, now both of Prag VEC — incestuous is hardly the word for this! — and guitarist Clive Timperley of Joe Strummer's pre-Clash outfit The 101-ers. The quintet was eroded down to a four-piece earlier this year with the departure of founder member Mitch, a move which left Barbara to take over lead vocals.

Naturally enough, they spurn any suggestion that they were part of a 'scene' during the simultaneous emergence of the aforementioned bands earlier this year.

"I suppose there was a sort of lump of bands just then," muses Barbara, "but we were never really part of it. The thing is that everyone would say that they weren't part of it — if you talked to Prag VEC and The Raincoats, you'd get the same answer, but there was a feeling of uneasiness that there was this lump."

"I always thought of them as all being 'arty' bands," pipes up Richard defensively. "We were never as arty ourselves. We're more straightforward. The rhythms we have are more like basic rock rhythms." With the exception of Claire, who is in her first band, The Passions are all musicians who were around before the punk upheaval of '76 — a point over which they are refreshingly candid.

"Punk split up those bands like The Derelicts and 101ers," says Richard. "And we didn't do anything when punk first came along. We only started going again after a year or so when things had cooled down a bit. There was no way we could pretend to be 18-year-old punks."

Though some of their songs, like the feminist 'Why Me' and 'Ireland's War', are overtly political, The Passions remain a band with modest, realistic aims and aspirations.

"This band is like something I really want to do and really work hard at it," muses Barbara. "You work really hard at it for a long time and you don't want a day job because that really detracts from what you're trying to do. I find that working eight or ten hours a day just leaves me no time to write songs, but that's what I have to do at the moment 'cause I can't earn enough money from the band.

"I mean, that's all I'd like to be able to do in the end. Just to be able to do the band, and have enough money to live at the same time, and do what I do really well."

Once upon a time in the far, far east...

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"I'm actually embarrassed. I do feel ridiculous. I laugh a lot at rock 'n' roll. I think a lot of things in it are ridiculous, and I laugh at myself for taking it so seriously. You see, I'm not in a band to become a rock 'n' roll star. To me rock 'n' roll is abysmal." The Skids: just another post punk band with a rubbing of teutonic flash and eyes towards America? Richard Jobson has some explaining to do. This is his story ...

A Loser's Quest For Survival

"I'm going to lose. It's like admitting defeat before I start. But I'm going to do as much as possible in that period before I hit the decline. Try and do something that is completely worth it."

— Richard Jobson.

Interview by PAUL MORLEY

Pictures by PENNIE SMITH

I WAS ONLY asleep for a short while, and when I woke up The Jam were at the top of the hit parade. The last person I talked to before I fell asleep was Paul Weller.

We'd talked above a soundtrack of carefully compiled modern music. During our conversation, which was rarely more than dry etiquette, Weller had mentioned that what he'd liked about punk was "the sheer fact that there were people onstage who were the same age as you, which I'd never seen before . . . that was the most important thing to me", and he'd also liked the Paul Simonon quote: "What everyone in punk has in common is short hair".

"Great, great" — he'd liked those words a lot.

Spizz Energi's fleet footed 'Soldier, Soldier' bounded about in the background. "Who's this?" Weller asked. I told him. "I like the bass stuff they do in this . . . sort of semi-disco . . ."

Do you listen to a lot of other new music?

"Yeah, I suppose so."

What have you been listening to this year?

"New stuff? I like The Skids' LP 'Days In Europa' — I think that's really good."

In what way?

"I just like their stuff . . . the sort of semi-disco rhythm section."

What about what the LP's saying?

"I can't understand what they're saying. The words are a bit too highbrow for me. I just like the sound."

I WAS ONLY asleep for a short while, and when I woke up the first person I talked to, apart from colleagues, acquaintances, friends and neighbours, was The Skids' Richard Jobson — a stranger. "Paul Weller to me is like the English Che Guevara," he told me.

Q/ You admire Paul Weller?

A/ I like his songs.

Q/ I spoke to Paul Weller a few weeks ago, and he liked your latest LP. He said that he was attracted to the sound, but found the words 'too highbrow'. Strange?

A/ Actually, I would expect Paul Weller to say that, the same way I'd expect Joe Public to say it's intellectual crap, maybe the same way Ian Curtis (Joy Division) would say 'oh he's trying to do something'.

I have got a respect for Paul Weller. Just look at his track record. They were one of the first bands that happened, then there was the well received first LP, then the second one happened and was crucified and they went to America and they were so dejected, and that type of period I feel The Skids are going through . . . not losing self-confidence but maybe losing confidence in the people surrounding them, in the world. And then coming through with 'All Mod Cons', which just like burst with confidence, every song — not that I like every song, but I liked most of that LP, because of its enthusiasm, vitality, youth, all those things.

Paul Weller, I don't know if he's one of the new prophets or anything, he is just what he is. If I was a kid and I was following bands, I'd follow The Jam. Not The Clash. I can't see a purpose with a band like that.

Q/ You see a purpose with Skids?

A/ Oh yeah!

Q/ It must be self-indulgent.

A/ Of course it's self-indulgent. Self-indulgence is always required initially.

Q/ There must be a contribution to something.

A/ You need self-indulgence for self-confidence, but as long as you don't let it spread so it becomes megalomania or whatever, as long as you can be self-disciplined and know how far to let it go. You've got to be self-indulgent because that's where your honesty lies. You've got to say this is what I'm going to do and this is what I'm not going to do. But honesty can be so brutal at times.

Q/ So where's your contribution?

A/ I'm contributing to culture.

Q/ Rock?

A/ I don't think there is such a thing really. I can't find it. I've been looking for it for two years now. I think it was on the verge of creating itself: a sort of society. It got kicked in the head though. Y'know, not people doing the same thing but being on the same level: it never happened.

Q/ Do you expect people to respect your contribution?

A/ If they don't, it's self-indulgence again. When you're climbing the ladder — I'm doing it for appreciation, obviously that's my main angle. If I don't get that . . . I've come so far and I've not got that appreciation. But it's knowing what you're looking for as well, and I don't know what I'm looking for because I'm so confused. I am looking for artistic appreciation, and I have never had that to date. Not in the depth I want to have.

Q/ You expect it?

A/ I deserve it more than expect it.

Q/ Who from?

A/ Well that's what I was saying never happened, that sort of thing in rock'n'roll. It looked like it might. There's no art on rock'n'roll and that's it really. People don't want to know about art.

You've got to maintain 'it', you've got to be a driving force to get your message across. Say a band like Sham 69 — they maintained it. I mean they were always going to die, as soon as they existed I thought God! cos musically I thought they were incapable, but he had such charisma as a character. I didn't like the group.

Q/ Distinctions are always lost in rock'n'roll, distinctions which can lead to other things. You either like or don't, full stop.

A/ If you don't like the back of the shirt you don't buy it. It's like what happened to us. Critics didn't like bits of it so they said it was bad and that was it. And the fans still buy it cos they like the music and don't care about the words.

Q/ How does this lack of art and lack of distinction affect you?

A/ I don't know where to reach at the moment. I'm looking. I've got these things and I'm looking for somewhere to reach, to give them to. But I can't find anything stable enough to hand them to, and say this is what I've got at the moment, this is what we can share, if you want to know about me. I can't find nothing. I'm getting near the decline and I haven't reached my peak yet so I'm running faster to do all I can so I can get all this knowledge and throw it across, but it's like wasting time because you're throwing it across and there's nobody catching it. So what do you do? Cult status.

You start preaching . . . I've never enjoyed cult status: it was like you had a set number of people and you were like preaching to them.

Q/ What does cult mean to you?

A/ Cult means to me . . . the feeling — people who are a minority who have complete faith but who will always remain a minority unless you can manage to move out of that period.

Q/ How would it affect you if you followed Gary Numan even to a small extent as new stars? The new single 'Yankee Dollar' has entered the chart at a high number.

A/ Well yeah, 'Yankee Dollar' might be the one.

Q/ "The one"?

A/ Yeah, "the one" in quotes, as they say. I'm aware of the possibility and I have been thinking of it. Everything will change because I've seen it. I knew Gary Numan before he had his number one and I've seen the change . . . Oh it's scary, quick. I move by speed anyway, and I'm thinking that I'm self-disciplined enough and it will be another test. But I think how can a band like us maintain it as you have to, how can we maintain any success if we're always moving on? Not delivering similar goods in the same passageway . . . it's scary.

Q/ Would it alter your commitment?

A/ I'm saying it wouldn't now. I've tried to live the part and pretend I could fend off the corruption and dishonesty and still be as creative as I am now. Trying to pretend like that, now that is pretension to me!

Q/ You can see the traps and the attractions?

A/ I believe I'm strong enough and can survive. But I don't know. I know it's a huge step. I actually don't think it'll happen. I hope so. Yeah! Commercial success will give me a leg to stand on and maybe next time people will be prepared to listen to me . . . maybe they'll not be interested but they'll listen cos they'll have to.

RICHARD JOBSON is Scottish, 19, big, bold and determined. He unashamedly holds himself in high esteem. "I'm suspicious of everything and everyone," he says.

"I'm actually embarrassed. I do feel ridiculous," he tells me as we settle down for the conversation. It doesn't hold him back. Ideas, gestures and expression tumble in a softly accented bombardment that hangs loosely around a basic 'manifesto.' This way and that, he miscues and misfires; he's always stretching. "I laugh a lot at rock'n'roll. I think a lot of things in it are ridiculous, and I laugh at myself at times for taking it so seriously."

Attention is what he wants, adulation can come later if it wants to. He's confused and pained at the way his work is received. His ideals are very pure, his methods of achieving and communicating them adventurous, avid and at times appalling.

He's arrogant, assertive, articulate. So where are the shocked, mocking, howling profiles? Everything you need to know about Richard Jobson, the personality and the outrage, the livid fantasy and the inflated self-opinion — that has yet to come. And it will. As a Pop Figure, his superficial precociousness, his talk and his claims are too verbose and controversial to be ignored much longer.

So far, there's been a reluctance to slip wholeheartedly and fatally into the success stream and an acute confusion faced with the essential all-or-nothing bluntness of rock'n'roll. He's been wrapped and sold wrongly — half his fault, half the fault of others. His translation of ideas into words has been over-ambitious, like Skids music — a smudged, hopeful echo of better noises.

But Richard Jobson "has plenty to say". At one point, making a typically persuasive observation, he starts to hold himself back: "I was going to say I haven't the right to say that, but I've as much right as anybody else."

He has the kind of strongly stated, disturbing, probing ideas that we should be bouncing off and fighting and attacking and using. That Jobson, and not just Jobson but rock people with specific and novel contributions, are continually shoved into convenient compartments, so that controversy is controlled, spikiness blunted and character generally compromised, is an indication of the drifting complacency and sloppy predictability of the rock spread. We help the enemies. Critics turn to the same box of tricks, of dismissals and cynical frivolity. The rebellion is rootless and ineffective. The moves become slow and steady. A place is found for everything and everyone.

People look away from the shadows, shifts, urgency; embarrassed by passion. Remember the reactionary furore over Public Image? "It's a joke!! Emperor's new clothes! "Not realising that Lyndon was the boy in the street, not the naked royal.

"People want safety. They don't want to be disturbed. They want to sit back and they want to relax."

Jobson is certain what he sees, what he's surrounded by — puzzled only by his position in it. His views are often extreme.

"I could go to America, if I became dishonest. I could do it, maybe come back a very rich man, before it all goes wrong. But to be honest, to be real and continue what I'm doing, means to lose. I know I'm going to lose. So it's down to how honest I am. It's a test. It's a very testing time. But I know what I want to do. I'll survive. Don't let people fool you that something's happened. There is something happening in people like me and Ian Curtis — we're the real people, we're happening. But we're being stood on and we'll be dissolved eventually.

"Rock'n'roll has become very easy again, like a flux for somebody's wheels. It wasn't initially — it never is initially, the initial spark of rock'n'roll, or these revolutions that have happened within it, evolutions or whatever . . . The spark always dies and it becomes a flux, running smooth. It's running smoothly at the moment. This '60s thing isn't jarring anything at all. It's just like dance music, so regressive. I can't believe anyone would want to be like that. It's disgusting, revolting."

I MEET Richard Jobson at Virgin Records up a spiral staircase in a smiling, colourful press office — where vital glowing people thrust young entertainers into your spaces with God knows whose blessing — and we walk to a nearby public house. We brace ourselves and enter the pub's lunchtime bustle.

Jobson is friendly and somehow a little frightening. He talks freely. If the pool players jabbing and ramming close to our corner move in too close he'll lower his voice, move in closer to the mike and my nose and his eyes and hands tighten up. Embarrassed or secretive? He doesn't drink and he doesn't smoke: recent decisions, part of a long-term metamorphosis. During a convoluted answer to an incidental question he nudges me gently on the arm and admits he's confused. "You've succeeded in confusing me," he grins. "What was the question again?"

I have to say that I'm confused as well. I've forgotten the question. Let's start again. At the beginning. Richard Jobson was brought up in a mining village just outside Dunfermline.

Q/ How did your upbringing affect you?

A/ Morally it was bigoted. Like most working class people are, towards power and wealth and privilege. I'm not now. I think I was then. You're born with it. I'm not saying it's wrong, I'm just saying I haven't got it now.

Q/ What made it disappear?

A/ Well, I've not blended in with those people of wealth and privilege but they are controlling what I fucking do! At least at the moment. I don't ever use the word compromise. It's just like working with the people surrounding me. But I've got the self-confidence and self-pride to know that for all their wealth and privilege I am equal to those people. I've made myself.

Q/ Equal in what way?

A/ In terms of a human being, in terms of. ah, love of life. You see the thing about working class people, they have a disregard for beauty, they never appreciate anything like that. They're embarrassed by it. They don't want to know about that aspect of life. I can see why of course.

Q/ What kind of faith have you got?

A/ Ah. Good question. I've a faith in people and me, with the people who work with me, because that's my organisation, they're part of the organisation I'm using to acquire, drink knowledge.

Q/ You often refer to your thirst for knowledge.

A/ Oh yeah. I was a Catholic schoolboy. You think of a working class kid at school in the 70s, his outlook is just technical subjects and sport and that's all it is. Unless you have some sort of push. I was into sports, but I had lots of other interests, and when I left school I joined the group straight away and I developed these other interests. Like now I'm doing a piece on Roberto Rossilini, and when I say that to people they freak out, or think I read like Brecht and Sartre. People think, look at this idiot.

Q/ Do you understand these people you read?

A/ What do you mean by understand? Do I understand these people by your standards or by the translators? I read them, I understand them. I react. I'm not confused. The only thing that confuses me sometimes is words that I don't understand. That's only dictionary. Yeah, I understand.

Q/ Understand is the word. Criticise?

A/ O yeah. Oh definitely, because it's like, how can I give you an example? Say Brecht or the Surrealists, all these people in the '20s and '30s, they were all Marxists, and I have no affiliation to Marxism at all. And all these characters were Marxists and they're all influences but not to the degree that I idolise them. I look at them and I criticise them, I say Sartre is like a Marxist and some of his books are like propaganda. I don't say, this is what I'm going to be, a Marxist. I still like Sartre but I don't like what he's done. It's like your approach.

Q/ Why do you think people are put off when you mention these names?

A/ When I mentioned Jean-Paul Sartre on the 'Scared To Dance" LP everybody was mocking me because I was supposed to be a spiky-haired youth with lots of spots and er . . . Actually I must point out here, I don't know if you've noticed but I never write environmental songs, environmental as in y'know, the whole new wave thing of environmental songs. That's where I think I'm above it, not by the side of it but above it. Every band sang environmental songs, socio-political songs about the present day, sexual problems — so I said initially I didn't want to know about it and everyone laughed at me, cos I was speaking about Sartre and Brecht. It wasn't what 'it' was, but we never cared about what it was or what it should be and we still stand by that.

Continues page 48

RICHARD JOBSON: "At the moment we know what we want and what we want to do and we're only sort of touching it coldly because we're scared that we're going to lose all our fans — which we have done already really. On this last tour we lost more people than we gained."

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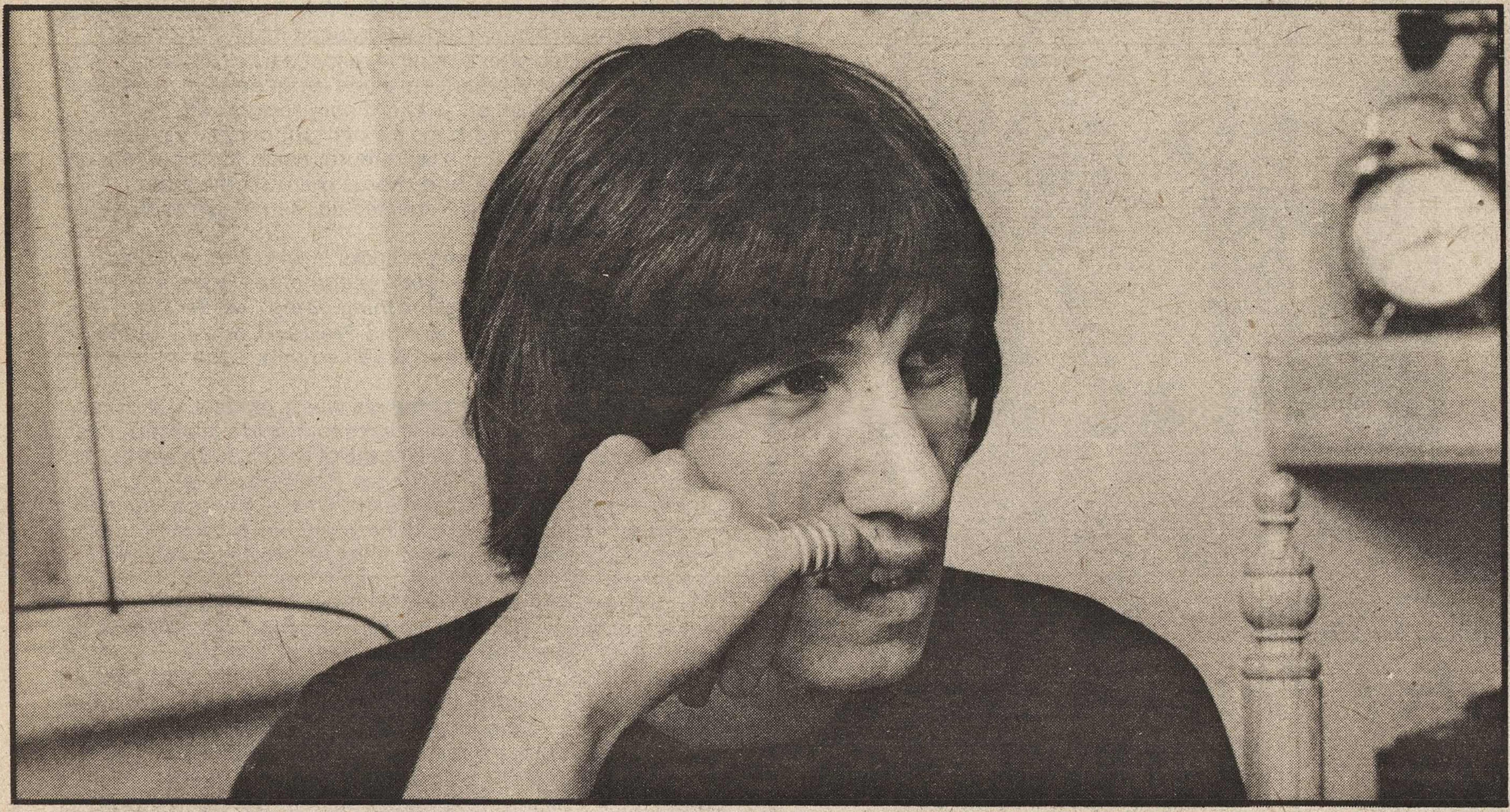
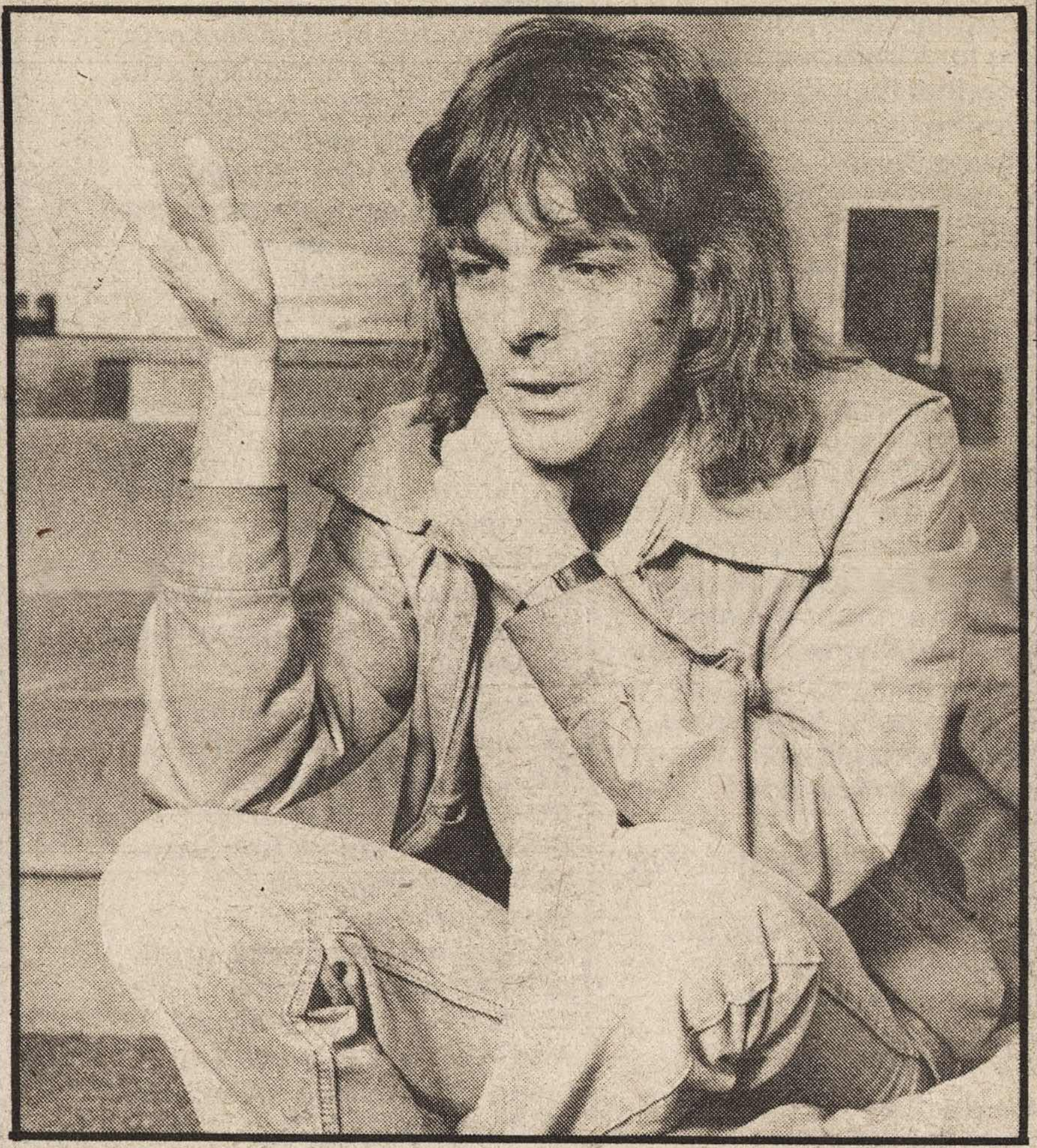
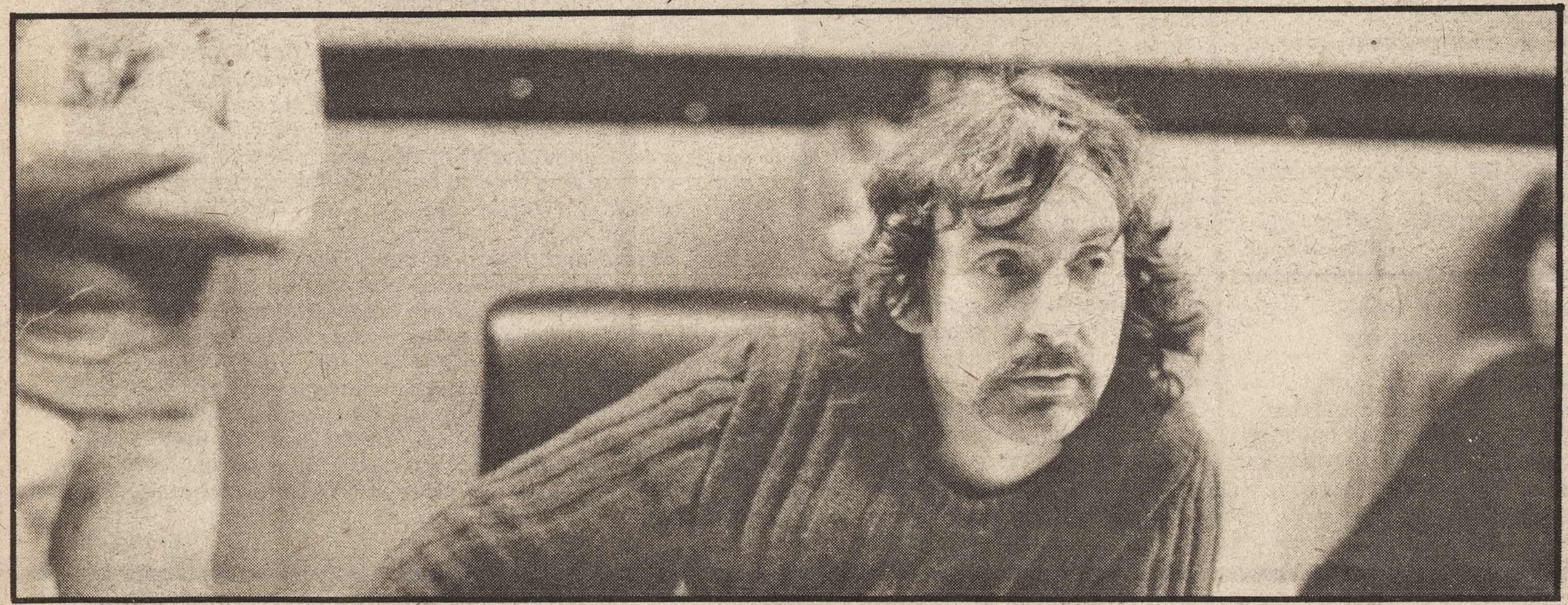


Roger Waters smiles/Pic by George Wilkes



Rick Wright tells a joke/Pic by Barry Plummer

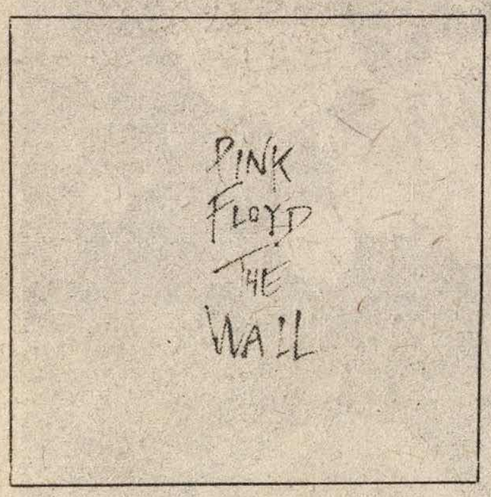


Nick Mason laughs/Pic by Joe Stevens

David Gilmour is amused /Pic by D Allen

Pink Floyd: A Band With Walls!!!

Roger Waters stars in "Sick As A Brick" extravaganza, IAN PENMAN fills him in with mortar and board



PINK FLOYD
The Wall *(Harvest)*

FOREMEN of the apocalypse Pink Floyd are still alive, four lost men in a popular music eclipse.

'The Wall' is four sides to the story. But of course! Each wall contains four letters of the alphabet; each wall faces one other. When put together conceptually, as one, as a definitive *the,* they form a metaphor for the lack of any EXIT sign or WELCOME mat within, for that which takes place between — wait for it — Birth and Death.

A long wait for it. From 'Dark Side Of The Moon' to 'The Wall' is foursquare(s), four releases from the Floyd recluses. But is 'The Wall' its own last brick? Sounds likely, for it's a seamlessly fatalistic piece of work, a monument of self-centred pessimism. Its 'point' is everywhere and nowhere to be heard, unavoidably understandable, hopelessly cliched, idealistically beached and, for Floyd, archetypal. It functions but, if one could remove all references dotted around sleeve and labels that posit this artefact as the production of a rock band, 'The Wall' might be sold as a new board game in time for Christmas.

'The Wall' is a rock musician's equivalent of the tired executive's toy, a gleaming, frivolous gadget that serves to occupy midspace. It's misplaced boredom. Graphics by Gerald Scarfe: really!

As was pointed out in an article on the group just over four (!) years ago (Idris Walters, *Let It Rock* 33) and just before the release of 'Wish You Were Here' — the second brick — the Waters, Mason, Gilmour and Wright Floyd began their formal musical career as "students of design, an Architecture house band". But, pertinently, "Syd Barrett was not a student of Architecture. The others were". Syd was alone in his *"room of musical tunes . . . "*. The others were out scraping skies, scanning the interstellar horizon, mapping out surface planes rather than more obtuse interior angles.

The three bricks before 'The Wall' — I'm not suggesting that Pink Floyd begins at 'Dark Side Of The Moon', but that a certain sequence of Pink Floyd does — seemed to have better sound effects than actual musical substance. Otherwise they were — what? A lucid Moody Blues? They were very 'English', certainly. Comfortable and dour. A timeplace. Very ticktock. Regular as metaphor (eg particuarly those on 'Animals').

Thus to *the* wall: society: rockandrollas: microcosm of same. As designers, as their own architecture, their own four-piece suite, as a rockandroll machine for living in, Floyd have built their job of work right around themselves. 'The Wall' finds them rather shocked by the realisation of this fact — that rockandroll, as with any social practice, is not the autonomous wonderland they had assumed it to be, that the artist's lot is a pretty vacant one.

And they shall atone for their sins, shall do two Bloody Marys, will make of themselves martyrs and martyrs' concept albums thereof shall they also make, renouncing therein all their rocky wordly goods, their drugs and their groupies and their tours.

And so shall they recognize that outside all their insular overdrive there do indeed exist . . . Other Things!!! Then shall they tell us what a pile of shit these Other Things are, and shall spread this revelation thinly across too much vinyl. And it shall be promoted expensively.

(And lo, they saw above them in the ether a floating pig, etc, etc . . .).

Perhaps a year of night shifts in an EMI pressing plant might serve the purpose more fittingly, but we have 'The Wall' before us and must speak of it. As double albums go, it should have gone onto two sides of one single: which makes good sense, doesn't kill as much time, and wouldn't bother so many tax officers. The hypothesis behind 'The Wall' — or under it, or along it, or wherever architects put such things — is potentially interesting. Your starter for life: are subjects born or made?

Unfortunately, this is aligned to more familiar themes, such as: is genius *a priori* pain? If the answer to this question is yes, then of course the majority of analytical rock musicians need to lose at least three limbs in a very unpleasant manner in order to better facilitate the arrival of aforementioned genius. This office is no exception.

Wall Number One ploughs through old faithfuls like birth and the family unit ('The Thin Ice' — there's a new metaphor, eh? 'Another Brick In The Wall, Part 1'), education ('Another Brick In The Wall, Part 2' — beginning to get the picture?, 'The Happiest Days Of Our Lives') and growing up, up and away ('Mother' — which doesn't deserve to have the same title as Lennon's song).

Waters' lyrics, set against the stark relief of their specific topics and targets, are pitifully inadequate, sinking deeper and more dogged depths into *true* self-expression and part-time social wormy wrock: *'Hey teacher leave the kids alone/ All in all you're just another brick in the wall.'*

Walls Two Three and Four go round and round the centre of our universe (the Narrator) sardonically and supra-sensitively, wrapped in warm, sick-room blankets of twining orchestral rock starburst and simplistic studio jiggery-pokery, ploughing ever onward through the nightly nettles and haywire of said Narrator's gradual decline into reality. Waters' lyrics here read like a textbook, or the over-sincere first draft of an ill-considered symbolist novel; no-one's asking for literature, but really, filling in the penultimate hole with something called 'The Trial'?

'Outside The Wall' concludes; small print etched on the artist's soul: *"After all it's not easy/Banging your heart against some mad bugger's/Wall."* Oh how sad.

Waters' grandiloquent old pessimism — *"Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way"* — has built a castle with 'The Wall' — and one constructed entirely of sentiment. As a thumbnail sketch of certain social features, 'The Wall' is worth waiting for. Pink Floyd should do as town planners do, and erect signs (in record shop windows) saying 'Development Underway. Scheduled 1981'. But they're going to have to utilise stronger trumpets than these to get those communicative blocks a tumbling down.

Throughout 'The Wall' there is in fact less Floyd*noise* and more song-orientated structure than for a long metric mile. But for all that I'm further away from the least knowledge of Waters/Floyd's, yes, *politics.* No joke. If 'The Wall' isn't Waters' prerevolutionary tract then best expect simultaneous suicide within the Pink Army Floyd. If they could integrate it within a Knebworth show they might be able to become As One With All Environments Everywhere without anybody even noticing!

And I still say: the necessity of a wall is the falling of ceilings. But then what do *I* know? After all, when it comes down to it, in the end, like, we're all just bricks in . . .

Ian Penman

SPHERICAL OBJECTS
Eliptical Optimism *(Object Music)*

SPHERICAL Objects are an idiosyncratic pop group from Manchester, and the misspelt 'Eliptical Optimism' is their second album. Dominant factors in their sound are Duncan Prestbury's swirling, bubblegum organ and Steve Solamar's rather mannered, Ferryesque vocals, but the music also possesses a spikey spirit of pop adventurism that fits exactly into the late '70s.

That said, the album veers between the good and the entirely mediocre, the major inconsistency being Solamar's lyrics. Several songs appear either flatly inconsequential or densely obscure. Otherwise, it's a clean, simple pop sound, often melodic, with the organ working smartly against John Bisset-Smith's modestly sharp guitar and Solamar's occasional harmonica.

A mildly enjoyable, mildly irritating, inconclusive kind of album. Spherical Objects seem to be pursuing an arty, personal type of pop which often becomes too elliptical and precious for its own good.

Graham Lock

But what does it all Mekon?

For The Mekons: A Hit!

THE MEKONS
The Quality Of Mercy Is Not Strnen *(Virgin)*

THE Mekons' reputation as a charming shambles has been undermined recently by a thoroughly weedy debut single for Virgin and a general feeling that their live gigs are becoming decreasingly charming the longer they continue to be a shambles.

Well, surprise surprise, their first album proves The Mekons can get themselves together (relatively speaking), yet retain those endearing qualities that constitute the heart of their appeal. 'The Quality Of Mercy Is Not Strnen' — the title comes from the theory that if you give a chimpanzee a typewriter and an infinite amount of time he'll eventually reproduce the works of Shakespeare — is an enjoyable, good-humoured, hummable, danceable, singalongamekon pop extravaganza: a teenybop-punk amalgam that may still be sloppy in some places, soppy in others, but disarms the listener into a willing and pleasurable acquiescence.

The Mekons are sometimes reminiscent of a rather goofy '60s pop tradition that includes Herman's Hermits and Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders; but their energy and general zest saves them from the maudlin gaucheness to which these predecessors were prone. And they can be situated quite clearly in the context of contemporary pop; somewhere between the naive exuberance of The TV Personalities and Joe Jackson's calculated self-effacement, or between the ramshackle enthusiasm of Wreckless Eric and the ex-Rezillos frenzied fun.

Their best songs are deceptively slight romantic vignettes. Like, 'I Saw You Dance', a heart-rendering tale of teenage lust; or 'After Six', a classic telephone-love pop ditty'; or 'Rosanne' a touching affirmation of affection and tolerance: *"if you buy new shoes I will stretch them/if you have other men I will like them"*.

Occasionally, The Mekons do stray into a simplicity and helplessness that sounds merely contrived, as on 'Lonely And Wet'. But the least successful songs on the album are the rather threadbare social commentaries of 'Trevira Trousers' and 'Join Us In The Countryside', the most perplexing a bizarre 'Beetroot' and 'Watch The Film', an apparently intense critique of modern culture which rests awkwardly with an insanely catchy tune and the daftest, most attractive, guitar solo on the album.

Perhaps the big surprise of 'Strnen' is that The Mekons have not only attained musical competence but — aided by producer Bob Last — also a fair degree of adventurousness and imagination. The slow strum of 'After Six', the sadly crashing guitars on 'Lonely And Wet' and the delicate piano buried deep in the mix of 'Rosanne' are all maddeningly effective yet utterly simple.

Although the guitars provide the most immediately affecting noises, it's the steady backbone of drums and bass which really hold the album together. The Mekons are perhaps too fond of a few techniques which The Gang Of Four employ with far more impact — the repetitive chanting of a single line, the device of suddenly fading all instruments except the drums — but used sparingly on their brief, jokey anthems like 'Dan Dare' and 'What Are We Going To Do Tonight', the band make them work well.

The Gang Of Four, incidentally, are featured on the back cover in a silly pose amidst a collection of chimp photos; while the inner sleeve has a superb parody-cum-reconstruction of the Gang pic which graced the *NME's* front page earlier in the year. A deft, funny and affectionate touch which typifies the moods and music on 'Strnen'.

For The Mekons, a hit!

Graham Lock

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Classics & Rarities

(Capricorn)

THEY say the South will rise again, but with music like this around it'll need a good alarm clock. What made Macon, Georgia, famous is encapsulated in this 10-year anniversary sampler of alleged highlights from Capricorn Records and doesn't do much for me, only makes me think how clever I've been to avoid the label's output for all this time.

Do you, for instance, sincerely want to hear the appalling Allman Brothers and their dreadful 'Jessica' yet again? Or the most obscure of all James Taylor's innumerable family drone his way through a song about life on the highway?

No, I thought not. Throw in a few '60s soul-men sadly out to '70s grass, Bonnie Bramlett and a whole host of dubious characters in cowboy hats, and that's about it.

Paul Du Noyer

IMPORTS

AN energetic young lady is **Ellen Shipley**. "Hey, I just can't wait anymore, you got to open that door, I'm jumping out of my skin," she proclaims on 'Ellen Shipley' (New York International), a recording that's so full of get-up-and-go that even the casual listener can be excused if he or she feels totally exhausted after tuning in to just a track or two.

Trouble is, that enthusiasm alone is not enough. And Ms Shipley's succession of quite ordinary rockers, all self-penned, mainly with the aid of producer and keyboardist Ralph Schuckett, do not a real album make. Most operate on exactly the same verse-and-chorus premise, the latter usually containing an oft repeated hook that also serves as a song title.

Thus 'Good Thing Going', checks in with a chorus that explains *"Really got a good thing going, really got a good thing going, really got a good thing going"*, while 'Over The Edge', 'Little Sister' (no, not the Presley/Cooder hotshot of that name) and 'I Surrender' are all equally into the repetition game.

Not that the album's a complete waste of vinyl. Schuckett and Ed Sprigg's production is excellent, there are moments when things really cook, and some of the back-up work — by a cast that includes Rick Derringer, Rouge, and Hall and Oates — is sprightly and inventive. With a couple of decent writers on hand, the whole affair might easily have proved a winner. But as things stand, it's just riffs in the rough, with no way of getting onto that final green.

In contrast, **Count Buffalos'** 'Emergency' (Toshiba), is almost computer controlled in its perfection. No one toots a note out of place and the probability is that the drummer cleaned his shoes twice before the session took place. Then, Count Buffalos, bless their jazz-rock socks, are Japanese and really into the audio purity market. 'Emergency' is, as you may have guessed, a direct-cut disc (and, incidentally, a low-priced one) of the type tailored to offend no-one. The band, out of Chicago/Players Association, with a vocalist called Tan Tan, who's a vocal ringer for Nancy Wilson, are technically proficient, their solos are immaculate and their material safe.

In short, they offer just enough to tempt the rock fraternity without in the least upsetting any of those munificent men with their Muzak machines. One day, quite soon, it's inevitable that Japan will provide a band that'll do to rock music what Honda and Yamaha have done to the world of motor-cycling. And though Count Buffalos are obviously not the right band for the job, I think it's well worth keeping an eye on the situation.

Tiny Moore and **Jethro Burns'** 'Back To Back' (Kaleidescope) sounds like the horror story of the year on the face of things. Imagine a brace of mandolins being played by a cornball comedian and a member of Merle Haggard's country music band. Certainly the prospect would not seem at all inviting. But backed by such fine jazzers as bassist Ray Brown and drummer Shelly Manne and given an assist by third mandolinist and producer David Grisman, they make great, timeless music that deserves further exposure. I suggest Ronnie Scott pencils them in as a forthcoming possibility.

Fred Dellar

THE RAINCOATS
The Raincoats
(Rough Trade)

THE RAINCOATS' album, along with those by such as Gang Of Four and The Slits, is one of the few this year to contribute to rock's advance into the 1980s. If this makes the record sound heavy, it isn't. It's simply an infusion of new ideas, new textures and new sounds that are sorely needed in the current context of mod revival and decrepid punk.

It's an album of lovely, clattery percussion, jangly guitars and the swooping, swinging violin of Vicky Aspinall. An album of dense noise, subtle rhythmic change, and the catchiest pop tunes of the year. An album that dismantles rock'n' roll tradition and uses the bits to build a new and lighter place.

'The Raincoats' begins with a track of closely interwoven harmony singing that harks back to a girl-group genre epitomised by The Dixie Cups singing 'Chapel Of Love'. At other times, the hovering presence of the violin is akin to John Cale's viola on early Velvet Underground tracks. In between, The Raincoats ply a skittering, sinuous compulsive beat version of rock 'n' roll that owes nothing to the macho mainstream, a little to dub and the avant-garde, and most to their own imaginations.

I really love the *sound* of this album; the violin, scratchy or plangent, is deployed with radical versatility and Palmolive's hard, hollow drum sound carries the beat while sometimes seeming to dance along it too, as if shooing on the other instruments. It's a tragedy that she left the group last September.

The songs are those which comprised The Raincoats' live set, including 'Adventures Close To Home' and 'In Love' from the 'Fairytale In The Supermarket' single and The Kinks' 'Lola'.

The most striking tracks are 'Off Duty Trip' and 'No Looking'. The former describes a soldier's rape of a young girl, and is based on an actual case in which the rapist was acquitted by the judge simply so he could continue with his army career. Urgent, scurrying rhythms underpin the restrained anger of the vocals and a narrative in which understatement and acute choice of detail are all the more disturbing: *"sea side town, off duty trip / taking flesh, going to let it rip / with the rings on his fingers"*.

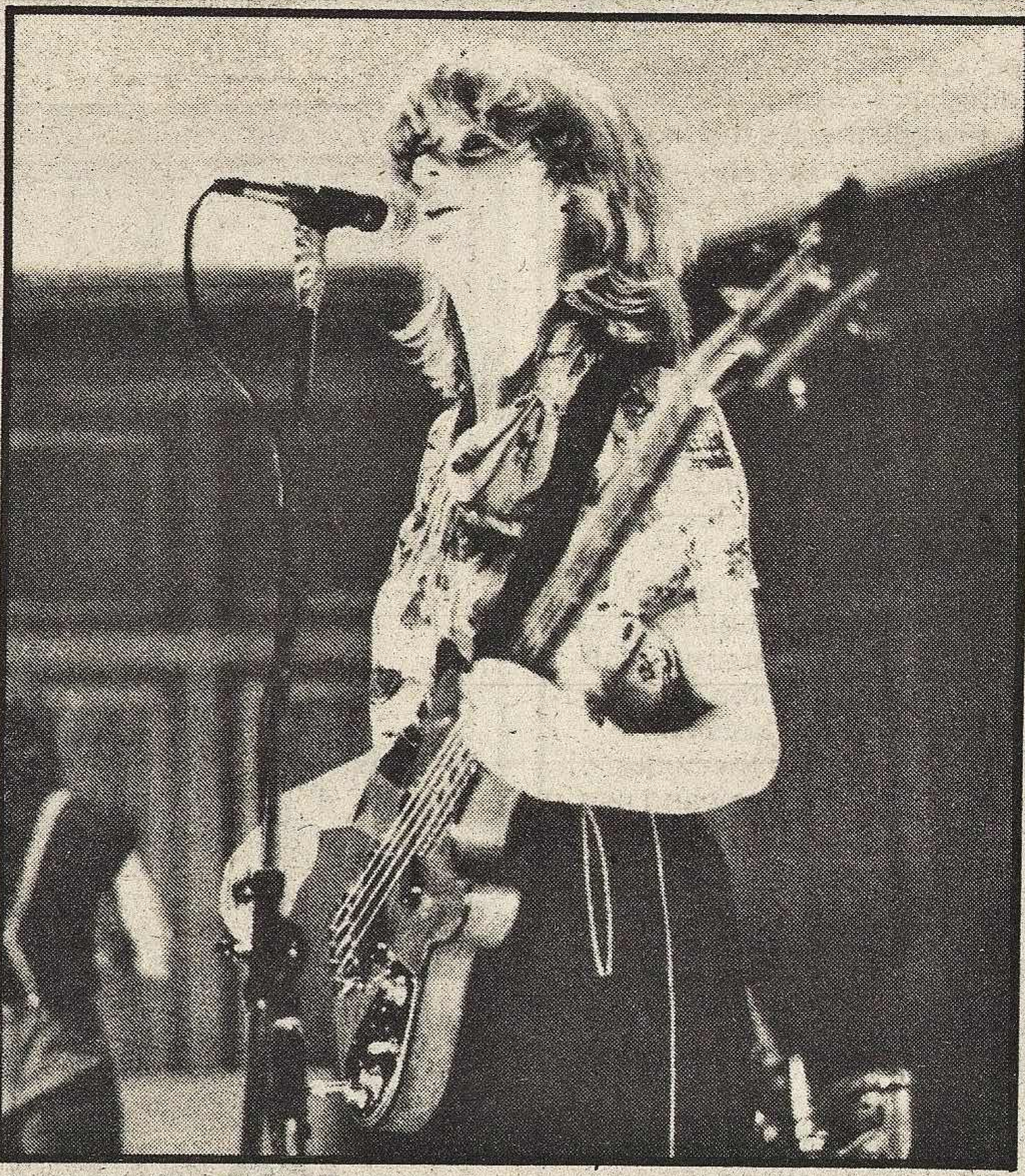
'No Looking', based on a poem by Jacques Prevert, is adapted by The Raincoats to highlight male indifference as a kind of moral cowardice. What begins as another "he left me" song turns remarkably into an accusation of emotional weakness and a gleeful, chanting revenge.

The Raincoats are not an explicitly feminist band but it's no distortion to see a feminist influence running through their work. 1979 has been an important year for rock 'n 'roll because it's the first year women have made a significant intervention in the music's development. The entry of The Slits and The Raincoats into the commercial market has meant women musicians creating their own divergent musics, almost tangential to the rock tradition, incorporating many new cultural influences, and with no vested interests in the patriarchal attitudes and structures that have dominated the medium: the first signs, perhaps, of a convergence of new wave musical adventurousness and feminist-inspired political awareness that could revolutionise popular music in the next decade.

But enough speculation. What's certain is that 'The Raincoats' has some brilliantly original music and will be a decisive influence on the early '80s. It's a new home for rock 'n' roll. The beginning of the next phase.

Graham Lock

From one Raincoat ...



... to another. Both pix by David Corio

For The Raincoats: A Hitette!

ESSENTIAL LOGIC
Beat Rhythm News
(Rough Trade)

THIS IS another LP on Rough Trade. I hope that doesn't put you off. It shouldn't. If you want things neat, Essential Logic cavort around tastelessly whimsical worlds rather like Swell Maps and Spizz and make farcicial, hopeful shapes rather like The Pop Group. Essential Logic are a bright and intensely nonsensical mixture of unstable interpretations of Roxy, Bush, Beefheart and Lovich. Sloppy, sleazy, panting saxes, bounding bass, banal drums, teasing guitars and Lora's warbling comprise songs that turn themselves inside out just to make it easy for themselves. It might all be too much for you.

The sound is like a child's painting. Something lovely and accurate was in mind, but somewhere, somehow, it's all got distorted. The messy, shapeless result is probably more exciting than the something lovely and accurate. When the ensemble dangerously slows the pace during a piece, they sound almost pathetically poignant. They haven't quite made 'it' but in trying they've made some marvellous moments. Look to the playful rise and fall and stop and start and rise of 'Wake Up'.

Lora's a curious girl, disenchanted, possessed and perversely sentimental. Her voice is always doing the right thrilling things, especially on 'Quality Crayon Wax OK' where she frets and somersaults through the verses in such an intoxicating way I just have to scream along. Her nine songs are giddy fragments from a grimy, wrinkled wonderland where monotony is decorative, where the grotesque commonplace and logic haven't much of a chance. There's a grisly tale of a poor pelican in 'The Order Form', a facetious look at dotty hobbies in 'Collecting Dust', and I'm still playing around with 'Lakaline Loaf In The Area', 'Popcorn Boy' and 'Shabby Abbot'.

I'm not sure where music from pop groups like Essential Logic fits into any traditional rock'n'roll pattern, or what kind of future it has. I'm certain it doesn't matter. Occasionally tepid and obvious, 'Beat Rhythm News' is full of the bits that cheer you up. Sax bits and word bits and voice bits pour out flood all over and you just can't stop

Paul Morley

ADVERTISEMENT

No flying pigs on these boys

THE BUZZARDS
'Jellied Eels To Record Deals' (Chrysalis CHR 1213)******

THERE'S NOTHING quite as nifty as a last minute winner, the 33-1 outsider who comes from nowhere in the last two furlongs to steam past the post a head and a half in front of the favourite and furnish you with beer money for a week.

Most people had the Buzzards marked down as no-hope outsiders, one hit wonders with a one way ticket on the oxo cube back to Leyton, and I ve gotta admit I wouldn't have bet the rent money on 'em either. Neither, obviously, have Chrysalis 'cos 'Jellied Eels' has got 'cut-price' stamped all over it.

It comes in cheapo packaging, consists of their singles, some Peel session stuff and some demos, and retails at four quid . . . but screw me with a rag man's trumpet if that ain't more to do with punk than 98 days with some flash yank producer in a posh recording studio.

And all packaging and rhetoric aside the album is a guaranteed, last minute winner diamond in the rough, the Buzzards' story so far told in 18 trumpeting tracks of noisy pop and sod the niceties.

Now you don't need to be Bamber Gascoigne to work out where the Buzzards are coming from. All the influences of Mott, Clash, even Slade, are here for all to hear in a happy-go-lucky collection which probably explains why the band have found recognition so elusive. They were inspired by punk but fell by the popular wayside by refusing to toe any strict tribal line.

The brace of excellent 45's included here illustrates their diversity well, from the hardcore punk anthem of '19 And Mad' ("won't reach 20 and I don't want to") thru the slow credibility Kate ironies of 'Art School', the magnificent lightly-reggaed nostalgic toast to growing up to reggae of the '69 kind in 'Saturday Night', the poppy 'Hanging Around', and the raucous New Wave Slade manifesto 'We Make A Noise'.

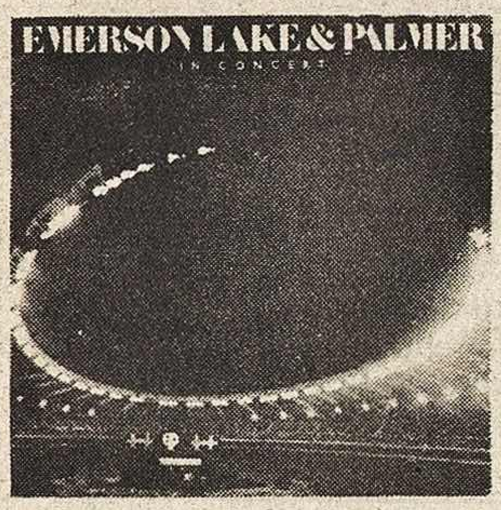
Elsewhere we get sharp young pop of 'Land Of The Free' and 'Sharp Young Men' (an obvious next single with Harley and Hunter vocal throwbacks); a stabbing reggae singalong in 'British Justice'; silly covers like 'Can't Get Used To Losing You', a Status Quo pisstake on 'People On The Street' and riproaring punkouts like 'Mixed Marriages' and 'No Dry Ice And Flying Pigs' — another catchy tongue-in-cheek manifesto.

Like Mott, the band write about themselves a lot, and possess a nice line in story-telling as exemplified by the excellent 'Greatest Story Ever Told' which is a sort of biblical account of punk's rise and demise ("right before my eyes I see my dreams destroyed with fire and brimstone").

But if you wanna know what the Buzzards are about check out the lyrics to the great should-have-been-a-hit single 'We Make A Noise': "The music climate's turned against us so it seems/We're full of East End promise but we've lost our dreams/Now everybody says we're a noisy band/We've got a one-way ticket back to Garageland".

My only niggle about the Buzzards is that I've come across them so late. But then again as that bloated Tory twat Winnie says in their ad: "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the

GARRY BUSHELL
SOUNDS
November 10, 1979



ELP
In Concert *(Atlantic)*

THE three wise men bring news form the West and the mothership drafts a cast of thousands to spread the word throughout the galaxy. Yes, it's another ELP live album, a 1977 recording made during their American/Canadian tour of that year as they presumably took refuge from the upswell of new wave iconoclasm and innovation going down back in Blighty. Suitable then that our three heroes sound like desperate, ageing musicians churning out their staid, lifeless formulaes to a typically reactionary audience.

'In Concert' is a feebly, flashy musical laboratory of clinical cynicism, serving up a soggy stew of ragged rock'n'roll remnants boiled with a crass classical flavouring. Rock'n'roll and its attendant aspects of presentation, performing and marketing still provides a tremendous opportunity for the chosen few (the *lucky* people!) to parade and polish their egos. ELP brings this concept to what is probably an unprecedented extreme.

Take 'C'est La Vie', for instance, a laughably moribound wallow in self-pity replete with Chevalier accordian, massed strings and po-faced lyrical pondering *"Oooh c'est la vie/Who knows, who cares for me"* — pure pantomine actually, as is 'Pictures At An Exhibition', an unbelievably shoddy mish-mash of incidental music and wiggly, wobbly electronic frequencies. Meanwhile there's the predictable candidate from the acid-casualty corner, a dithering nonsense called 'Tiger In A Spotlight'.

But I suppose people get off on a feeling of modern day consumer's awe for the sheer magnitude of the ELP operation, a sort of musical ICI. The old ill-founded deference for our three stooges' intellectual profferings probably plays quite a big part in their success as well. Personally all I hear are some of the most unimaginative of musical ideas shrouded in the bulky adornments that the band use to clothe each last synthesised hiccup.

Gavin Martin

NOEL McCALLA
Night Time Emotion *(Epic)*

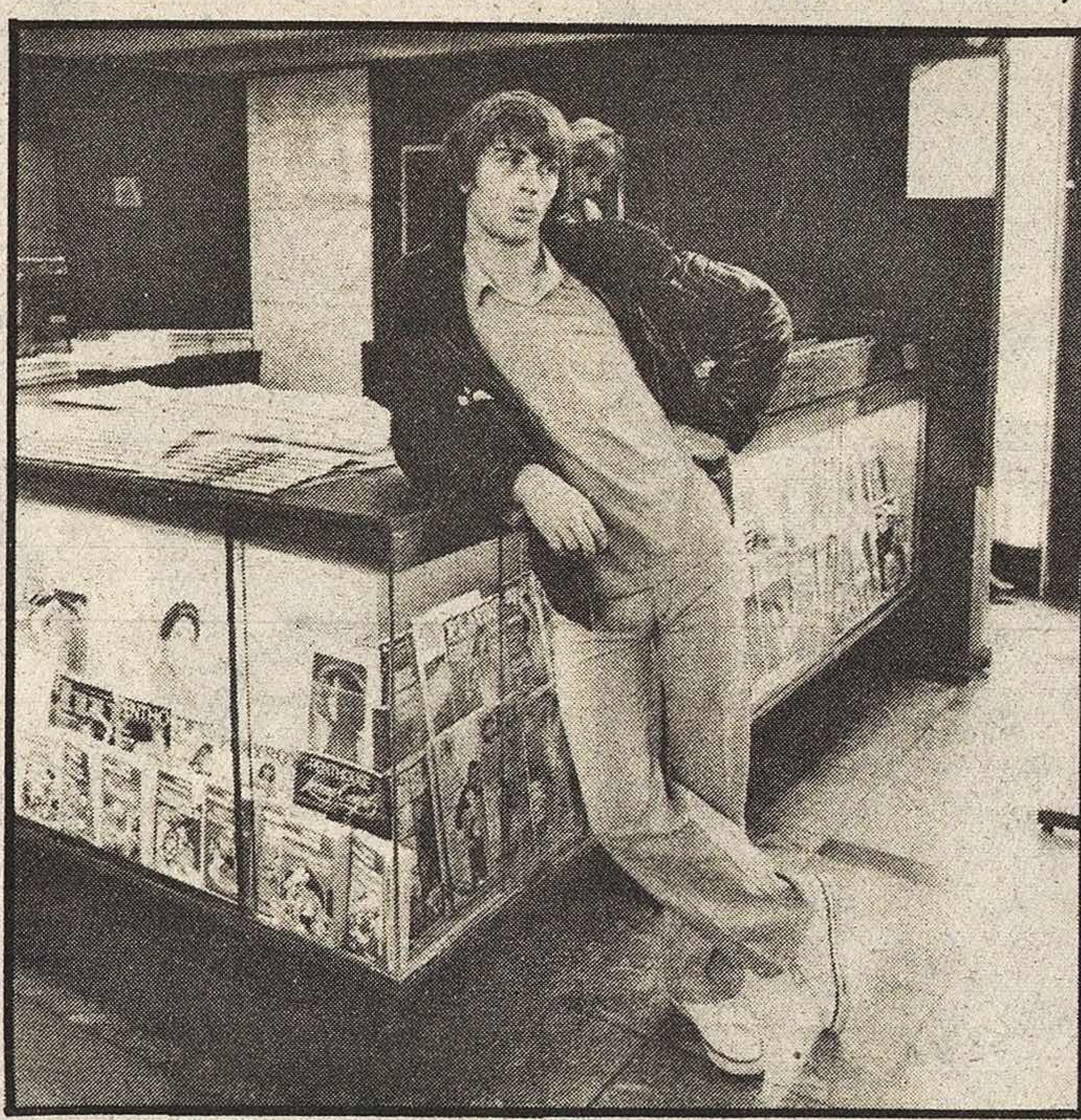
IN which Noel McCalla, notable Bobby Bland fanatic and ex-vocalist of latterday pub-funk outfit Moon, is allowed sufficient funds and freedom to indulge in various long-term fantasies, which include: nicking Bobby Bland's phrasing; cutting a song once covered by Bobby Bland, 'Who's Fooling Who'; turning some other covers into slick funk / soul and penning a few of the same persuasion; drafting a worthy session force to convert these to wax; blinding us with horn and string arrangements; and allowing himself to appear in a fashion-flared mackintosh in one of the year's more appalling cover shots (one more 'thematic' snap and I'll scream).

And it's rousing but unremarkable, mainly because on the more heavily backed numbers McCalla sounds rousing, and on the less unremarkable.

I think that says it all.

Mark Ellen

The 'new' Mr. Oldfield — *Pic by Jill Furmanovsky*



Very seasonal, extremely silly

MIKE OLDFIELD
Platinum *(Virgin)*

YOU can set your calendar clock by it. Along with the first glimmerings of garish street-wattage, along with that avalanche of over-ready poultry, comes another institution cast up forlornly on the Yuletide beach — Mike Oldfield's Christmas Disc.

Even now, boutique owners by the score will be ordering up their cassette versions assured of 'Platinum's' anaesthetic effect on their customers, who'll fast become numbed to insensitivity by the sheer insipid tedium of its incessant space-squiggles, by its vast, cushioned cocooning.

They'll browse dreamily through racks of cheap Chinese clothing to the tune of 'Woodhenge' (yeech, the title! — riffs, endless riffs), or 'Sally' ('20s Hollywood ballad spoof: sterile), or 'Punkadiddle' (yeeeeech, the *title!!* — riffs: Celtic penny-whistle square-dance gone heavy) or 'I Got Rhythm' (Gershwin in blancmange form: pre-digested), or the abysmal 19-minute title track (riffs 'til you stiff).

They'll maybe lash the cash on a cheesecloth shirt and drift out into the rigours of the real world vaguely aware they've been listening to an Oldfield album — which one, it matters not — a little dazed by the soothing surface sound layers that thinly conceal its cold, cavernous emptiness.

Happy Discmas.

Mark Ellen

STEVE FORBERT
Jackrabbit Slim *(Epic)*

SOMEWHERE on this album, somewhere between the songs of love in the midday sun, the songs about trucking back to his baby, the devastatingly banal songs that give devastatingly banal insights into devastatingly banal situations, somewhere amidst all this, Steve Forbert disappears up his own backside. The only fun to be had here is in deciding where and when this novel but unoriginal act takes place.

Is it just the general "Rod McKuen meets Jackson Browne in Nashville" blandness of both lyrics and vocals, or the objectionably euphemistic irrelevance of words like *"You try to make the best of it/Which isn't much I know/You thought you'd had your fill of it/But you see it isn't so"* (as he serenades a girl whose spouse is sleeping around), or is it even the strained Springsteen soudtracks that permeate the album with neither the swagger nor the warmth of the originals?

This is all very standard middle-American complacency that demonstrates an appalling inability to cope with or even perceive the falseness of certain lifestyles and attitudes. We're not starting the James Taylor revival for anyone, Steve.

Gavin Martin

FINGERPRINTZ
The Very Dab *(Virgin)*

THE name Fingerprintz has cropped up a lot in '79, usually in small print. They recently toured as adjuncts to big nights out with Rachel Sweet and The Skids, and it was their lead vocalist Jimme O'Neill who penned 'Say When' for Lene Plaits. And now 'The Very Dab', Fingerprintz' debut album, on which are engraved 11 more of O'Neill's dark tales wherein night-prowlers, sinister ministers and various

miscreants conspire to wipe the smile off your face.

The band specialise in elaborate, multi-layered guitar rhythms overhung with powerful reggaematic bass lines, and O'Neill's songs are subjected to the full brunt of the musicians' not inconsiderable expertise. It works a treat in some places, particularly where they are careful not to let the triffids of technique override inspirations, as in 'Fingerprince' and 'Wet Job', both excellent studies of left-handed endeavour.

But too much of their material is marred by an excess of musical baggage, and capsizes into a debris-strewn mess. The worst casualties are to be found on side two: 'Invisible Seams', a fascinating look at the greasepaint syndrome, gets plastered into the realms of cacophony, where a little ventilation would have been much more in order. 'Beam Me Up Scotty' and 'Temperamental' are not bad songs as much as lots of devilishly clever hooks and slices chasing each other like Tom chases Jerry. Added to which, a couple of unspeakably lame instrumental tracks have been wedged in like so much Polyfilla.

Despite its continuous claustrophobia in the grooves, 'The Very Dab' is by no means a write-off. If anything, it shows that Fingerprintz have imagination to spare. And that, I suppose, is what counts.

Rick Joseph

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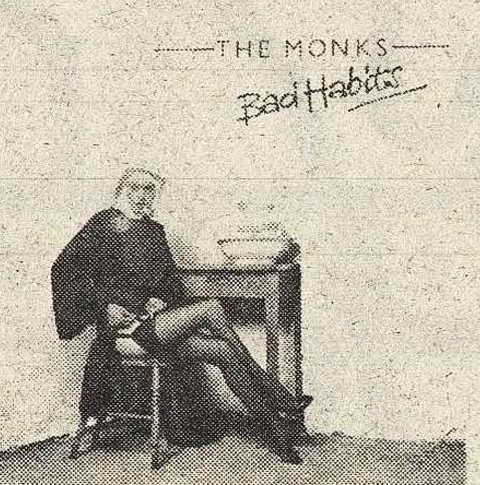
AMPEX

...probably better than the cassette you're using

THE MINCER

Twelve exciting releases reviewed by the excitable MAX BELL



EBERHARD SCHOENER
Video Flashback *(Harvest)*

OBVIOUSLY, The Police are closet Yes fans. Any fool can tell immediately that Sting is a passionate admirer of Jon Anderson and no one could possibly be surprised to hear of the band's predilection for this kind of serious jazz rock. Its maker, the legendary Everready Schooner, is revered throughout the length and breadth of Scunthorpe for his interpretive scores of many rock classics, 'Nights In White Satin', 'Smoke On Ze Wasser' and so on; Skooner is no stranger to the collected works of Deep Purple or Alan 'Dial A Concept' Parsons. A man of considerable integrity, Everard o'erstrides the fusionist jazz mode, utilising the symmetry of the classical setting while assimilating the excitement and majesty that only the rock and roll idiom can provide. The results are unequivocally modern, yet touchingly dated — irrelevant one might say. Who can deny the emotional frisson of Sting's childlike vocal purity or fail to bow in surrender to the sheer white heat of Spooner's large composition? Nippi Noja on sax is a delight as always.

STEVE HOWE
The Steve Howe Album *(Atlantic)*

STILL, The Police will have to go some to catch up with their mentors. The new Steve Howe album also includes a 59-piece orchestra and Claire Hamill and Steve plays 14 different types of guitar and there's a picture of them all and it's got a gatefold Roger Dean cover remember he did all the Yes covers with the thingys on and that writing. It's really good too, Steve Howe's fantastic, I mean he plays ever so fast and it's got Patrick Moraz and Alan White, y'know the drummer bloke, there's this one song called 'All's A Chord' which is great, loads of loud solos and some quiet bits which are really far out and Steve Howe's a bit odd isn't he, I mean about that health food but I prefer hamburgers I don't know how he does it. Get it, Howe he does it. Never mind you've got to listen to it, oh and have you got that Rick Wakeman record with the orchestra and the solos and that weird picture of King Olaf, no not the skateboard one.

JOHN MAYALL
No More Interviews *(DJM)*

THAT'S alright, we weren't going to do one anyway.

DR HOOK
Sometimes You Win *(Capitol)*

SOME people think Dr Hook are funny. That 'Cover of Rolling Stone' was such a gas, especially when they got on it, eh? What cheek. Have to admire them for that one. And 'Sylvia's Mother', lovely tune and you weren't supposed to take it all seriously because it's done by that Shel Silverstein who writes for *Playboy* sometimes, he does the lyrics. And they recorded this in Alabama with some proper musicians, and it's quite a change for them, the material is very sophisticated. That's what you'd expect after ten years in the business, real professionals. Eleven songs, and I like this enormously.

SLADE
Return To Base *(Barn)*

SLADE always were a poor man's hard rock band, appealing to the worst boys-night-out instincts. In the days when bad glam rock was the British norm this sort of muck might have fitted the bill a treat, but in 1979 who wants to hear a bunch of pathetic old has-been Flash Harrys reiterating the limitations of their puerile sordid imaginations? Haven't these people heard of social security?

NILS LOFGREN & GRIN
Nils Lofgren & Grin *(CBS Embassy)*

THE CBS cheapo label dredge the bottom of an unexciting barrel by releasing a compilation of the vastly overrated Grin's best-forgotten past. No one will be fooled, not even for £2.79. Saddle up the Shetland, Nils, and git out of town.

IKE AND TINA TURNER
Soul Sellers *(UA)*

ANOTHER greatest hits routine to waste your Xmas tokens on. Personally I couldn't care less if I never heard 'River Deep, Mountain High' or 'Nutbush City Limits' or any of these familiar cabaret soul songs again. Whatever happened to the vinyl shortage?

HERE AND NOW
All Over The Show *(Charly)*

I think Here and Now are one of those bands who play all their gigs for free, man. I wonder why this is. Silly really. I'd never go and see a band who played free, there must be a catch somewhere. I wonder why this record isn't free. It isn't very good.

YVONNE ELLIMAN
Yvonne *(RSO)*

INBETWEENIES music for all the people who are undecided about funk and want something absolutely ordinary they won't have to think about at all. A triumph for mediocrity.

GRACE KENNEDY
Desire *(DJM)*

DITTO Ms Grace Kennedy, a British version of the above redolent with all the usual mindless disco cliches, a chronic shortage of songs and no chance of rising above the advertising copy that accompanies this tasteless abortion and which views Ms Kennedy and her prospective audience as nothing more than figures on a financial index. They deserve each other.

THE MONKS
Bad Habits *(EMI)*

A spectacularly unamusing record made by a faceless bunch of pseudo-Cockney types who go for every cheap shot in the book from spoof punk satires to catalogues of their own sexual inadequacies. Fascinating stuff.

MOON MARTIN
Escape From Domination *(Capitol)*

NO great departure in style or content from Martin's addictive 'Shots From A Cold Nightmare'. Small, cute, shortsighted Moon has maintained his Ravens band rather than rely on special guests and the outset is a greater sense of urgency but less frivolity, something of a pity. The best moments, 'Rolene', 'Gun Shy' and 'Bootleg Woman', encapsulate the Martin technique with a welcome precision and wit. The songs are frequently moody, occasionally perceptive and sexy without overstaying their welcome. Martin sets store by brevity and he doesn't utilise any gimmicks to get his message over. Approved.

Max Bell

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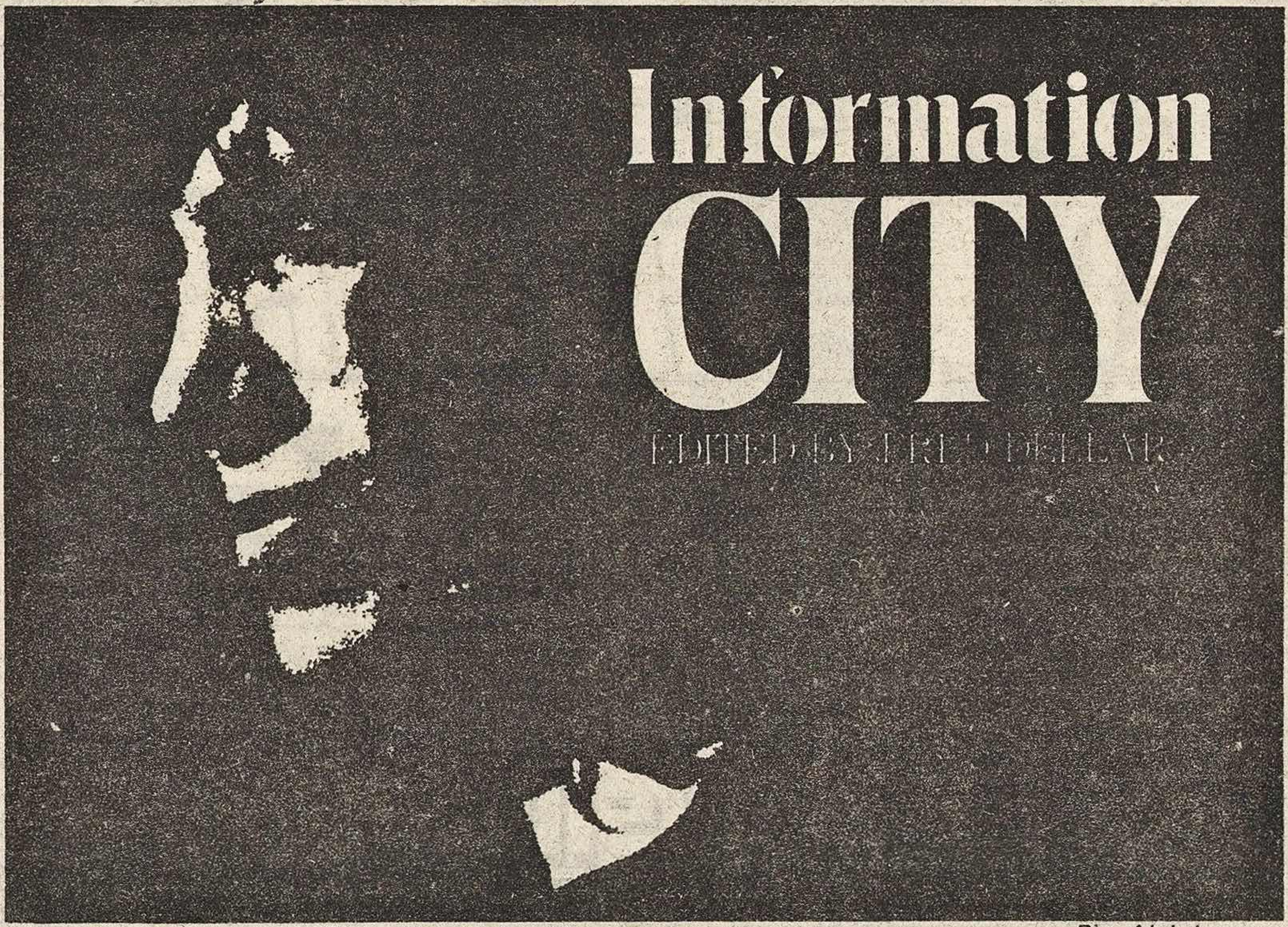

Roger Waters of Ye Olde Pinke Floyde, Feb '72. Pic: Al Johnson.

Fifty years of the Floyd

WITH regard to the recent *Info City* item on the Stones' 'Bed Spring Symphony' bootleg, the source of the disc is a radio broadcast of a concert given during the band's 1973 European tour. I first heard this broadcast on a Radio One *In Concert* programme in May 1976, and it featured all nine tracks, plus three other items. This concert is also featured on the 'European Tour 1973' bootleg (TMOQ), which is supposedly in quadrophonic sound and *does* feature in Roy Carr's Stones' discography. The double-album 'Nasty Music' (SODD), also features all these radio broadcast tracks plus others. I suspect that 'Bed Spring Symphony' is not particularly rare and it's certainly not as hard to come by as 'The Brothers Karamarazov Live At Auchterbogle Toon Hall' (New Year's Eve 1976), which I haven't seen mentioned in any bootleg discography that I have come across.
ALEX RUSSELL, Incsh, Aberdeenshire.

● **Needless to say, Alex Russell doesn't know where these various artefacts can be obtained. In fact, nobody knows where bootlegs come from or who buys them. We strongly suspect the influence of The Mole in these matters.**

COULD you supply the address of the Thin Lizzy Fan Club?
PHILLIPPA CORER, Lower Penn, Staffs.

I'VE been trying for years to obtain the address of Throbbing Gristle/Industrial Records but have had no luck. Can you help?
PETER LYLE, Weald, Sevenoaks, Kent.

● **Two quickies all lined up for a knockdown. Firstly Lynott lovers are advised to contact 52 Dean Street, London W1, for news of their hero's latest exploits and other chit-chat beloved by fans, while those who are into the delights of Throbbing Gristle can write to Industrial Records, 10 Martello Street, London E8 or maybe phone 01-254 9178 where they'll be greeted by an obnoxious message on a telephone-answering monstrosity.**

COULD you print a complete discography of the (Count) Bishops — including singles EPs and albums?
PETER SHININGS, Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glam.

● **With the aid of HMV singles department whiz-kid Chris (That's me behind the beard) May, we managed to come up with the following listing of the band's Chiswick releases. Singlewise there's been 'Train, Train'/'Takin' It Easy' (NS5), 'Baby You're Wrong'/'Stay Free' (NS12), 'I Take What I Want'/'No Lies' (NS33), 'I Want Candy'/'See That Woman' (CHIS 101- also in a 6" version on 6-CHIS-101) and 'Mr Jones'/'Human Bean'/'Route 66' (CHIS 111) while the EP 'Speedball' features 'Route 66'/'I Ain't Got You'/'Beautiful Delilah' and 'Teenage Letter' (SW1). The band have cut three albums, these being 'The Count Bishops' (CWK3006), 'Bishops Live' (CH7) and 'Cross Cuts' (CWK 3009), while various Bishops tracks appear on such compilations as 'Submarine Tracks And Fool's Gold' (CWK 3006) and 'Long Shots, Dead Certs And Odds On Favourites' (CH5). Also, according to *Zig Zag's* last small labels listing, Chiswick NS35 was an unreleased Bishops single, a piece of info that'll do you no good whatsoever.**

IN one *NME* article it was mentioned that Steve Jones uses a Strobotune to tune his guitars. Can you tell me where I can purchase one and can you also provide a retail price?
NIGEL SELL, address lost because the cat ate this portion of the reader's letter! (really).

● **According to Kevin Riddles of Music House, a mail-order instrument firm, Conn market the Strobotune in the States and it's imported by various British distributors. "But," claims Riddles, "it's very pricey — the price varies enormously depending on who's bringing it in — and it's really a hell of a waste as a mere guitar tuner, for it's a very sophisticated device possessing two strobes, one of which flashes when a note is played flat, the other being activated by sharp notes. One better buy is the Korg WT10A, which retails for around £100 and is a full chromatic scale tuner that can tune anything, including a piano, while the GT6 is the tuner we recommend for the guitar alone. This is reasonably inexpensive — around £46 — and possesses a VU meter that is easily read."**

For further info, ring Music House on 01-690 2205, or visit or drop a line to the company showrooms at 363 Lewisham High Street, London SE13.

I AM attempting to collect the complete recorded works of Pink Floyd. Could you publish a complete discography?
ALASTAIR TAIT, Wallyfood, East Lothian.

I KNOW that Pink Floyd contributed to such movie soundtracks as *More, The Valley* and *Zabriskie Point,* but how many other films have they been involved with?
TERRY SKINNER, Ipswich, Suffolk.

● **Sticking to a purely British discography, I can reveal that the Floyd have been pretty stingy single-wise, their only 45 rpm releases being Arnold Layne'/'Candy And the Currant Bun' (Columbia DB8156 - 1967), 'See Emily Play'/'Scarecrow' (DB8214 - 1967), 'Apples And Oranges'/'Paint Box' (DB8310 - 1967), 'It Would Be So Nice'/'Julia Dream' (DB8401 - 1968), 'Point Me At The Sky'/'Careful With That Axe, Eugene' (DB8511 - 1968) and 'Another Brick In The Wall, Part 2'/'One Of My Turns' (Harvest HAR5194 - 1979). Meanwhile, in the long-playing division they've managed to come up with 'The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn' (Columbia SCX6157 - 1967), 'A Saucerful Of Secrets' (SCX6258 - 1968), 'More' (SCX6346 - 1969), 'Ummagumma' (SHDW1/2 - 1969), 'Atom Heart Mother' (Harvest SHVL781 - 1970), 'Meddle' (SHVL795 - 1971), 'Obscured By Clouds' (SHSP4020 - 1972), 'The Dark Side Of The Moon' (SHVL804 - 1973), 'Wish You Were Here' (SHDL814 - 1975), 'Animals' (SHVL815 - 1977) and 'The Wall (SHDW411 -1979), plus 'Relics' (Music For Pleasure MFP50397) a reissue of a compilation that originally came out in 1971, and 'Zabriskie Point' (MGM 2354 040- 1970) a soundtrack album on which the Floydians share record space with The Grateful Dead, Jerry Garcia, John Fahey, Patti Page and others. All the band's EMI albums can be obtained in a boxed-set known as 'The First XL' (PF11), which contains picture-disc versions of 'Wish You Were Here' and 'Dark Side Of The Moon', while 'Piper At The Gates Of Dawn' and 'Saucerful Of Secrets' form a double-album titled 'A Nice Pair' (SHDN403). Also, there are about 50 different bootlegs to be found, but we won't go into that at this point, but rather move to list the movies in which the Floyd are either seen or heard, those that we know about being *Tonight Let's Make Love In London* (1967), *San Francisco* (1968), *The Committee* (1968), *More* (1969), *Zabriskie Point* (1970), *Love And Music* aka *Stamping Ground* (1970), *Pink Floyd At Pompeii* (1971), *La Vallee* (1972), *La Marge* aka *The Streetwalker* (1976) and *How Does It Feel?* (1976). If anyone out there has any further info on the Floyd's cinematic activities, then I'm sitting here ready and waiting with my letter-opener, right?**

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Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00
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- Monday December 3rd — £1.00 — **RED BEANS AND RICE** + Gerant Watkins
- Tuesday December 4th — £1.00 — **THE BOYS** + The Drill
- Thursday December 6th — £1.00 — **PINPOINT** + The News

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Thursday November 29th SAFARI RECORDS CHRISTMAS PARTY NIGHT **TOYAH, THE BOYS, TEEN-BEATS + THE YOBS + GARY HOLTON** Free Admission Please Come Early	Thursday December 6th **THE CURE** + The Associates + The Passions Advance Tickets £2.00 From Box Office
Friday November 30th £2.20 **WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS** + Holly and The Italians	Thursday December 13th **SLADE** Pay at door £2.80
Saturday December 1st £2.20 **WHIRLWIND** + Support	Thursday December 20th **XTC** + Random Hold *Advance tickets £2.80*

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Friday November 30th **HOUSE BAND with SPECIAL GUESTS**	Tuesday December 4th 75p **THE U2's**
Saturday December 1st **THE BOGEY BOYS**	Wednesday December 5th 75p **THE CANNIBALS**
Sunday December 2nd **LEW LEWIS** *All of the above are participating in our R'n'B Festival which will be recorded live* *Advance Tickets £1.50*	Thursday December 6th 75p **THE ELECTROTUNES**

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- Friday, November 30th — £1 — **CAROL GRIMES SWEET FA** + Pedestrians
- Saturday, December 1st — £1 — **5 HAND REEL**
- Sunday, December 2nd — 50p — **THE DIRECTIONS**
- Monday, December 3rd — £1.50 — **JOHN CIPPOLINA & FRIENDS** + Step Aside
- Tuesday, December 4th — 50p — **MODERN ENGLISH** + Support

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Derek Johnson

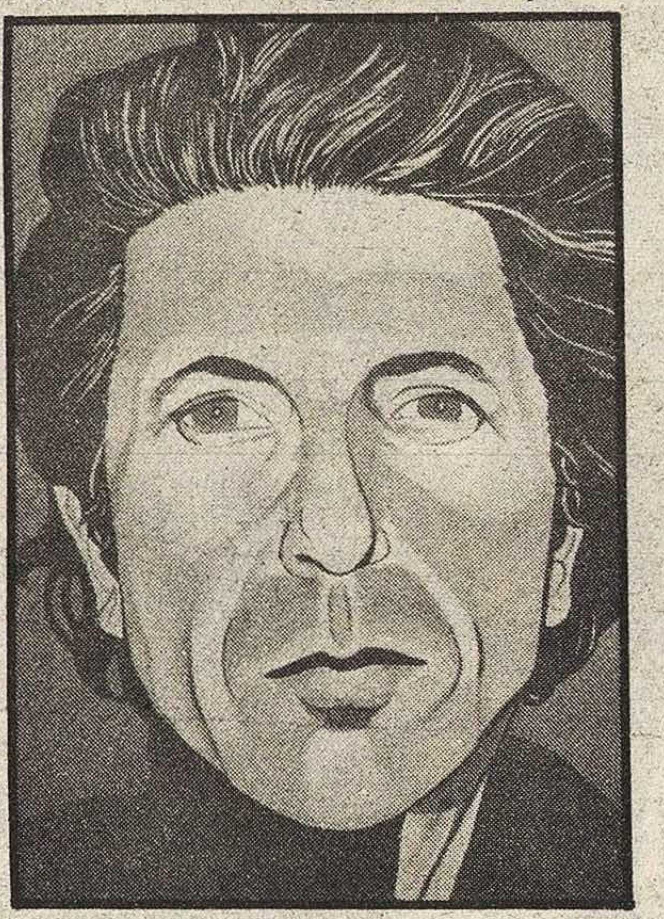
Thursday

Ashford Kempton Manor: **Caroline Roadshow**
Belfast King's Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Belfast Queen's University: **The Starjets**
Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion: **Jasper Carrott**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **John Miles**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham Underworld: **Moon Martin**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
Brighton Art College: **Second Nature**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Oxy & The Morons**
Brighton Hungry Years: **Tokyo Rose**
Burntwood Troubador: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Screen Gems**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Rackets**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Specials / The Selecter / Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Cumbernauld Village Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Dublin Starlight Club: **Mary Wilson (for three days)**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Talking Heads / The Human League**
Glasgow Notre Dame College: **Strasse**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **The Spinners**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Lopez & The Waveriders**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Joe Jackson / The Original Mirrors**
Hayle Penmare Hotel: **The Fans**
Hull City Hall: **Dr. Feelgood / Philip Rambow**
Hull New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Scene / Direct Hits**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **Ponders End**
Irvine Magnum Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Zorro**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Money**
Leeds Fan Club: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **The Purple Hearts / The Nips**
Liverpool Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Jam / The Vapors**
Liverpool Eric's: **Tours**
London Camden Dingwalls: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (3): My Father's Place — **Steel Pulse**; Avery Fisher — **Angela Bofill**; Carnegie Hall — **Narcisco Yepes**; Lone Star Cafe — **Kingfish**; Dangerfields — **Jackie Mason**; Knickerbocker Saloon — **Billy Taylor** (two days).
TUESDAY (4): Hurrah — **Sham 69** (two days); The Kitchen — **Lohn & Nyman**; Village Vanguard — **Woody Shaw** (six days); My Father's Place — **Johnny Thunders' Gangwar/Ronni & The Jitters**; Bottom Line — **Charley Musslewhite/John Hammond/Nighthawks**; Grand Finale — **Organa King** (six days); West Bank — **Nina Murano** (two days); Fat Tuesday's — **Larry Harlow Quintet** (four days).
WEDNESDAY (5): Avery Fisher — **Freddie Hubbard**; Bottom Line — **The Uncle Floyd Show** (two days); Alice Tully Hall — **Harvey Pittel**; Metropolitan Opera House — **Mahogany**; Brooklyn Academy of Music — **Lucinda Childs**.
THURSDAY (6): Emerald City — **Ian Gomm/The Beats**; Sweet Basil — **Jackie McLean Quartet** (three days); Isiah's — **Live Reggae.**
FRIDAY (7): Beacon Theatre — **Doo Wop Festival** (two days); Cami Hall — **Benny Powell**; Bottom Line — **Philip Glass** (two days); Storytown — **Buddy Tate**; The Concert Hall — **Dora Short**; Chelsea Cabaret — **Dreck Vile** (two days); My Father's Place — **Sam & Dave/Nick Gravenites Band.**
SATURDAY (8): My Father's Place — **The Inmates**; Avery Fisher — **Doc Watson**; Slugger Ann's Saloon — **Kill Or Be Killed** (two days); Mary Ann's Place — **The Lords.**

Pictured below is LEONARD COHEN — or, at any rate, his likeness! He's paying one of his rare visits to the UK next week, and you'll find him at the Hammersmith Odeon for three nights commencing on Tuesday.



London Camden Music Machine (free): **Safari Records Xmas Party with Toyah / The Boys / The Teenbeats / The Yobs / Gary Holton**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Flexible Dustbins / Shiner**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fashion / Wide Boys**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Bastille**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Q-Tips**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Sonic Tonix**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **The Photos**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Alton Ellis**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Act**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Johnny Storm / Dynamite**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Andy Williams**
London Twickenham Richmond College: **John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Sievey & The Freshies / The Out**
London Victoria The Venue: **Trevor Rabin**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Small Hours / The Imports**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Maldon Jubilee Hall: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Wings**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Manchester Kim Philby Club at Devilles: **The Pop Group / A Certain Ratio / Phil Diggle**
Manchester Osborne Club: **The Beat**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Newcastle City Hall: **Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later / The Bogey Boys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Romantix**
Penzance Demelzas: **Bethnal**
Perth Plough Inn: **The Deft Jerks**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Cure / The Passions / The Associates**
Port Talbot Troubador: **Simple Minds**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Peter Bond / Crannog**
Preston Warehouse: **Art Failure**
Sheffield Lane Top Club: **Anaesthetic**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Southend Scamps: **The Jukes**
Southend Spanish Armada: **Matchbox**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Sunderland Fusion: **Black Gorilla**
Walsall Town Hall: **Samson / Nicky Moore Band**
Watford Bailey's: **The Drifters (until Saturday)**
Wolverhampton RAF Cosford: **High Flames**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **Secret Affair / Squire**
Aberystwyth Pavilion: **Dr. Feelgood / Rambow**
Alconbury RAF Station: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Bath Moles Club: **Scissor Fits**
Bedford Corn Exchange: **Wild Horses**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elezabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Money**
Birmingham Underworld: **The Purple Hearts**
Birmingham University: **The Chords / Orphan / The Piranhas**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **White Glass**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Motorhead / Saxon**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **Urchin**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Purple Hearts / The Nips**
Boreham Wood Civic Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bournemouth Wallisdown Technical College: **Eye Sight**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Motivators**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Borich / Deep Throats**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
Brighton Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later / The Bogey Boys**
Bromley William Morris Hall: **Teacher's Pet**
Bromsgrove Dolphin Suite: **Roaring Jelly**
Cambridge Advanced Students Club: **Hopo**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Gang Of Four**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Section 20**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Screams**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Ben E. King**
Derby Sinfin Moor Club: **Strange Days**
Dublin Stadium: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Deadringer**
Edinburgh Art College: **Strasse**
Farnborough Technical College: **The Movies**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Landscape**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Queen**
Gloucester Alternative Venue: **Mystery Star Band / Scream And Scream Again**
Goole Station Hotel: **Vardis**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Kingston Church Grove: **Phantom Zones / The Directions**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Chromium Platings**
Lancaster University: **The Jam / The Vapors**
Leeds Cosmos Club: **Black Gorilla**
Leeds St. James Hospital: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds University: **Best Friends / The City Limits**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **World Service/ Room Ten**
Leicester TUC Club: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Liverpool College Of Higher Education: **Tours**
Liverpool Eric's: **Simple Minds**
Liverpool University: **John Otway / The V.I.P.'s**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camberwell Art College: **The Act**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Girl / The Rent Boys**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London City Polytechnic: **The Rest**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Warm Jets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Protex**
London Edgware The Sparrowhawk: **The Rapids**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Paris**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Small Hours**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Homerton Chat's Palace: **The Mekons / Oxy & The Morons**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The House Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Flying Saucers / The Boilers**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Psychedelic Furs / The Soul Boys**
London Marquee Club: **London Zoo / The Cheetahs**
London New Cross The Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Blues Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Queen Mary College: **The Revillos**
London Railbow Theatre: **The Damned / The Victims**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Shepherd Quintet**
London Southall White Swan: **El Seven**
London Strand King's College: **Mechanical Horsetrough / Bernd Weber's Last Resort**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Andy Williams**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **King Sounds & The Israelites**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Inmates** **/ Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **The Shades**
London W.9 The Chippenham: **Sanity Clause**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Esmond Selwyn's Jazz Fabrique**
London W.C.1 School of Oriental and African Studies: **Misty**
Lowestoft Talk Of The East: **Caroline Roadshow**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Specials / The Selecter / Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Years**
Manchester UMIST: **Eric Bell Band / The Original Mirrors**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **George McCrae**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Iron Maiden**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Northampton The Romany: **Spring Offensive**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Cure / The Passions / The Associates**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Radium**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Photos**
Nottingham University: **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts**
Oxford Balliol College: **The Stereotypes**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The Sonic Tonix**
Oxford Polytechnic: **John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Sievey & The Freshies / The Out**
Paisley TUC Club: **High Flames**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **Dangerous Girls**
Poole Dorset Institute: **Thieves Like Us**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Fans**
Retford Porterhouse: **Little Bo Bitch**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: **Salon Grooh**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy: **Prodigal Son**
Sheffield Penthouse: **Rokka**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Dickies**
Slough Langley College: **XTC / Random Hold**
Slough Merrymakers: **Arrogant**
Stirling University: **Samson**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Lindisfarne / Chas & Dave**
Wadhurst Commemoration Hall: **Yakety Yak**
Windsor Blazers: **The Barron Knights**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Ocean Boulevard**
Wolverhampton The Merry Hill: **Nick Fenwick**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **Heathcliffe**

Saturday

Aberystwyth Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Ascott-under-Wychwood Tiddy Hall: **Armpit Jug Band**
Ayr Darlington Hotel: **High Flames**
Barnsley Town Hall: **Little Bo Bitch**
Birmingham Bogarts: **L.A.**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Mods**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Dr. Feelgood/Philip Rambow**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham Underworld: **Speed-O-Metors**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Shader**
Bracknell Bridge House: **The Meanies**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Quaker City**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Motivators**
Bradford University: **Neill Innes**
Brighton Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Bristol Old Castle Green: **T.V.1.'s**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Apartment**
Buxton Pavilion Gardens: **Chris Barber Band**
Canterbury Christchurch College: **The Piranhas**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Dangerous Girls**
Cardiff University: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Cromer West Runton Pavillion: **The Dickies**
Dublin Stadium: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Flys/Tours**
Dundee Technical College: **Samson**
Durham University: **The Cure/The Passions/The Associates**
East Grinstead King George's Hall: **Maddy Prior**
Eccles Patricroft Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Queen**
Gloucester Cinderford Rugby Club: **The Flash Cats**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The EF Band**
Immingham County Hotel: **The Vye**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Act**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Side Effect**
Leeds University: **Motorhead/Saxon**
Leeds University Students Union: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Leicester University: **John Otway/The V.I.P.'s**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Pop Group**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mark Andrews & The Gents/Echo Bravo**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

THE DICKIES open their British tour at Sheffield (Friday), Cromer (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), London (Tuesday) and Redcar (Wednesday).

MORE GIG GUIDE

London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Wild Horses/Nutz/Straight 8**
London Camden Music Machine: **Screams**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Interview**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind/Doll By Doll**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Bogey Boys**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Spizz Energi/UK Decay**
London Lewisham Odeon: **The Specials/The Selecter/Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Pete Bond**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie Trio**
London Southall White Swan: **The Rackets/Pant**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Andy Williams**
London University Logan Hall: **Inti-Illimani (concert for Chile)**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **King Sounds & The Israelites**
London Victoria The Venue: **UK**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dolly Mixture**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Red Lights**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Matchbox**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Talking Heads/The Human League**
Manchester Langley Cardinal's Hat: **Years**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Simple Minds**
Manchester University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Ben E. King**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Photos**
Newark Christchurch: **Menticide/SPG Murders/Hit/Dratsab & The Reknaw**
Newbury The Globe: **Mummers Workshop**
Newcastle City Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Roy Sundholm**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Tollerton Country Club: **Strange Days**
Nottingham University: **John Cooper-Clarke/Christ Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Oldham Grange Arts Centre: **Heathcliffe**
Oxford Lincoln College: **The Stereotypes**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **XTC/Random Hold**
Polgooth Inn: **Metro Glider**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Gang Of Four**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Fans**
Retford Porterhouse: **Iron Maiden**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy: **Prodigal Son**
Sheffield University: **John Miles**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Wings**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Walsall Town Hall: **Hi-Tension**
Weybridge National College of Food: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Windsor Blazers: **The Barron Knights**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (Lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Purple Hearts/The Nips**

Sunday

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Talking Heads / The Human League**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Red Star Club: **The Nightingales / The Motivators / Chain Of Dots**
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Centre: **The Purple Hearts / The Nips**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Ulterior Motives**
Brighton Centre: **Wings**
Brighton Resource Centre: **Poison Girls / Bauhaus**
Bristol Locarno: **The Dickies**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chelmsford City F.C.: **Fifties Flash**
Currie Glenburn Hotel: **Guilt Edge**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Joe Jackson / The Original Mirrors**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Photos**
Glasgow Pavilion Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Secret Affair / Squire**
Glasgow University: **Landscape**
Haverstock Hill The Enterprise: **Roaring Jelly**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Blank Space / Beast**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Simple Minds.**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows.**
Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): **Best Friends.**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Dr Feelgood / Philip Rambow**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beans & Rice / Terminal Snack Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Out**
London Finchley Torrington: **Stepaside**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime free): **Dave Paskett**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fashion / U2's**
London North Peckham Civic Centre: **Gordon Giltrap**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam / The Vapors**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Specials / The Selecter / Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pierre Moerlen's Gong**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bob Williamson / Earl Okin**
Lowestoft Football Club: **Matchbox**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Andy Williams**
Newcastle City Hall: **Motorhead / Saxon**
Newcastle (Washington) Biddick Farm Art Centre: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Mortals**
Poole Arts Centre: **XTC / Random Hold**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Alex Campbell / Falcon**
Rickmansworth Watersmeet Hotel: **Richard Digance**
Salford British Legion: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Fivepenny Piece**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Eye Sight**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Lindisfarne / Chas & Dave**
Worksop Longworth Club: **Zorro**

Monday

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Iron Maiden**
Birmingham Odeon: **Andy Williams**
Birmingham Dome: **John Martyn**
Cardiff Music College: **Screen Gems**
Colchester Essex University: **XTC/Random Hold**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Secret Affair/The**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Joe Jackson/The Original Mirrors**
Gosport John Peel: **Eye Sight**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Specials/The Selecter/Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Talking Heads/the Human League**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **John Otway/The V.I.P.'s**

THE VAPORS: Rainbow with Jam

Just for a change this week, we turn the spotlight on to one of those brave bands of warriors who — often unheralded and unsung — attempt to pacify the impatient hordes. Yes, the support bands — and we've chosen ***THE VAPORS****, newly signed by Liberty-United, and currently touring with The Jam. The climax comes on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday when they play London Rainbow.*

Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keele University: **The Swingle Singers**
Leeds (Garforth) Mercury Motor Inn: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Leeds Heaven & Hell: **The Statics/The Mess/Fatal Sounds/Mirror Boys**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Hawkwind-/Doll By Doll**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **UB40/The Wide Boys/The Denizens**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Mods**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sharp Practice**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **John Chippolino/Stepaside**
London Islington Hope& Anchor: **The Small Hours**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Wings**
London Marquee Club: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam/The Vapors**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Carrie Smith/Semuta (for two weeks**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Dusty Springfield/John Miles (Year Of The Clid charity)**
London Strand King's College: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshiess/The Out**
London Victoria The Venue: **David Bromberg Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Paul Goodman**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Dislocation Dance/The Immediates**
Newcastle City Hall: **Queen**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Norwich Norwood Arms: **The Running Dogs**
Norwich Union Athletics Union: **Hi-Tension**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham The Black Boy: **Chris Barber Band**
Oxford New Theatre: **Dr. Feelgood/Philip Rambow**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Black Space/Beast**
Preston Polytechnic: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Yakety Yak**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Jasper Carrott (for three days)**
Southen Focus: **Steve Hooker Band**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Witney Ducklington Bell Inn: **Andy Caven**

Tuesday

Ayr Pavilion: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Wall**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Five Hand Reel**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Same**
Buxton Gaslight Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Canterbury Kent University: **Samson**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Doncaster Regal Social Club: **Yakety Yak**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Motorhead Saxon**
Exeter Routes: **The Purple Hearts**
Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks: **Between Pictures**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Tom Paley**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Damned**
Glasgow The Third Eye: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **Zanathus**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Hawkwind-/Doll By Doll**
Leeds Staging Post: **Deadringer**
Leicester University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Gravenites**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Beat**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Decoys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Modern English**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leonard Cohen**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Talking Heads/The Human League**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The U2's**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Boys/The Drill**
London Marquee Club: **The Dickies**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam/The Vapors**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Quartet**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Mike Harding**
London Victoria The Venue: **David Bromberg Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Speed-O-Metors/Scissor Fits**
Malvern Festival Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Joe Jackson/The Original Mirrors**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Richard Digance**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Newcastle City Hall: **Queen**
Northampton Fanciers Club: **Flying Saucers**
Norwich Cromwells: **Little Bo Bitch**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham University: **Blank Space/Beast**
Portsmouth Art College: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Rawmarsh Cricket Club: **Zorro**
Reading Target Club: **El Seven**
Sheffield Club: **The Photos**
Sheffield University: **Dr. Feelgood/Philip Rambow**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
York Arts Centre: **Elton Dean's Soft Heap**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Aylesbury Civic Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Cryer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Shadowfax**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Damned**
Bradford University: **Dr. Feelgood/ Philip Rainbow**
Brighton Centre: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Injections**
Buxton Gaslight Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Gt. Yarmouth Wheels Club: **The Running Dogs**
Helensboro' HMS Neptune: **The Marvelettes**
Hereford Rotters Club: **The Accelerators**
Keele University: **Lone Star / Angel Street**
Lancaster Art College: **Spizz Energi**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Vye**
Leicester University: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Liverpool Eric's: **Blank Space / Beast**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Sievey & The Freshies / Tl e Out**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Gravenites**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Bumpers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dolly Mixture / The U2's**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **John Bennett Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Deaf Aids**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Spider**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leonard Cohen**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Johnny Coppin**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cannibals**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Diana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Wings**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Southall White Hart: **Flying Saucers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Carolyne Mas**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **One On One / Embryo**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Stepaside**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Sta-Prest / Spot The Dog**
London W.1 Crackers: **The EF Band**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Motorhead / Saxon**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Manchester Ashton Memory Inn: **The Cheaters**
Manchester University: **John Otway / The V.I.P.'s**
Newcastle City Hall: **Joe Jackson / The Original Mirrors**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Photos**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Samson**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Ormskirk Edgehill College: **TV21 / The Nice Men**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Eye Sight**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Dickies**
Salisbury Wilton Greyhound: **Toulouse**
Sheffield (Nether Edge) Bincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Elton Dean's Soft Heap**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Secret Affair / Squire**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
West Malling Greenways: **Sweet Substitute**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Cure / The Passions / The Associates**

LINDISFARNE begin the second leg of their lengthy autumn tour this week, and on all their dates they'll have Chas And Dave as special guests. Gigs this week take them to Swansea (Friday), Cardiff (Saturday), Wolverhampton (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Carlisle (Tuesday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday).

LINDISFARNE:
autumn tour resumes

LIVE PAGE

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presents

SECRET AFFAIR

plus SQUIRE

RAINBOW THEATRE LONDON
Saturday 8th December 8.00 p.m.

Tickets £2.80, £2.40, £2.00

MAM presents

THE JOE JACKSON BAND

plus 2 supports

Sunday 9th December

EMPIRE BALLROOM, LEICESTER SQUARE

Doors open at 8pm. 1st support 8.30pm
2nd support 9.45 Joe Jackson on stage 11pm
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Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wednesday 28th November — £3.00
NEIL INNES
+ JOHNNY G

Thursday 29th November — £3.00
TREVOR RABIN

Friday 30th November — £3.00
Last U.K. performance prior to U.S. Tour
THE INMATES
+ UNTOUCHABLES

Sat 1st December — £3.25
U.K.

Sun 2nd December — 7.00 £3.00 / 9.00 £3.50
PIERRE MOERLEN'S GONG

Monday 3rd, Tuesday 4th Dec — £3.50
DAVID BROMBERG BAND

Wednesday 5th, Thursday 6th Dec — £3.00
CAROLYNE MAS

Friday 7th December — £3.50
ROGER CHAPMAN

Saturday 8th December — £3.00
NO DICE

Monday 10th December — £3.00
THE SHIRTS

Tuesday 11th, Wednesday 12th December — £3.75
GALLAGHER & LYLE

Thursday 13th, Friday 14th — £3.75
RONNIE LANE CANCELLED

THE PURPLE HEARTS

+ THE NIPS

at The Triad Leisure Centre
Bishops Stortford

Sunday December 2nd
Tickets £1.75 at Door

TICKETS . . . TICKETS . . . TICKETS . . .

AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

NOVEMBER
30 The Damned

DECEMBER
1 Specials, Selecter
1 Wild Horses
1/2 Hawkwind
4/5/6 L. Cohen
6 The Cure
7/8 Talking Heads
8 Secret Affair
9 Joe Jackson
9 Selecter
13/15 Cliff Richard
16 Budgie
17 AC/DC
19 Dr. Feelgood
20 X.T.C.
20/24 Leo Sayer
21 Teardrop Explodes
22 The Damned
22 John Otway
28 Purple Hearts
30 Madness

JANUARY
23/24 Barclay James Harvest
25/26 Marvin Gaye

FEBRUARY
1 Wishbone Ash
3/4 U.F.O
8 Robin Trower
14 Uriah Heep
17 Joey J Lewis

MARCH
14/15 Judas Priest

For more information send SAE to
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ESSEX S.U. PRESENTS

Saturday, December 1st

JOHN MARTYN
+ Sanny Mitchell

Students Union 8.30pm
Tickets £1.50 from S.U. & Parrot Records

Enquiries Colchester 863211

Next week December 6th
Secret Affair
December 8th
Gary Glitter

STRAIGHT MUSIC & DACORUM DISTRICT COUNCIL PRESENT

TALKING HEADS

WITH GUESTS

HUMAN LEAGUE

THE PAVILION
MARLOWES — HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
(DOORS OPEN 7·15)

MONDAY 3rd DECEMBER at 7·45

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PAVILION BOX OFFICE, 10-30 AM–5-30 PM, MON-FRI 10-00 AM–1-00 PM, (2-00 PM–5-00 PM SAT) TEL: HEMEL HEMPSTEAD 64451, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

BeelzeBub — A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Climax Blues Band

Saturday 8th December

IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL 8pm

Tickets £2.00 In Advance

ADVANCE TICKETS FROM
SAFFRON RECORDS, TRINITY STREET, ST AUSTELL
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BeelzeBub — A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Light Of The World

SATURDAY 15th DECEMBER

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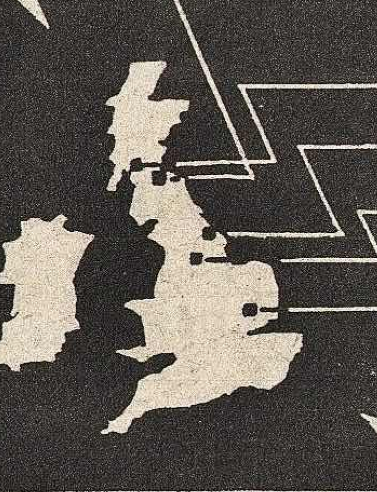

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More On The Skids

From page 34

Q/ Is this knowledge you thirst for the be-all and end-all?
A/ Aw no! I mean it's how you use it. At the moment, up to now, I've used it two ways. I stopped at point A with 'Scared To Dance' and point B when I'm a much better person is 'Days In Europa'. Now I'm still climbing to point C and then I'll be doing something else. You see. I'm not in a band to become a rock'n'roll star. To me rock'n'roll is abysmal.
Q/ Standing for what?
A/ Oh, the complacency. To be commercial people don't need to take risks — and they're right, they're perfectly right. Why work when you don't need to? It's like I regard smoking. Why be unhealthy when you don't have to be? I did smoke but I thought why the fuck? Like why drink alcohol with what it does to your liver?
Q/ This comes back to your fear of death?
A/ Oh yeah, definitely. It's a respect for it. I have a tremendous respect for it, cos that's what brings out the fear. I respect death more than anything.
Q/ Does this respect and fear inhibit you in any way?
A/ No, because it has made me faster and that's maybe what's wrong with me. Maybe I am taking in too much too soon — that's what I've been accused of lately, and if anybody is going to make a constructive criticism maybe that is one. But I'll be the judge of it. I joined a band to write and get it across to a media who's interested, but I was wrong, totally wrong at the moment. I've lost confidence. Not in me. The audience.
Q/ Why are you in rock'n'roll
A/ I'm using it as a pathway.
Q/ Always consciously?
A/ Yeah. At the age I was, everyone needs a movement to show them what's wrong and what's right, to spit the morals at them, and it just so happened when I was 15/16 the punk rock thing happened. It presented itself and I said thank you very much, and it used me as much as I used it.
Q/ Are you romantic?
A/ Oh yeah. I'm possibly the most romantic person you'll ever meet. It's just I don't show it like everybody does and that is because I'm me and not anybody else. Oh yes. Romantic. At times I get embarrassed by it! Romanticism is always a disguise. I use romanticism in a way to disguise ugly things, and I disguise ugly things in the same way everybody else disguises ugly things. I know they exist, I know they're there, but I don't want to look at them. I don't want to see them. When you see a contorted aspect in life, you want to go round it rather than go through it and be it. I don't go through it, I go round it. I do it with war. War is the most horrible thing mankind ever bought upon itself and I've brought ballet dancers into it as romantic aspect . . .

I WAS ONLY asleep for a short while. But oh the dreams. Nightmares, near misses and sweet nothings. Some songs and sneer from The Fall dragged me from my lazy drift and stuck me where I didn't really want to be. 'Dragnet', the second Fall LP, hit me hard. It wasn't 'good' or 'bad', but it wasn't afraid to take a stroll. Mark Smith doesn't want you to feel comfortable. This hero of wicked isolation says wake up. Don't turn over. (And read the review on the next page).

Richard Jobson's predicament is as complicated as anyone else's. His ability to analyse and tackle is powerful and loud. It's grotesque, gruesome and as disturbing as Mark Smith. I don't know how to deal with it. It's a fraction of the story to put on the page Jobson's inadequacy, dismiss his delivery, croak at his language. That's too easy. Nothing gets changed. It's more complicated than that.

Smith and Jobson look over their shoulder in different directions. One dresses up, one dresses down. They stepped out and ended up inside different envelopes, on different pages, nothing in common. Both are searching, choosing, dismissing. Smith's language is severe and sardonic and his confrontation means more to me. Jobson's language is elaborate and vivid but his words shouldn't be allowed to dribble away.

The way things work, one is right and the other is wrong; one fashionable and the other not. Smith's struggle cannot be 'right' and Jobson's 'wrong'. Jobson is honest and confused — which hardly qualifies anything, although you will be hard pressed to find any bigotry lurking.

But there *should* be the sort of massive reception or rejection that no rock is receiving these days. The decision must be to use their discoveries and moralities, and move from there positively and purposefully. Not accept, run through our fingers and place back in its box. After The Fall record was tagged, and the weeks went by, have we been shifted from our spot? We say the words but they don't mean a thing. There's now a bland, smooth process for categorising. The Fall should be hated for what they do to us, what Smith points at and what he points at us; the same soppy words of honour get pinned to his heart. The Skids should be smothered with outrage and reaction — any group that isn't dealing with the ordinary. But the ferocity of The Fall and the rich indulgence of The Skids have become normal, expected parts of the landscape. Everything rhymes. Critics become amateur snug academics; listeners adapt to the weather. Next week; something else.

The Fall haven't jarred; they have their place, as useless, less dangerous even, than The Dooleys. And Skids — well, they're not any 'good' are they?

THINK OF The Skids today and snigger at a group on the Rich Kids / Generation X line with a rubbing of teutonic flashness and a helping of Scottish loutishness. Think again.

Skids said yes to Virgin Records at the same time as lots of other young bands looking for intimacy and ideals. They become part of the deluge, and are still suffering from the shock. Virgin had definite plans for them to push a subtle, smart-looking post-punk pop group with eyes always towards America.

"Virgin obviously want us to be a commercial success and in a manner, but not their manner, we do as well, because you need financial stability to be able to do what you want. At the moment we know what we want and what we want to do and we're only sort of touching it coldly, because we're scared that we're going to lose all our fans — which we have done already really. On this last tour we lost more people than we gained."

Skids jumped off living up to Virgin's high hopes. Their first proper single 'Scared To Dance' was a respectable hit. Virgin narrowed their eyes and grinned. Something sticking? Skids though refused to stay where they were, and typically they were run prematurely into the big hall circuit. Jobson grins and groans at the memories.

"We were definitely pushed in too early. But still, I don't want to play in a dirty stinking greasy little pub with lots of idiots spitting and throwing glasses. See, I look at it, if you've got a show, you should take it to the halls, even though it looks ridiculous if there's a 4,000 capacity and you've only got 800. And that was happening, but it's happening to everybody, not just us. That restores confidence in a way, although I don't know what sort of confidence that is.

"But it was happening to everybody from The Stranglers downwards. It was so disillusioning because the same people were coming and they were wanting the same things and we had changed so much. We told them. We said we've changed, we've a new drummer (Rusty Egan, part time — which Jobson admits was a mistake, not least because it confirmed people's prejudices) and a keyboard player and we look different. We don't look like arrogant kids."

It was this desperate autumn tour that sharply clarified one of The Skids' major dilemmas. Their music had evolved. Old punky flavoured reputations *stopped* new listeners moving in. Old fans turned away from the new music.

"They wanted 'Into The Valley', one two three four five, and when 'Days In Europa' came out it banged them in the face and they thought it was shit. They hated it. The critics hated. Virgin weren't as helpful as with the first. Then to the other degree you've got people on the other side, the art people — and that's a horrible word to use — say a Magazine, Joy Division audience, and they don't want to know either. Because we've been where we've been, not that we're trying to move over 'there', we're just trying to do something different. But they won't accept it and we're thrown into the middle."

Uncomfortable. This discomfort inevitably makes Jobson question what he's doing.

"Oh yeah. I mean that's what comes into it most. You question something and that's good if you're going to step over it, but if you question yourself because of uncertainty, then that's bad. That comes through a lack of confidence. We went through a period from the new LP to the present day — and now we're going to totally reorganise ourselves — of day to day trauma, and it's never been good. We thought when we recorded 'Europa' it was a direct move, and we still do, I'm very confident in it, but you can't be so strong as to hide these criticisms away. So you must look at them and think well maybe that's right, maybe that is wrong — the criticisms for 'Europa' have come fast and furious, everything from racism to pretension. God!"

A single from the LP 'Working For The Yankee Dollar', will be a big hit. And trigger the next futile part of the process.

The LP itself is dramatic, callous, self-important, impatient, fascinating, bleak ... Jobson attempting to be prodigious and ending up flawed. It is still an odd and violent piece of work.

It features one of the most alarming songs I've heard: the title track. This is where Jobson lets free his Nietzchian affectations with tormenting insistence. Jobson uses the word fascist occasionally. I'm not sure what he means. He's not a bigot in any way — racially, socially, culturally. He's too open. Perhaps

Continues page 65

Setting Sons And Burning Guitars

There is no best band in the world. But if there were . . . Pix Pennie Smith.

The Jam

Manchester

FIRST night out on tour: welcome back to another edition of *So Who Really Is The Best Group In The World?* Down in Manchester Apollo before midnight, there's no contest. The Jam are the best group in the world.

This, of course, is not significant. There are a dozen bands (at least) currently treading the boards who have — at various times over the last few years — convinced me that they are the best band in the world: The Clash, The Ramones, The Who, Dr Feelgood (original edition with Wilko in), the Costello/Attractions, Springsteen/E Street and Parker/Rumour conclaves, Rockpile, The Kinks (current edition) . . . don't start me talkin', I'll tell everything I know.

Plus The Jam, of course.

Their claim to the title is as persuasive and convincing as anybody's, but in actual fact the title doesn't exist. There is no best band in the world, but if there were, it could quite possibly be The Jam. All clear? Onwards!

Visuals first: Foxton's kitted out in smoke-blue mohair and a black'n'maple Fender bass and he moves around a lot singing along off-mike even when he's not got a harmony part to do; Buckler's totally invisible (but highly audible) from behind a barricade of Roto-toms; and Mr Weller is encased in the most ludicrously black-and-white suit imaginable this side of 2-Tone meeting the trips festival, all topped off with the black and white Rickenbacker and enough Marshall amps to kit out at least two bands.

Manchester Apollo is wearing an art-deco glitter decor and a primarily male and youthful punk/mod crossover crowd. It is also wearing a support band called The Vapors who — due to a combination of support band blues and pisspoor sound — appear to be steering a course halfway between The Jam themselves and The Boomtown Rats.

Toward the end of the set, a few interestingish songs poke their way to the surface and suggest that The Vapors might be giving significantly better value later on the tour.

And then The Jam . . . as soon as they turn up and plug in it's *goodnight*, sweet prince. After Paul Weller's hoarse, apoplectic intro and that first charge into 'Girl On The Phone', it's basic pandebloodymonium all the way.

The Jam have reinvented themselves: their set is drawn almost entirely from 'All Mod Cons' and 'Setting Sons', with just the occasional taster from the early stuff and 'In The City' and 'Modern World' firmly in the dumper.

So damn *sharp:* an agility and crispness born of confidence wedded to a weight and solidity born of conviction. All the musicianship channelled straight into the songs (as, so it happens, are the visuals) with no room for self-indulgence.

Everything about the current Jam set is deft and angry: from Weller's clawing, trebly guitar to Buckler's drumming. Each song is another angle on the tensions between rock and roll's over-whelming sense of community and solidarity (whether it's with thousands or with your three best mates, it's there) and rock's omnipresent sense of alienation and loneliness.

Paul Weller — a taciturn, withdrawn populist — understands this tension as well as any songwriter living (and Springsteen fans should agree), and it's what his work plays upon. Just as Bob Geldof best understands that "There's no romance!" is the most romantic thing you can say.

Apart from a few guitar troubles which put Weller in just a bad enough mood to deliver the max, The Jam's set was an unflawed fusing of intension and effect: everything contributed to the impact of the songs, which took on a 3D life and sported a depth and intensity that surpassed their recorded incarnations.

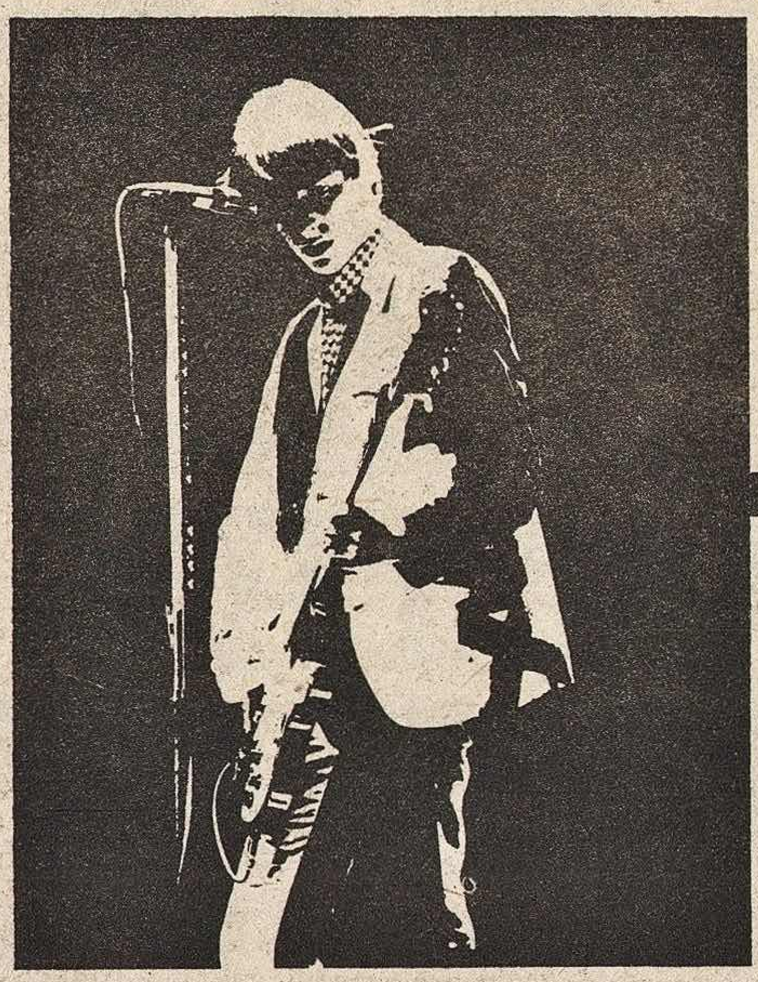
The ironic humour of 'Billy Hunt' and the urban nightmare of 'Tube Station' gained and grew, as did the suburban horror of 'Private Hell' and the half-rueful, half-celebratory acuteness of 'Saturday's Kids'. Even Foxton's 'Smithers-Jones', which is decked out with an 'Eleanor Rigby' string arrangement on record, sounds infinitely better translated here into plain (plain?) old (old?) Jam rock and roll.

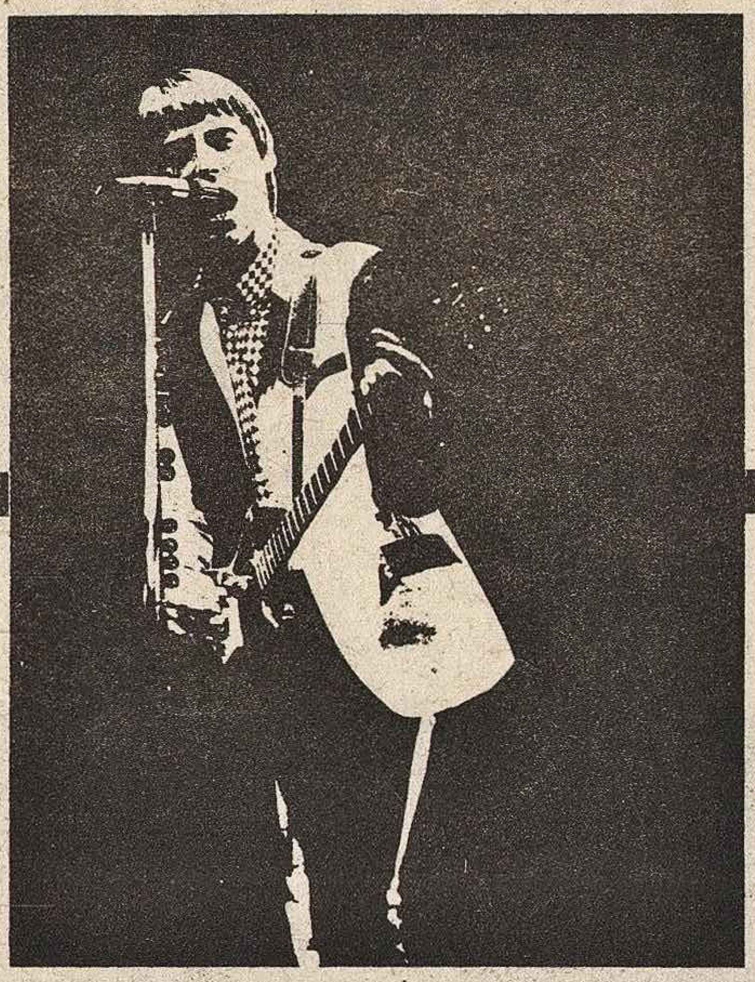
Curiously, the set ended in anti-climax: they finished with 'The Eton Rifles', currently chartriding, and extended it just a little with a feedback-und-drang finale, which maintained but did not exceed the energy level built up so remorselessly thus far.

Still . . . The Jam are as far ahead of the Mod bands who've jumped on their train as The Clash were (and are) of the ramalamadolequeue sheep who tried to move into their towerblock And just like The Clash, The Jam are an utterly convincing demonstration that 'orthodox' rock and roll (music without drones and squibbles in) is still capable of saying something and meaning more.

Even if The Jam ain't the best group in the world, they're more than good enough for me. And — I hope — you.

Charles Shaar Murray





Fleetwood Mac

New York

YOU enter the stream of bodies pouring through the portholes of Madison Square Garden. You get caught up in the tide. Into the awesome space — the impersonality of the place is scary.

Why am I here? Their blockbuster records each contain a few songs I admire for the ingenuity of their construction, but most of them just go in one ear and out the other. Yet Fleetwood Mac are a phenomenon as much as they are a group; perhaps more an economic phenomenon than a musical one though.

So I wanted to know: how do these hit-makers face up to the crucial point when performer meets audience? Not that there is likely to be much of a confrontation here.

When a group reach Mac's status, their audience isn't sitting out there waiting to judge. They come to adore, to receive the blessings of a magic presence.

The physical scale of the event reinforces the impression of a ritual removed from the constraints of communication. That stage is so big, so distant, the human figures are so small they could be toys, puppets on strings. But the space gives them certain grandeur as well, since they command it with amplification and volume.

We can hardly see them, but we know they are there. They must be Gods.

To their credit, Fleetwood Mac don't play up to this arena-rock deification syndrome. There is a minimum of pretension in their stagecraft: no light shows or flashy sets, and they don't come on haughty or imperious. At times, there is genuine warmth and grace in their show (particularly when Christine McVie is singing); and at other times there's a real urgency and power straining to come through.

But they are trapped up there as surely as we in our seats are trapped down here. That's a pity.

They look like weedy, seedy California communards, except for Lindsey Buckingham who seems like a rich hippie whose parents had just made him get a haircut. But they sound good; confident players kicking into their material; with conviction. Often, they sounded like a rock and roll band (surprise) as opposed to a pop machine, the harder edges driven in by Buckingham's rhythm-charged guitar and Mick Fleetwood's powerful, propulsive drumming.

The mixture of styles they present smacks heavily of an attempt to provide something for everyone. But this is probably the natural result of the three different personalities alternating as band leaders, and, much more so than on record, Fleetwood Mac in concert seem like three different bands.

Behind Stevie Nicks, they are mellow, temperate, cruising on automatic, unprodded and unchallenged. Nicks is supposed, I know, to be an enigmatic, mystical child, and all that baloney, but this translates into a haughty reserve that makes her seem either stiff or scared.

There is little natural ease in her manner. She projects no warmth, only an artless self-absorption that seems to leave her unaware of the vast audience watching her pout into her private mirror.

Rumours that Nicks is losing her voice seem partly true. In comparison to her earlier recordings; she has lost some of her high range; that little-girl sweetness isn't there. This is most obvious on 'Landslide', a sensitive poetic number she sings with Buckingham accompanying on acoustic guitar.

I also expected more kinetic energy from Nicks. She should fly, or at least move a bit when singing lines from 'Rhiannon' about being *"taken by the sky"*. But everything about her delivery is strictly pedestrian.

Christine McVie's voice is delicious. Live, it sounds better than on record, richer, charged with commitment and more soul.

As a performer, she is sedate, hiding behind her keyboards as if playing a supporting role, even when singing lead. But she has an air of sincerity about her that makes her odes to love won and lost as least seem hearfelt and genuine. Her 'Say You Love Me, is a perfect opener for the concert, breezy, rocking, a good opportunity for the band to display a full, confident sound.

As a songwriter, though, McVie doesn't always hit that high mark. Many of her numbers allow the Fleetwood-McVie rhythm section to coast along and the band to present a sound that is just an up-market, finely tuned version of West Coast mellow rock.

It was down to Lindsey Buckingham to move the band into anything approaching strenuous action.

His first song of the set is 'Not That Funny' which seems off-hand and lightweight on 'Tusk' but here is a brash and forceful romp. On 'What Makes You Think I'm The One' Buckingham really comes out. He emphasises the quirky, stop-start rhythms of the song, and moves like a cross between Elvis Costello and David Byrne; not a trace of El Lay laid-backness in sight.

With his well-tanned and innocent face, Buckingham looks odd carrying on like a wired-up new waver, but never mind. He's funny, a treat to watch, and he makes the band earn its supper keeping up with him.

'Go Your Own Way' is a heady mix of perfect harmonies and if Fleetwood Mac were always this good, I'd listen to them all night. But the best moment was 'Tusk'.

Tapes simulated the special effects of the record, while Mick Fleetwood churns out a powerhouse beat, rock and roll jungle drums. The song is an off-beat setting within which Buckingham can go nuts, spewing chord clusters and random vocal shrieks like freak-out time at the zoo.

I'd never thought Buckingham would be a guitarist to watch, but he is. He's accomplished but not too flash, and knows how to cut loose. Only on 'I'm So Afraid' does he fall into a plodding, heavy metal-type mush.

There are other lapses: "World Turning" seems to sit still; other songs (as on their albums) just pass by, proficiently executed but undistinguished.

What purpose is served depends on what purpose brings you here.

If you are a fan, you'll probably be pleased. Recreations of the songs you know and love are delivered with skill and fidelity, with an occasional extra push of energy derived from the live setting. The show's not a cheat.

But there is little intimacy or contact, and aside from Buckingham's surprsing commitment to rocking out, there are cracks in the established images these people have painted in the media mind, no new insights into who they are or why they do what they do.

If you are looking for something challenging, like to see a band thinking on its feet, or are seeking great moments in the creation of pop/rock music, spend your money elsewhere.

Richard Grabel

All The Old Dudes

A right old 'untah. Pic Chris Horler.

Bill Haley. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Hunter and Ronson

Hammersmith Odeon

A TRIUMPHANT return for Ian Hunter, but a triumph that was based chiefly on nostalgia.

Not that he relied entirely on old hits — though a fair few were scattered through the set — but even the newer songs were stuck firmly in traditional moulds. It was a great old-fashioned rock'n'roll show. My problem is that old-fashioned rock'n'roll doesn't really move me anymore.

Hunter, of course, has always been in love with rock'n'roll — an incurable romantic hooked on Chuck Berry riffs and a Dylanesque style of declamatory singing — and many of his best songs are celebrations of the music, from oldies like 'All The Way To Memphis' to the recent 'Cleveland Rocks'.

And as much as with the sound Hunter's in love with the myths of rock'n'roll: *"Just one of the boys"* he sang on his opening number; and later he sat at the piano, bathed in a green spotlight, and intoned tremulously that he was *"Gonna be somebody someday"*.

Melodramatic and sententious, yeah; but myths are powerful stuff. They stood on their seats, the pasty young males in their shabby denim and leather, and yelled " 'Unta, 'Unta" like dogs barking at the moon.

To his credit, Hunter did little to exploit this adulation. But he did nothing to discourage it either, ambling affably to the edge of the stage to shake hands every now and again. A star with a human face; but still a star.

Ronson was worse, simpering arrogantly over the heads of the multitude and holding his guitar out to be touched like it was a holy relic.

The music was a cruising, bruising crest of all the right rock'n'roll noises. From the latest album we had five tracks, including a raucous, goodtime 'Just Another Night' spoilt firstly by the intrusion of Ellen Foley prancing and posing all over the stage in a thoroughly silly fashion; and secondly by an interminable drum solo during which Hunter quaffed a glass of wine and wandered about waving and grinning at the audience.

Oldies included 'Angeline' from Hoople's 'Brain Capers', the brave and lovely 'I Wish I Was Your Mother' accorded just respect by the band, and a closing duo of 'The Golden Age Of Rock'n'Roll' and 'All The Way From Memphis', both treated a little too heavy-handedly for my taste.

I still think the best rock'n'roll moves with a bit of lightness and grace, as these did in their original form. Tonight they tended to clench their fists, stamp their feet and clump around rather.

Nostalgia hit orgasmic proportions on the first encore. As the opening chords of 'All The Young Dudes' blared forth, the whole audience swayed and waved and sang along. A magic moment but I couldn't help reflecting that neither rock'n'roll nor Ian Hunter are as young as they pretend to be.

And when, at the second encore, Hunter sang *"disco sucks"* for *"Cleveland rocks"*, it seemed like a cheap, desperate gesture from a man who knew he was out of touch with the times.

So, yes, a great show for those who worship Ian Hunter. He hammed it up with his usual gleeful zeal; Mick Ronson threw in strafing bursts of lead guitar; the band boiled, stewed and went a bit red in Helsinki as all good rock'n'roll bands are supposed to. But it was all like a steam-engine rally; and there are newer, more exciting modes of transport available now.

The golden age of rock'n'roll? That era is defunct. Look to The Fall, Gang Of Four, Pop Group, Raincoats, Slits.

We're five weeks away from 1980 and better has come.

Graham Lock

Bill Haley And The Comets

Venue

THE yearly appearances of Bill Haley have kept his fans' affections firmly on the straight and narrow.

You might have thought that teds had politely disappeared after their skirmishes with punks but Haley, an icon to polish your shoes for, pulled teds away from their tinselled ballrooms and into the Venue. Lovingly sculpted hair offsets drapes as slippery as jellied eels and their idolatory migration is under way.

Haley is a byword for direct, uncomplicated rock'n'roll that never questioned itself but provided a concise blueprint for greater passion, adventure and misadventure. Despite nearing his sixties he looks perfectly, pastily preserved like a Madame Tussaud exhibit. His quiff is still impossible and what used to be romantically accepted as puppy fat is now definite paunch, but his smile is constant, devoted and, yes, this man loves the Big Beat.

Lapping up his role of prodigal father he grabs hands that are offered, almost sacrifically, at his altar. Emphasising the immediate rapport the band break into the chords that signal 'Shake Rattle and Roll'. Steve Murray's drums thrash out rhythm without pausing for unnecessary thought and too soon it's over. It's valuable, authentic, as wooden as Haley's acoustic guitar and his vocals jump on the beat and don't let go. He's stayed squat in his position and strummed negligible rhythm but he's

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All The Wrong Dues

caused instant locomotion.

It's on the third number, 'Rudy's Rock', that the gremlins start gnashing their teeth.

It's an overladen vehicle for everyone onstage to stake their claims for Dork Of The Year and these Comets contrive to pull down the whole ship with them. Pete Thomas' sax, at first fiery, rich and hallmarked, runs around in egocentric circles to which he pulls 99 photogenic poses. Calculated craziness has forced its entry like a derailed, humourless Darts and the low-point is unforgettably marked by John Gordon's swan-dive-with-double-bass.

Where was Haley? I never saw him and he'd probably disappeared up the void of this instrumental.

'Rockin' Robin' gives rhythm guitarist Chico Ryan a whack at warbling and though his fresh, Southern-fried inflexions are pleasantly palatable he can't rescue the show from developing into a glee-club bust-up with Haley the powerless impressario. By this time Haley's sole contribution is an approving smile and occasional harmonies as his boys made bad.

There's a brief glimpse of glory when Haley steps up again for 'Crazy Man Crazy' but it's rushed off so that Duke Ellington's 'Caravan' can be stretched, pummelled and killed off in musical GBH; it finally convinced me that I'd walked into a Rising Stars studio awaiting a decision from a far-flung jury.

Steve Murray clocks in with a drum solo refreshingly free from flash but still essentially a tedious interlude until the inevitable 'Johnny B Goode' is blurted theatrically by an inexplicably wound-up 'bandleader' Mal Gray.

There's 'Rock Around The Clock' and 'See You Later Alligator' played with crucial precision. But, overall, this incarnation of BH and the Comets is as strenuously incoherent as The Adverts. Concrete ideas and tricks weld and, somehow, form a confused papier-mache of haywire decisiveness. Haley proves the exception by singing with quiet control and commitment that vacuums the mind and sends your kneecaps knocking together like Bob Latchford heading for goal.

Haley's quiff has never looked more like a question mark, but although the Comets KO'd him he clinched it on points.

Pete Archer

Gang Of Four
Red Crayola
Au Pairs

Electric Ballroom

THE AU Pairs are vivacious: not enough to lighten any part of the dismal Electric Ballroom, where even the gentle pinkness of a pop group is automatically dulled, but raggedly plush enough to shoot some promising daggers into some centres.

Like The Photos without the obviousness, The Pretenders without the petulance and The Tourists with desire, Au Pairs deviously grip the pop-structure, shake it up and rake it through. Could be sharp in a better place! Yes a cool yet shaky set of songs that doesn't make it clear whether you're to smile, turn away or turn over.

Two girls, two boys, the inevitable high-mix friction guitar, the screech, the reach, another bunch of dust and cheek with no home and no give. Another name.

Mayo Thompson's present particle of paradigm, perversity and pun, his 1979 Red Crayola, feature three musicians culled from units who have accidentally and cheerily made some of my favourite noise of this year: Lora Logic from Essential Logic, Epic Soundtracks from Swell Maps and Gina from The Raincoats.

Under Thompson's treacherous discipline, these three individuals lose none of their charm and Thompson remains as incongruous and devilish as always. But this 'rough trade' mix is closer to pain than pleasure. How could this not be? Stuck onto a pop bill, the quartet's fluid, escalating cuttings achieve nothing but the honour of filling the gap in an evening of social complacency and hearty anticipation.

Epic's drumming is standard and smashing, and this helps the dancing. The ghostly voices and confident musical balance is acceptably eccentric. In the context of the evening it's all very grating and you know that all you're hearing is shadowplay, unhelpful superficiality; ideas are lost in the unholy muddle between composing intent and the pop music event.

Uniquely pretty and political, Gang Of Four — aptly for now — fall somewhere between the rocky vamping vigour of The Au Pairs and the disciplined self-conscious reasoning of Thompson. Accessible agitators. A minor paradox.

This glory and glamour London date, within the Gang Of Four fable, was more than just the celebrative tour conclusion. It brings to a close the Gang's first heavy trot to the top of a slope; the end of a happy era, where much was said and done and, hopefully, much learnt. What has been achieved is an interesting reputation and at least no loss of soul.

At the top of the slope, what do they see? How will they react?

On their side is the fact they are aware that they're as far forwards as possible without diluting, unless there's a radical change in presentation and performance. Still, the flash crash gyration of this obvious performance was sad. It was an assault course; a logical extension if you think about it, but considering the words laid to rest — of risk and intent — unfavourable.

Gang Of Four's animated settings for their eloquent graffitis is now a genteel and doomed style. Formal and familiar and, in the context of how the group maintain their operation, no surprise and no risk renders them redundant. No amount of onstage drive can compensate for the impoverished nature of the Gang as communicators. Personalities yes; risk takers for now, no.

Their infectious tamed wildness inevitably pleases the low demands of the audience, but it goes no further.

It's the Gang Of Four, through force of routine, falling back onto the safety rock ingredients in their make-up; resilient notions of projection and tease, successful within its limits if the presence is obviously earnest. Which it was. And you hoped that this would be the last time the Gang Of Four would be so 'staid.'

But the force of that routine has neutralised their early risk; the absurdity of that routine has spitefully mocked the militancy of the lyrics. A severe change in direction is required to smash this.

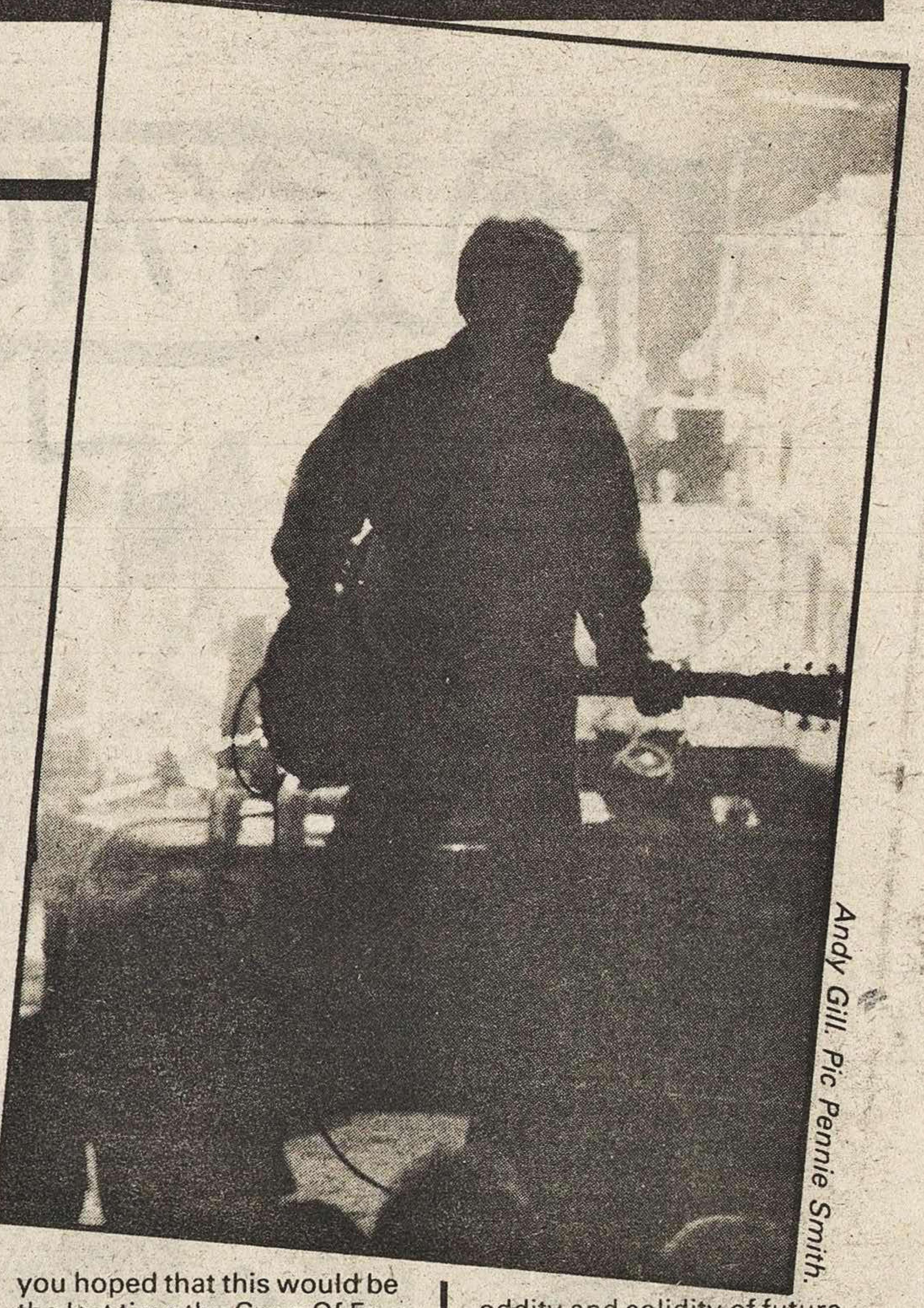
Taking the Electric Ballroom performance further than it needs really, what was there was an EMI act energetically entertaining with a pleasing ear for detail, care for sound and some fancy footwork. And either that puts them in a position of strength — an audience seduced, willing to flow and react to the hopeful oddity and solidity of future development — or in the position of fractious indicators with an expanding audience expecting only the anxious energy of a new established rock group.

It must be the former.

Gang Of Four now contribute to an extensive stagnation. Nice noise, righteous no doubt, and they do more than most to avoid the traps. Victims, of course, not betrayers.

But still, where's the risk? Where's the harm? Round the corner? And how much pampering can go on?

Paul Morley



Andy Gill. Pic Pennie Smith.

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The skidrow drunk goes legit

Tom Waits

New York

BECAUSE of circumstances too dumb to relate here and now, I had never seen Tom Waits doing a live show, unless, of course, you count the night at the Lone Star Cafe when he got up with Kinky Friedman's Texas Jewboys because Friedman was incapable of doing more than sprawl in a booth and watch his own band playing 'Burma Shave' with Waits. But I already knew from his records that Waits was a man intent on building his own world.

All through his five albums, Waits has done his best to set up a quasi-nostalgic landscape of sleazy, and yet strangely innocent, hipsters freewheeling through an American pre-rock limbo somewhere between the '50s and '60s.

Charlie Starkweather is still driving around Montana murdering people he doesn't like; married women roll on their stockings in the morning in a cheap motel after a night with the dishwasher from the all-nite diner; *Mad* magazine is a novelty; Elvis Presley, carconogenics and colour TV are a thing of the future; a pint of Cutty Sark can get you through the night and Bird really lives.

What I didn't realise until I saw Waits the performer is that his characters and situations are not meant to be taken seriously. His drunks and drifters and junkyard angels are virtually cartoon figures. They are not exhibited like cultural icons, but come complete with their weaknesses and defects.

Waits' stories come with the semi-conscious humour of drunk-talk rather than the grim reverence with which, say, Bruce Springsteen (or on a very different level, Jimmy Pursey) treats the teen legend denizens of his personal jungle land.

Tom Waits staggers though his act. Pix Chris Horlet.

On stage, Tom Waits is a cartoon character himself. His shambling hip-dancing, corkscrewing legs and seemingly double-jointed hands that appear to bend back on themselves while still gripping the cigarette between the tips of his first two fingers are all reminiscent of a rubber toy duck.

Whereas the rubber drunk traditionally wears white tie, top hat and tails, Waits is a bopster's version in porkpie hat and electric blue mohair. He is the jive, dapper drunk, but by incorporating so much humour into his act, he manages to retain the tattered dignity of the bum.

Obviously, Waits' natural habitat is that of the smoke filled nightclub. Unfortunately, he has now priced himself out of that bracket and, in the two thousand plus Beacon, he struggled to maintain intimate contact with the audience. But he partly solved the problem in a way that has to be unique for someone who cut their teeth in small clubs: he moved unhesitatingly into full scale theatre.

Using lighting to split the stage into small, manageable sections, he made use of an increasingly elaborate series of props and sets rolled on and off.

First using a cash register as a percussion instrument, he quickly graduated to garbage cans, a newstand and a section of a sleazy bar, complete with gaffer tape on the ripped plastic seats. 'Putnam County' and 'Burma Shave' were presented John Garfield style, in a brown leather aircrew jacket, standing beside a '50s gas pump. The dramatic finale 'Potters Field' had the familiar porkpie hat, wino/hustler doing the monologue with a single horn playing beside an American antique streetlamp. There was even artificial rain falling.

It was kitsche as hell, but Waits managed to carry it off. He carried the audience with him, and those who were expecting gut stuff from the gutter and pearls of skidrow wisdom found that they were actually having fun.

Waits was also smart enough to use the theatre with restraint. For each set-piece there was a tune by plain and simple Tom at the piano, or Tom rocking out (well, bopping out, he doesn't seem to have noticed anything more developed than Ivory Joe Hunter) with the four piece band; after all, this was what the majority had come for and the staging became a bonus rather than an imposition.

Waits does have one problem though: his voice is starting to sound shot. Doing the rheumy 80 year old sound must have caused permanent damage. His phrasing is so powerful, that on a lot of songs it hardly mattered, but on the more melodic tunes, particularly 'The Heart Of Saturday Night' is was clear that Waits' slurring was hiding a lack of true tonal range.

This is a minor quibble. Waits is in a unique position to write material that helps avoid vocal crack-ups, so what he's doing to his pipes doesn't matter a lot. What does is that he can take a comparatively large hall and still draw the whole crowd into his personal, fantasy world. Not only can he entice them in, but hold them there for the three hour show.

Ain't that what they used to call entertainment?

Mick Farren

Screams

Marquee

YOU can always spot a tourist by the toy policeman's helmet on his head, a useful rule of thumb which held as true as ever tonight when Screams' drummer Brad Steakley took to the stage displaying precisely that appendage. For Screams are three lovable mop-tops (and one bald person) all the way from Peoria, Illinois, and such a wacky, fun-loving bunch they are too. I hated them.

Bouncing breezily through a cheery set of hard, melodic, ordinary rock — grinning out at us from under floppy sheep-dog haircuts and fronted by the Micky Dolenz lookalike David Adams — they put me in mind of a Heavy Metal Monkees, of yer standard metal dealers giving the product a coat of New Wave gloss, two decades of American rockerama, skilfully, if uninterestingly, regurgitated. As Marx said of the Bourbons: they forget nothing and learn nothing.

Screams are, admittedly, good-humoured and unpretentious about it all and lost no time building up an easy-going rapport with the small and appreciative crowd. They play loud but without undue crassness and with restraint, probably as their lightweight pop leanings serve to curb the instinct for overkill. The difficulty lies in picking out a specific characteristic that's any way unique or at least not too obviously derivative.

True, the drummer did stop playing at one point and took up a pair of semaphore flags instead; but that's not really what I was looking for. And to play an encore of 'My Generation', before that Marquee logo of all places, is to mock some powerful ghosts . . .

Paul Du Noyer

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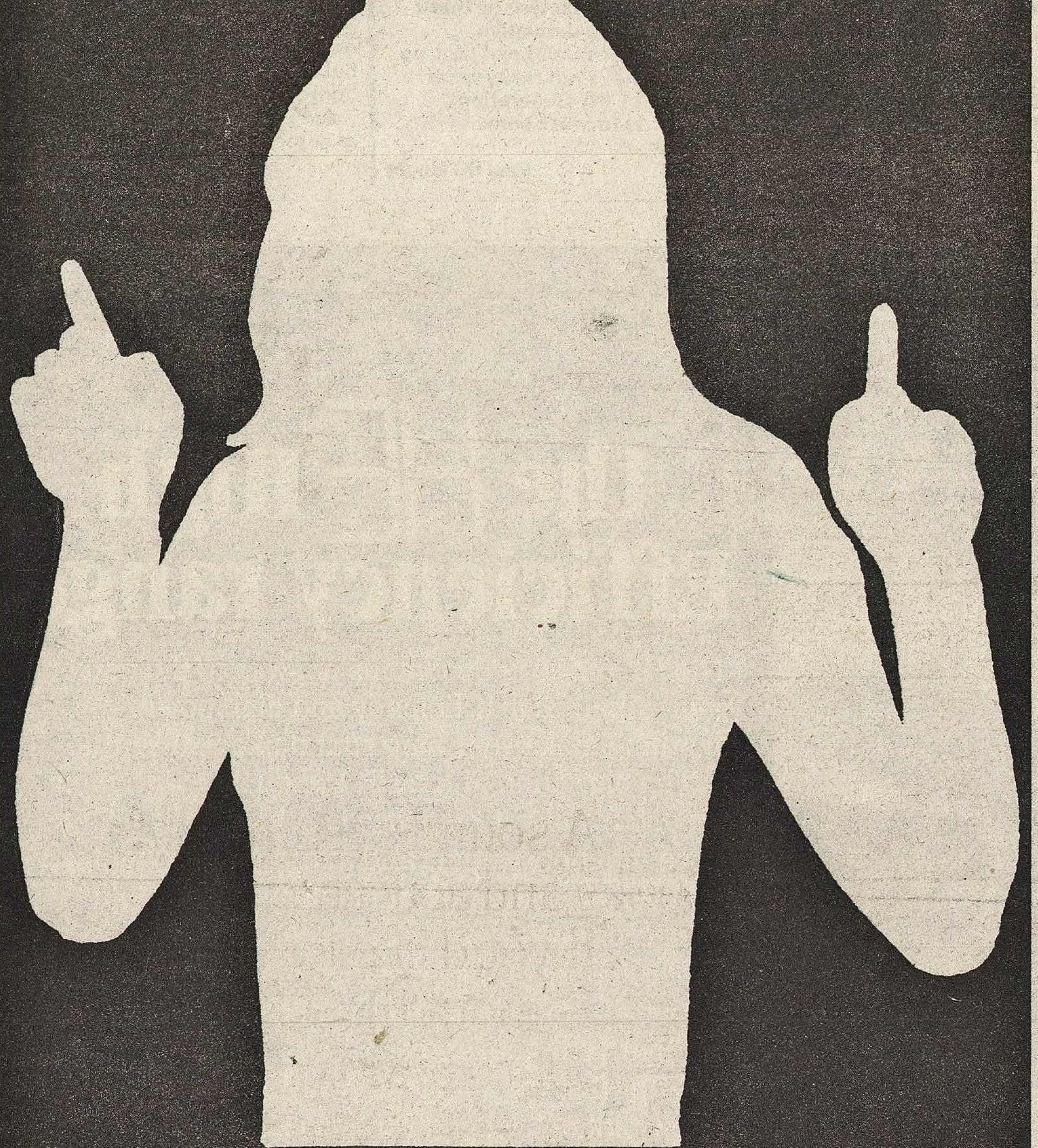
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The Photos Barracudas

Goldsmith College

THE Barracudas stumbled onto the stage looking like a dopey LA punk band, and after a boisterous opening it was clear these boys are well big Ramones fans. The first song lasted about three minutes and quickly went in one ear and out the other. Ten per cent of the audience managed to put their hands together; the rest looked the other way.

These surfers are led by a J. Richman soundalike who has a repertoire of gymnastic gyrations which frequently resulted in him knocking his bonce on the mike-stand, much to everyone's embarrassment. Still, he managed to do it in rhythm to their crash bang wallop music.

'Subway Surfing', 'KGB' and the atrocious 'I Wish It Was 1965 Again' are songs I wouldn't play to my worst enemy. Still, before attempting 'I Want My Woody Back' (surprisingly with adequate results), their groovy Yankie-talking singer informed us it was available as a single.

I can't quite see the populace rushing out and buying it just yet . . . but I'm keeping my skateboard just in case.

The Photos were next and a different kettle of fish altogether.

Their opening was a slow/fast version of Cliff And The Shads' 'Do You Wanna Dance'. Fronted by tasty Wendy they sound the business as well as looking it. She throws herself into every tune, complemented by a hard-looking young punk on guitar, an older geezer banging away at a Rickenbacker bass and wearing a ridiculous lost-in-space suit, while a kid at the back smashes and spins around a smart looking drumkit. The first attractive original is the little cracker 'Maxine'.

Wendy Wu. Pic Gus Stewart.

Picture This

Viewing this lot up you could visualise them miming to it on *Top Of The Pops* with swaying teenagers surrounding them. A British Blondie? Well, Miss Wu's voice certainly does sound very early Debbie Harry and I suppose there are other comparisons, but who's looking?

They're very young and all seem to have their instruments well-sussed. 'She's So Attractive' will be their debut single; it's bouncy, competent, but not their best, and I'll be surprised if it does anything. 'Irene' and '(I Want To Be A) Guitar Hero' are crispy sharp slices of great pop and more typical of their best material.

Unfortunately there could be problems for them. Some people are already fobbing them off as Blondie clones, which is unfair and plainly not true. They're signed to CBS and big things are and will be expected.

I hope it won't be a case of wasted potential, because it looks as though they possess the ability to knock out some tasty-no messing 45s.

Gary Crowley

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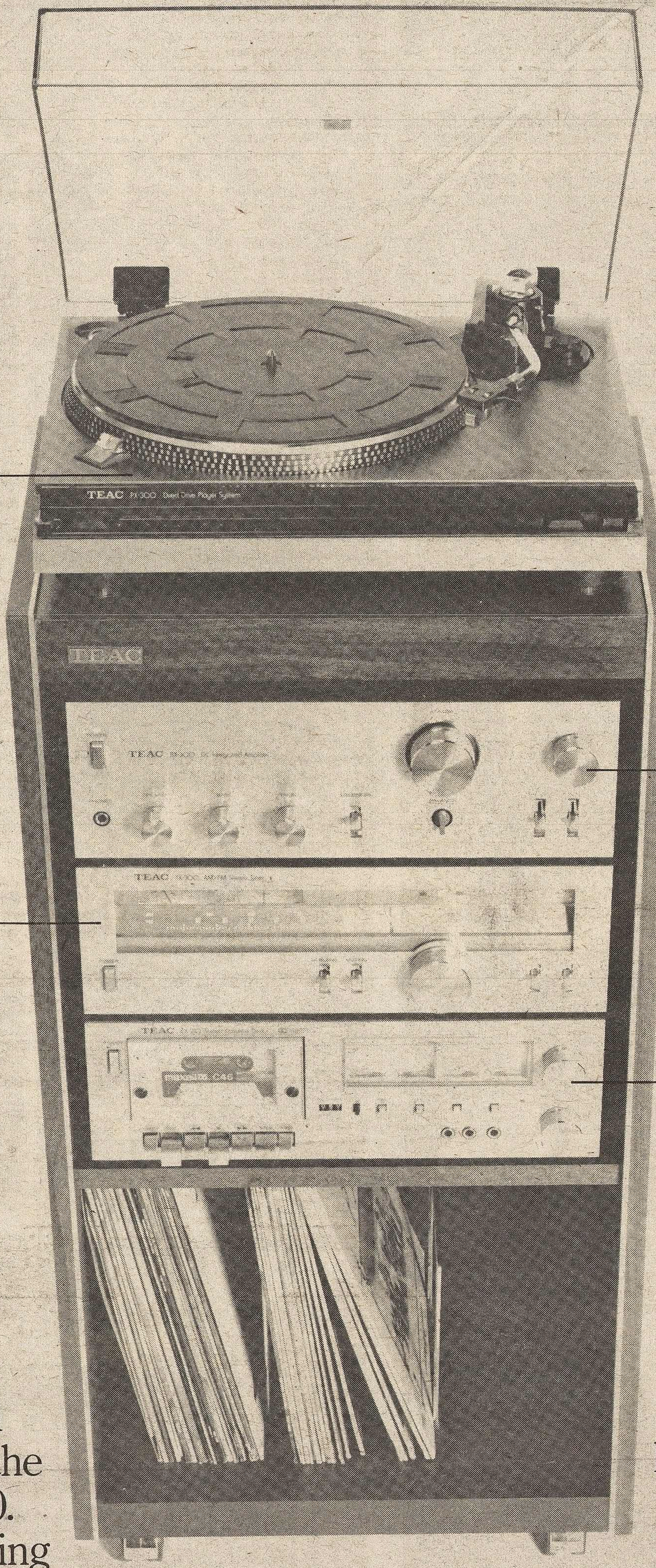

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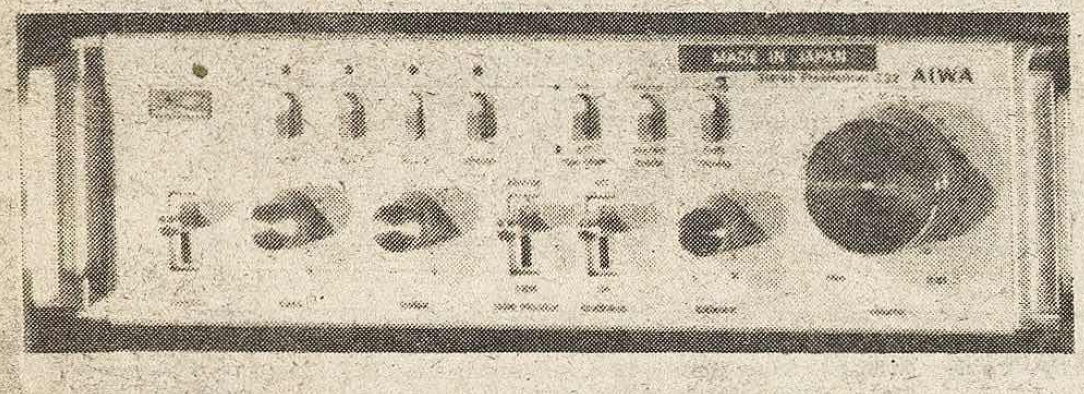
Aiwa's Tiddly Diddly

Jeff Hill on a mini-rack

AS SO many brands of technology develop it would seem that micro-integrated circuitry is becoming an increasingly dominant factor. That list now includes fairly and squarely the hi-fi industry.

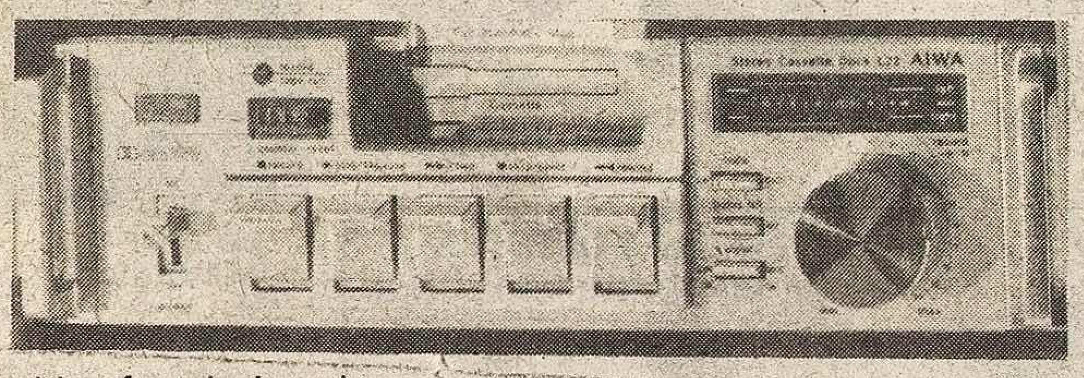
Many units have been reduced in size, but at present there are very few that can match the recently developed mini-rack system by **Aiwa**. This famous Japanese company have managed to produce a system (excluding



of course turntable and speakers) that measures a mere 9½"×4½"×10" tall, excluding the specially designed rack.

The question that immediately springs to mind is: just how good can a system this size perform? Well, I wasn't disappointed.

The complete system consists of four units: amplifier, pre-amplifier, tuner, cassette deck and of course the rack, although none of these items is available separately at the moment. The appearance of the system is very striking, especially with the LED displays on the amp tuner / cassette. However the basic wood-finish rack is not quite so visually pleasing. The



rubber feet designed to squeeze into the bottom corners are a bit troublesome as they are difficult to locate in the holes, and once there they have a tendency to pop out.

Another criticism is of the untidy tangle of mains lead connections at the rear. This cannot really be helped as British Standards rule that stereo components must have separate mains leads. But a QED mains distribution box would help.

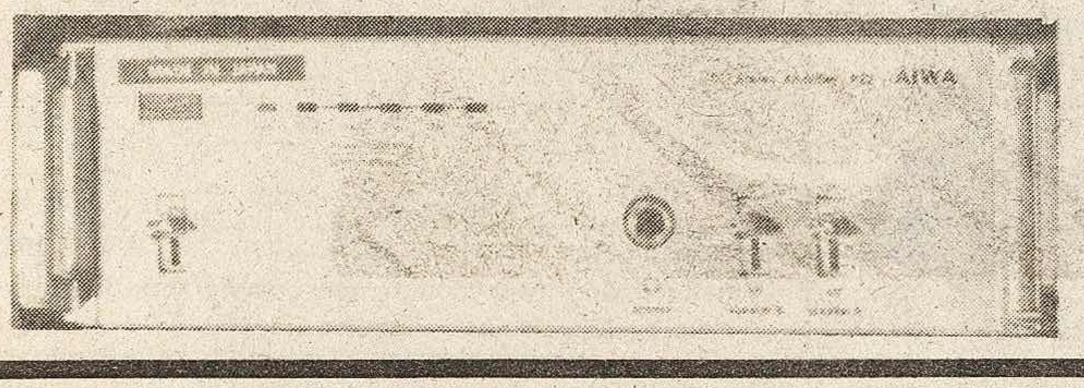
Now to the most important factor — the sound quality. For evaluation purposes I have tested the units individually and commented accordingly.

First in line are the power amp **(SA-P22)** and the pre-amp **(SA-C22)**. The former provides an output of 30 watts rms per channel into 4 ohms between 20 Hz — 20,000 Hz, signal to noise ratio is very high at 95 dB which is closely followed by 80 dB at the pre-amp stage. All this is achieved at a total harmonic distortion of just 0.04%. These specs would suggest a very impressive amp unit and they are well supported by the sound performance.

On test with a pair of **KEF R101** speakers and a **Sansui SR222II** turntable coupled with an **Ortofon VMS 20E**, the sound was clean with good definition and "bite"; distortion was low at all levels. The pre-amp has provision for two auxiliary inputs as well as tuner and phono and you can also attach two pairs of speakers to the power amp. The loudness control was adequate, giving a fairly good extended bass without "booming".

THE **ST R-22** digital tuner was a delight. The digital readabout is accurate and the signal strength is very well indicated by five LED's. Another feature is the subtle Hi-Blend filter cutting the minimal radio-hiss present on weaker signals. It also features phase locked-loop tuning accuracy which is very sensitive at 1.9 uV with a stereo separation figure of 54 dB. The AM waveband is very useful and worked well on its own ferrite rod aerial. This tuner's performance can only be described as excellent.

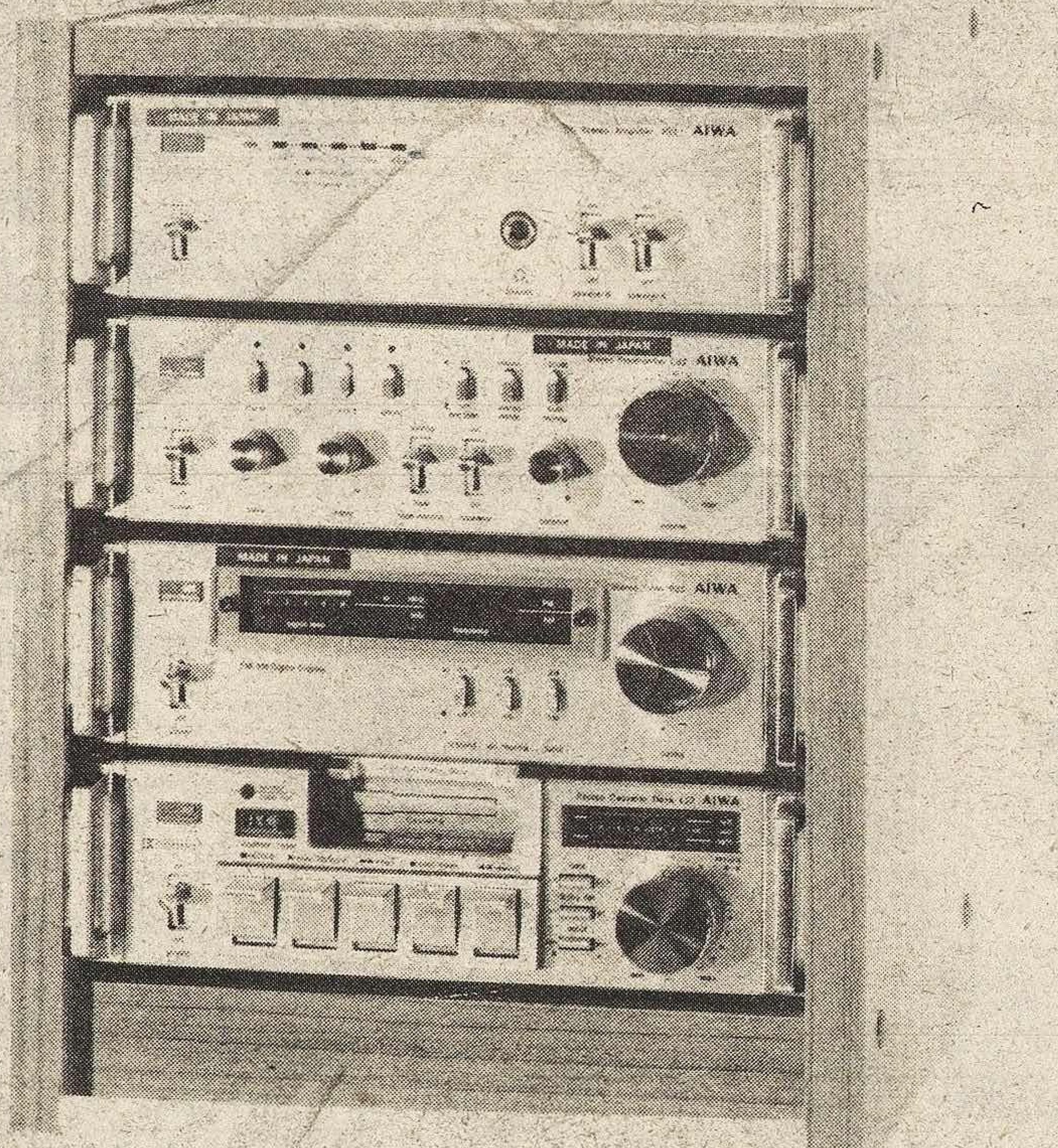
The final component in the system is the side loading cassette deck **SD 1–22.** This unit also uses LEDs to show peak level saturation on tapes. When placed into the cassette chambers, the tape head immediately engages the cassette. The LEDs are precise and provide an interesting display of the recording levels.



However, I was unhappy with the loading system as the actual cassette (as in most car units) cannot be seen while moving, therefore any tape entanglement would be undetected and it's also difficult to estimate tape time. But the machine does provide a hatch directly above the tape heads for cleaning purposes.

The specification is a good indication of the cassette's performance with a chrome-setting frequency response of 25 Hz – 16 khz, signal to noise ratio of 60 dB (Dolby in) and a wow and flutter figure of 0.09%. The sound reproduction using **Maxell UDXLII** tape was good with minimal tape hiss and no audible drop-out.

The overall quality, sound reproduction and standard of finish of this **Aiwa** system is very good, saves a lot of space over conventional units and looks very esoteric and modern. Retailing at about £420.00 it seems that **Aiwa** have created a highly recommendable system.



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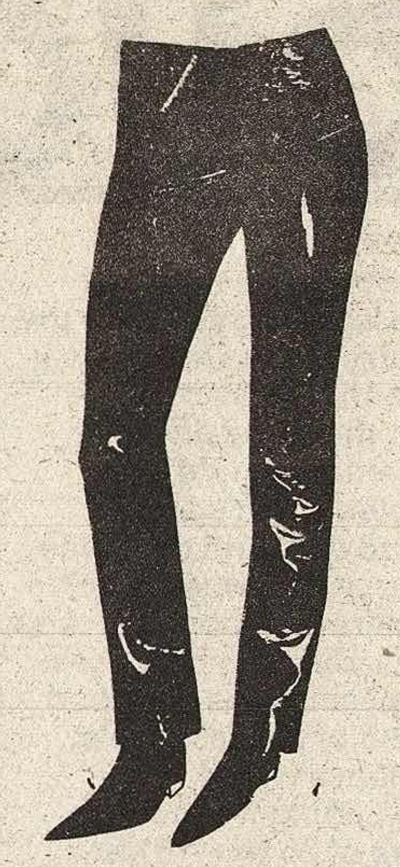

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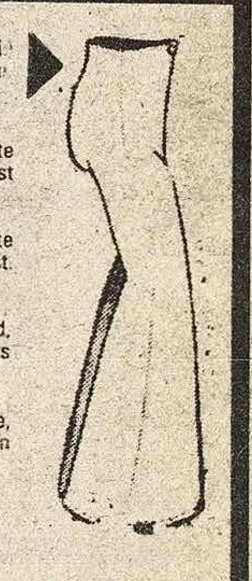

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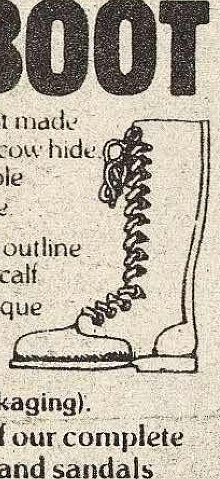

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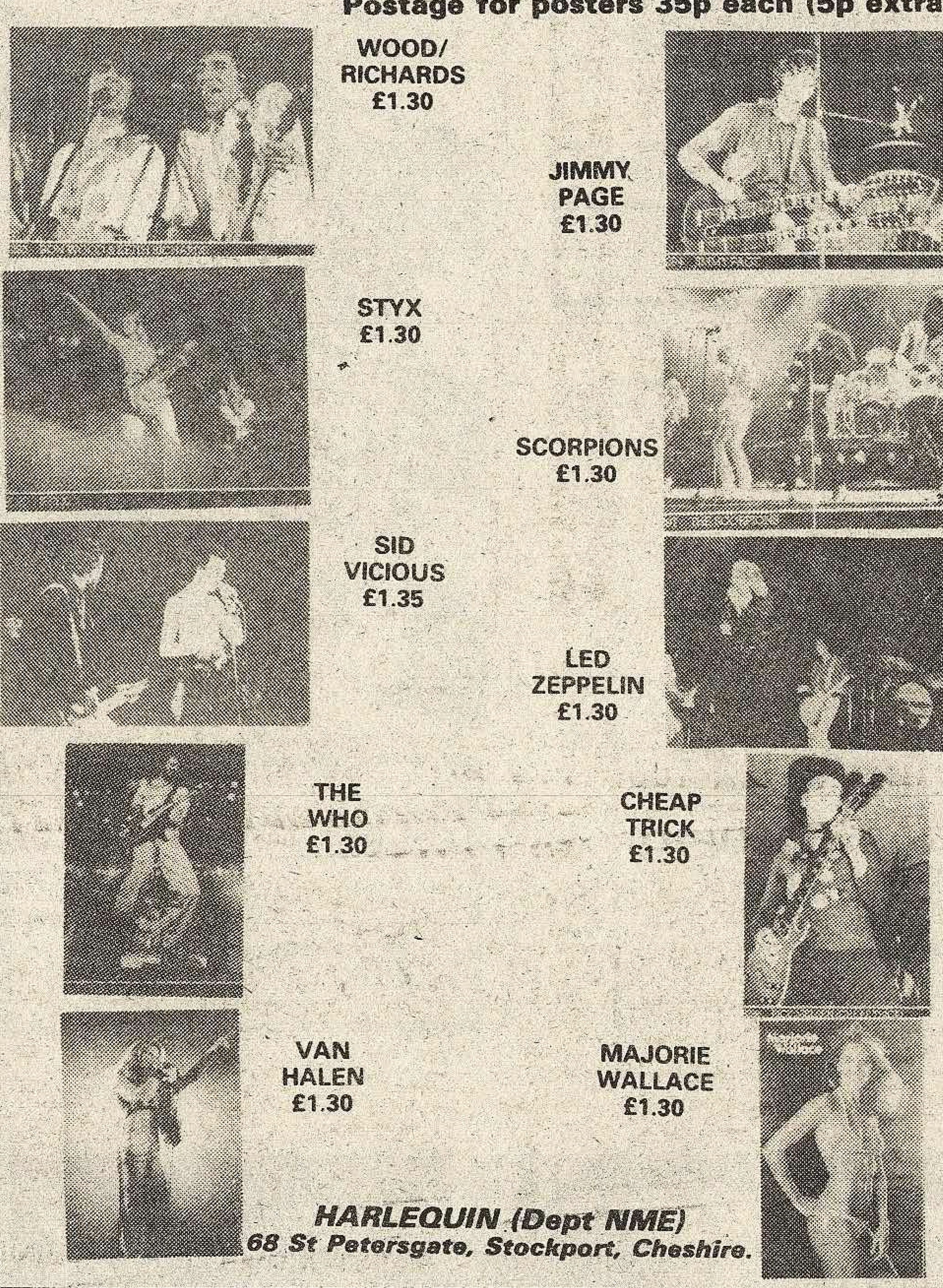

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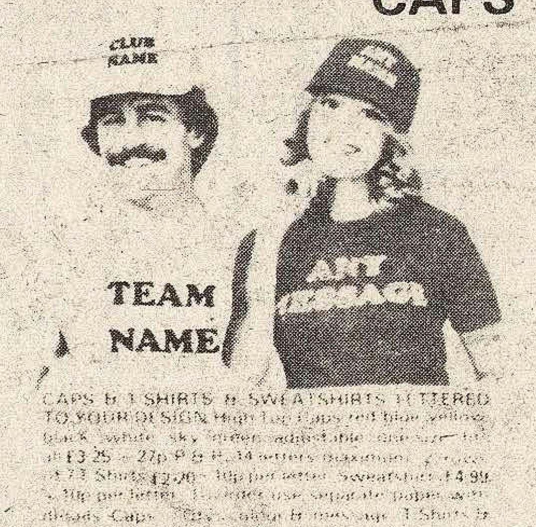

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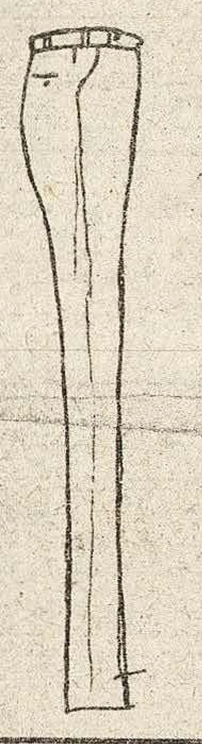

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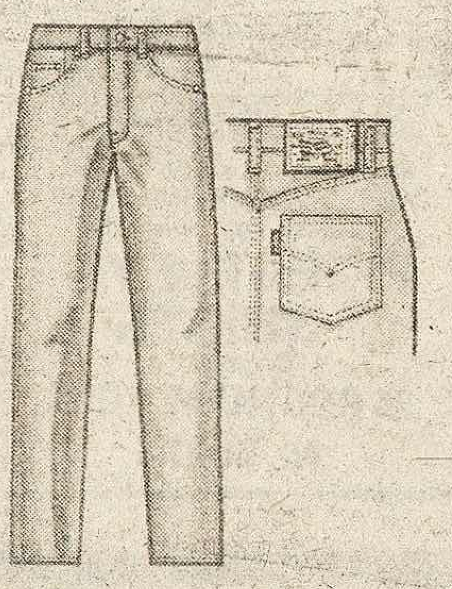

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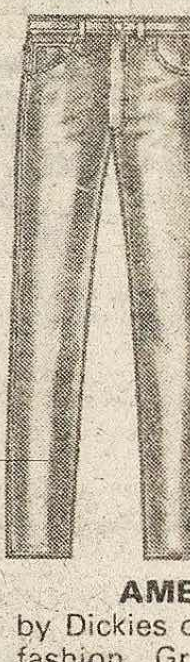

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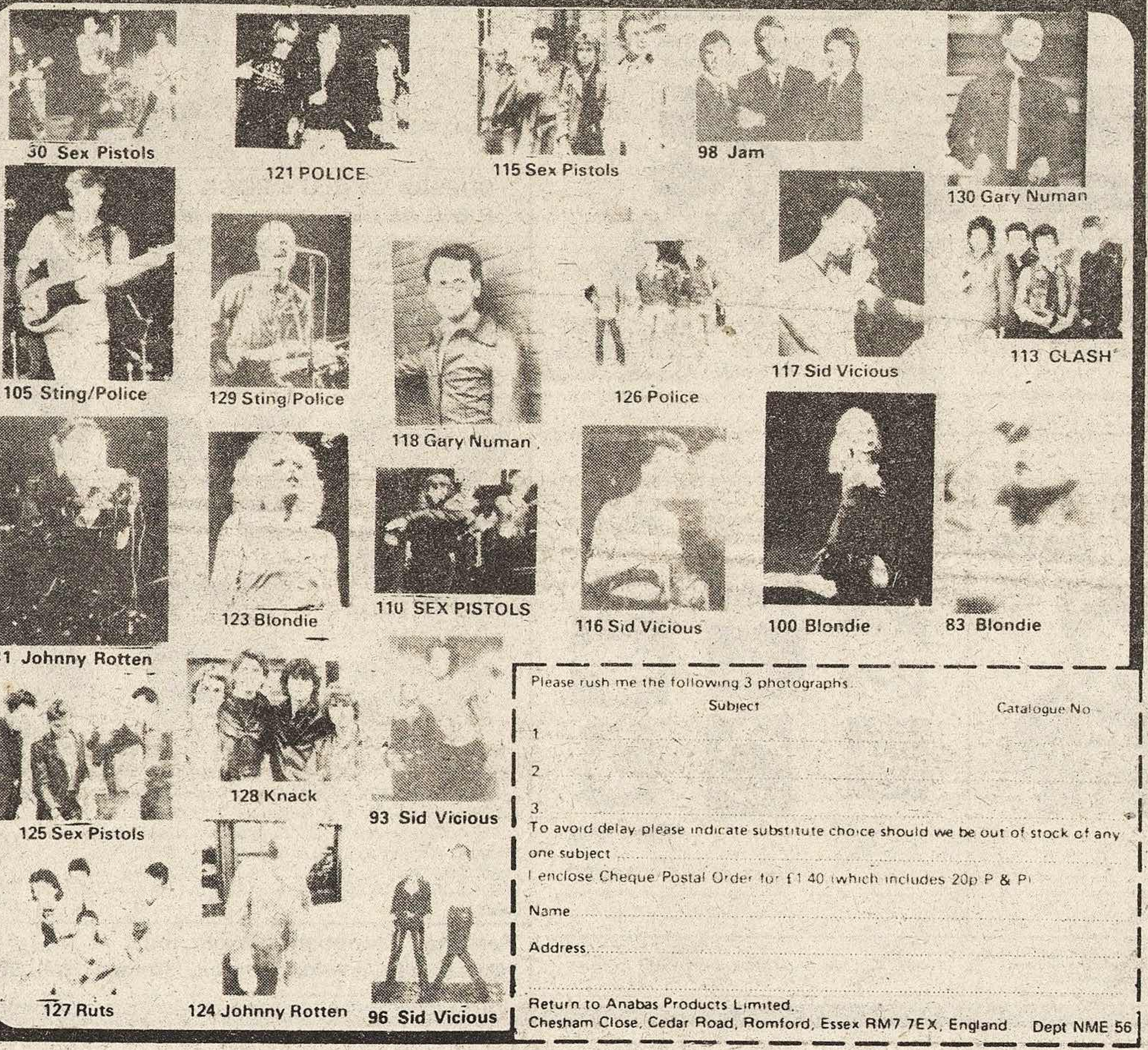

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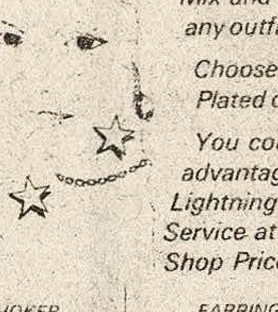

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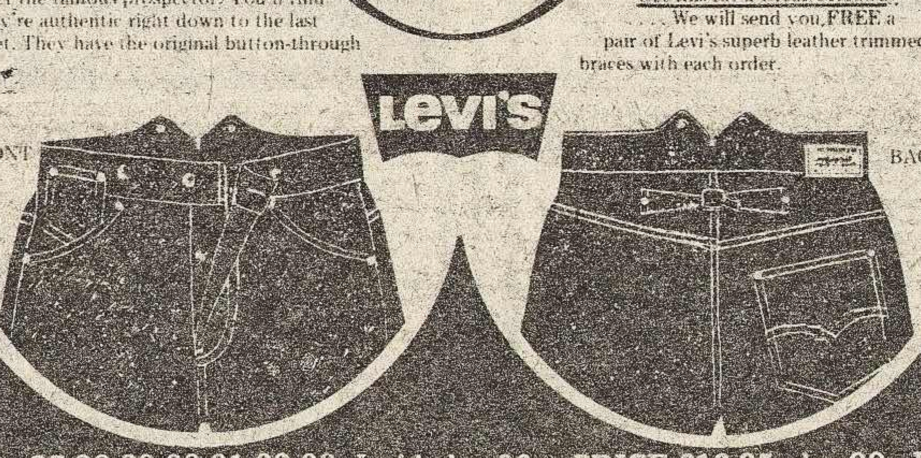

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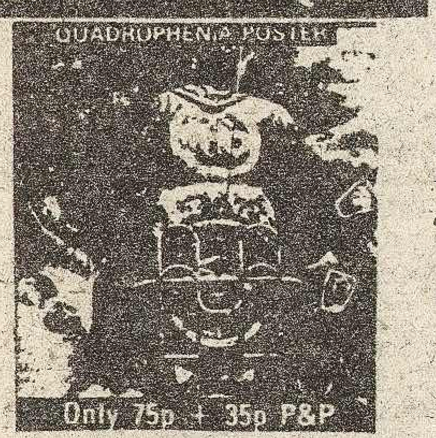

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The Crooks demonstrated what this is all about with the defensive 'Me and My Friends'. Together, we make a great team. Because together, there is empathy, similarity of predicament and background: *". . . we all went to the same old school".*

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On the authenticity scale, the Parkas do look the part. The Talbot brothers (Danny and Mick) on guitar and keyboards respectively, look like my friends' older brothers did 15 years ago, and the sound they produce is probably similar to the live sound of that era. But if you could actually go back in time, I suspect it would all be so much more shoddy.

I find R&B more of a relapse to fall into rather than a style to revive. But revive it they do, again and again, as the evening comes to a close. . . a dreadful comedy routine made of 'What'd I Say', a washed-out photocopy of 'Midnight Hour'. And then 'The Kids Are Alright'.

I don't think this audience is all right. They're having to find a balance between enjoying themselves and being scared. Mod bands? A Godsend for the potentially religious.

Bob Dickinson

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The End Of Skids Row

♦ From page 48

he's using the word in the wrong way. It's a sickening mistake. But then he's as confused as I am, sure only about what he's aiming for.

"I'm only saying what's right for me, not anybody else.

"'Days In Europa' ... we don't play that song live, we don't rehearse it, we'll never play it again. It is the most dangerous song that I've ever written. It came out wrongly. I didn't do it very well. I deserve certain criticisms. Certain things in that song left a horrible sense of purity and power and destruction. I don't know what I was when I wrote that. There's something in that song which is very evil. It is a very evil song. I think it's horrible ... bad. I feel badly about it."

What were you envisaging?

"Cleanness, briskness, beauty ... haven't you ever noticed the Europeans' complexion? They haven't got the industrial complexion of Britain. They have a complexion way ahead of ours. They have a natural confidence. Very powerful people — not physically, but self-pride. I'm proud of myself, physically and mentally, so I look after both faculties."

"If I was Richard Jobson then I would feel a need to explain my words."

— Paul Weller.

Q/ What interpretations do you have for the 'Europa' LP?

A/ 'Days In Europa' to me gives three meanings. It gives tradition, age and beauty: the three things that come across most. We've re-arranged 'Scared To Dance'. Have you ever seen *Coming Home* with Jane Fonda? How can I say this? It's about ugly things, about how people react. Everybody, it doesn't matter if you're the most passionate person, you turn away from ugly things. People do. Because they like beauty. Youth is like eternal, a symbol of strength, of support, cos it's always growing. Whereas now in the world I think youth has a great disregard. The youth of today, people like me, 18 or 19, and the kids underneath that, they're the people that always should be growing.

But we're always losing out on everything, however you measure it. You don't get anything until you've done so much, climbed so far. By that time you're in your forties and you can't appreciate anything. If you want to acquire knowledge in a systematic way, you've lost your youth by the time you've accumulated it. So the thing is you're using all your youth to gain this knowledge and by the time you become middle-aged you haven't got anything to spend it on.

Q/ This hunger for knowledge — you're rushing before you get old?

A/ Oh yeah, definitely. Before I become withered. I'm terrified of age. I'm terrified of death as well. I did play with thoughts of an after-life. Maybe it'll come back to me. Catholics judge things by miracles and I don't believe in miracles. I don't believe in luck. I believe in organisation.

Q/ These terms always come back to fascism. Organisation. The new man.

A/ Erm, see, forget the word fascism. Completely forget the word fascism. You think of modern ... people in like western Europe ... there's a complete ... I don't know how I can word this ... they should feel within themselves a pride anyway, a distinct pride, first of all that they're alive and they have a sense of purpose. Fascism, the way you speak about it, the way everybody speak about it, disregards passion. It does! It does in history, by its crimes, its atrocity. I'm not a fascist, believe me. I'm not a fascist.

JOY DIVISION'S 'Unknown Pleasures' is the most fervent, disruptive LP released for a long time. Ian Page makes me think of terrible futures..

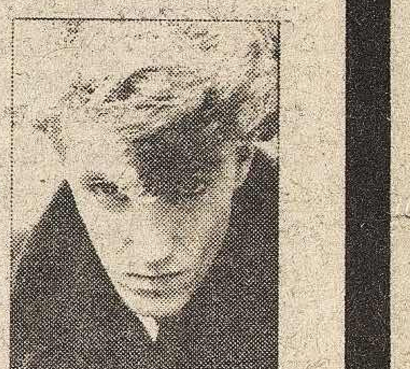
"I completely contradict myself," says Richard Jobson. "I say I don't like memories and here I am going on about writers from the '20s and '30s. But I'm using what they did for me now, I'm not doing what this fucking ... I don't know, I'm looking at it from the outside point of view and I'm criticising somebody else, which I don't like doing, but this '60s thing — God — these kids are young and they're youth, why are they going backwards? I look at these writers in the '20s and '30s and they do it well and I want to develop it and find a place for it now. But these people are only going to the '60s because they're afraid to put a step forward."

Q/ You mention '20s and '30s writers. Is there anyone in rock you feel has established things you can take from?

A/ At times I get a passion for Leonard Cohen.

Q/ That's not a name to drop!

A/ I admire him for the passion he puts into his words. I don't find him depressing. It's the way I react. Tom Verlaine ... I have a great affiliation for Joy Division. To me musically if I'm to enjoy something I want to hear something disturbing, something that's kicking — I don't mean physically — that's living and it's youth. I must have something disturbing. I know you have little respect for Bill Nelson but I have lots of respect for Nelson. He had a formula and an interest, and it was well felt. To me a group like Red Noise were violent, disturbing, very creative as well. Joy Division, I think they're very violent, dirty, industrious — not mechanical as in pop pop fucking pop. That's trivial. I find these people dangerous. To think they influence me, these people. Joy Division, Red Noise and Wire. A kind of violence I can relate to.



A COLLEAGUE says that Richard Jobson is next year's Bob Geldof. Of course he has the perception, articulacy and vitality. The mouth, the claims and the presence. As usual, that is a small fragment of the whole.

As I played back the interview, bits of sentences and feelings tucked away a little bit, froze me. I know Richard Jobson isn't evil. I know he's very clever. I know he has the abilities to be a pop star, and the detachment to be aware of the process he's in. What else, I don't really know. I've separated it as much I can here, and I'm panicking.

Jobson is searching. Currently his search is pushing him through alienating territory. Some of his songs are tender, some are crushingly self-damning. Nothing sways him. He finds accusations of neo-nazism absurd — "I know I'm not superior!" — and they are. He has none of the claustrophobic, dirty dogmatism of right-wingers I've known. He's feeling his way, and it's dangerous.

What is the victory? How different are the rummagings, ideals, fears, angers of Lydon, Smith, Curtis and co., Devoto, Weller ... Jobson. Push it up and push it out. The shapes must be filled in.

I'm confused.

I was only asleep for a short while and when I woke up I wasn't tired anymore.

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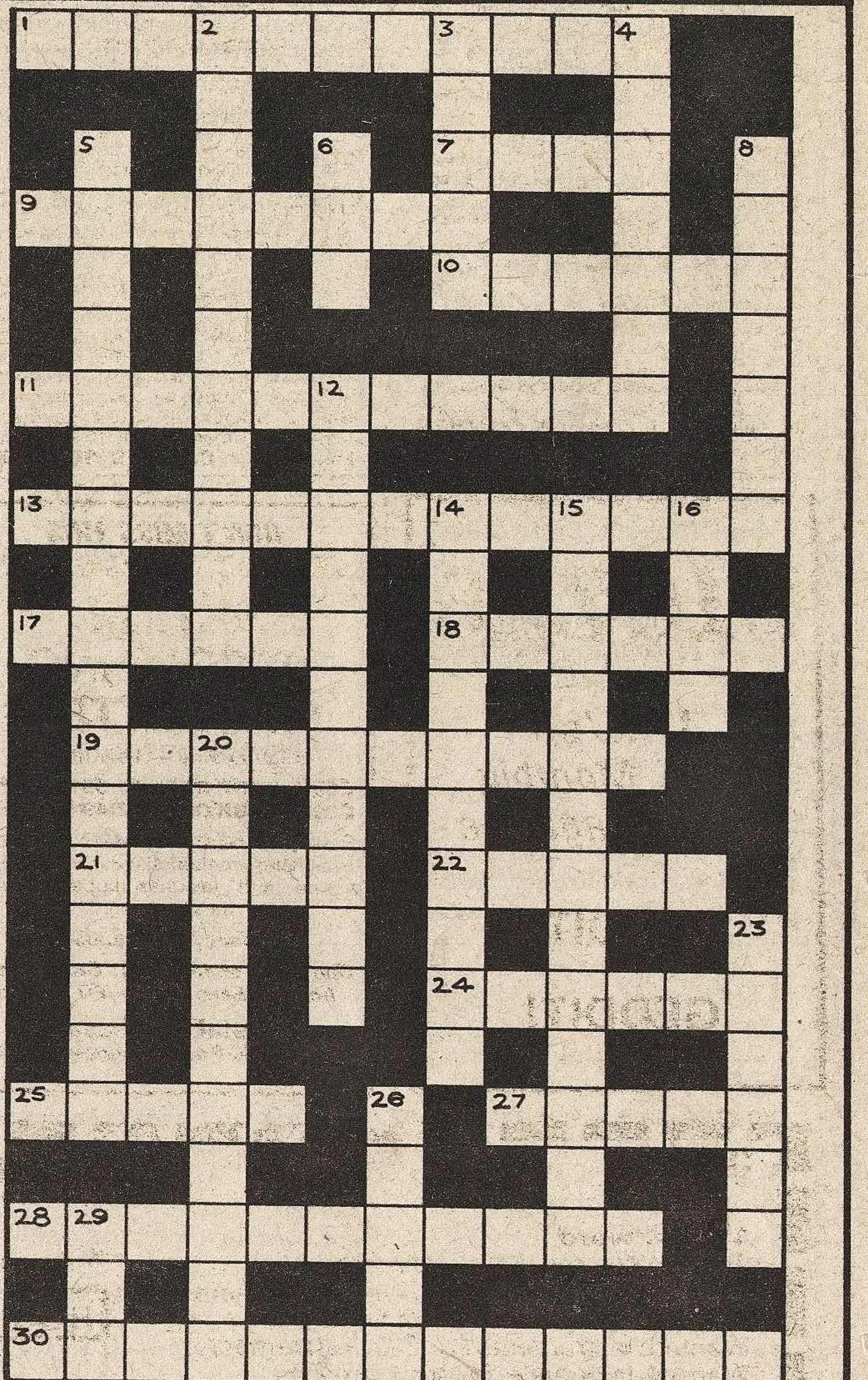

ACROSS

1 John's Boys going down west! (7,4)
7 Glory Boys' label (1,3)
9 Butcher and baker combine to dish up something indigestible! (4,4)
10 Contemporaries of F Mac and Savoy Brown who relocated to Stateside boogie market
11 Band-less bandleader posing as Norm in Boots! (3,8)
13 Daft place for a trombone Chrissie; nasty if you sit down! (5,2,6)
17 Rick, Bill or Horatio
18 Todd Rundgren's sometimes combo
19 Stone at the Odeon, win or lose! (6,4)
21 Q. Who dat in dem islands? 'A'. A Fat Greek!
22 Wing in a line!
24 See 6 down
25 'Down By The ——' (Dr Feelgood)
27 Surname of B Sabbath guitarist v. briefly with J Tull
28 Hollies' striker, his namesake played for Leeds and England (5,6)
30 The Gibson Brothers meet Doris Day and come out sounding like Santana (3,4,2,4)

DOWN

2 May not have many gold discs, but they collect a lot of souvenirs! (3,8)
3 Label a cadaver!?
4 Lene's follow-up to 'Lucky Number' (3,4)
5 Instructions from Mod physiotherapist to the post-op coronary patient! (3,4,5,5)
6 & 24 Half of rock'n'roll vocal team whose hits included 'Bird Dog'
8 Cliff Richard chart contender — nameksake of '78 Karen Young hit (3,4)
12 Nil rainbows — but the surf's up! (5,6)
14 Leer up wall (anag 2 words)
15 Old Elton John 45, went top 5 in '72 (9,4)
16 A 'Brian' star in cire disguise
20 Girls Together Financially, sobbing all the way to Fort Knox (2,4,5)
23 Otis Redding classic from the first Mod era (2,4)
26 Folk-lore is that she began as a hat-check girl at The Cavern
29 Show Reed to the khazi!

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 5 'One Step Beyond'; 8 'Rat Trap'; 9 Epic; 11 Grateful (Dead); 13 Crazy Horse; 15 Ray (Davies); 16 'Still'; 19 Saturday; 21 Mick (Jones or Ronson); 23 Phil Daniels; 25 'Video (Killed The Radio Star)'; 26 Ian Gomm; 27 (James) Dean; 28 Errol (Brown); 29 'Revolver'; 30 (Ray) Davies.

DOWN: 1 'Bomber'; 2 Mensi; 3 'Star'; 4 Secret (Affair); 6 Peter Tosh; 7 Daryl Hall; 10 'Crazy Little Thing (Called Love)'; 12 'British Hustle'; 14 'Sunny'; 17 James (Dean); 18 Brian Jones; 20 Alice Cooper; 22 '(Crazy Little Thing) Called Love'; 24 'Love Me Do'; 27 (Grateful) Dead.

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GASBAG

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WOKE up this morning,
Couldn't believe what I saw,
A hundred billion dollars,
Just outside my door.
Sting, London SW3.
You jammy bastard. — MB.

Yes, I confess I'm American, but it's not MY FAULT. I just had to write concerning your attitude towards us colonials.

My countryman George (*Bag* Oct 27) writes about us as if we all fall into ecstasy over The Bee Gees, The Knack, Foreigner, or whoever else happens to be perverting the name of rock at the moment — and you'll hafta admit it's not far from absolute truth. We American punks can go for weeks without seeing another of our species. Especially those of us lucky enough to be centrally located in Kansas. Are you listening, George from Calif?

Do you know how far I had to go to hear the Clash live? Eight hundred miles! And I went alone, cuz none of my friends have even heard of 'em. And when it comes to buying records — I have yet to meet a storeworker in this area who's heard of the Velvets, much less got 'em in stock. And they were Americans.

As for punk on the radio — can you believe stations around here are starting to play 'new music' about twice a day? And do you know what they consider new? Elvis Costello and Talking Heads, to name a couple.

So, thanks *NME* for being a lonely Kansas punk's only link to civilisation and real music. You help to ease the pain of being forced to live in the world's dumbest nation. Kind of.
Carolyn McPherson, Kansas (armpit of the world).
Bloody train's late again. — MB.

As two Dylan fans who are also Christians, may we thank Dylan for his unequivocal stand on his latest LP 'Slow Train Coming ' and recent concert in San Francisco and assure him of our support for him as long as he continues to follow Jesus. We pray that God will bless, keep and use him in His service "until He returns".
Andy Bradstock and Mike Grimshaw, Upper Tollington Park, London N4.
You don't need a weatherman to know that the weather is very bad indeed this November. God's work. — MB.

Regarding the Zim in San Francisco and Michael Goldberg's petulance upon finding it's no longer 1966 and his hero likes to move on a little.

Dylan was *never* the voice of a generation, thank God. He's always just been defiantly himself. 'John Wesley Harding' is hardly your typical '68 hippy anthem.

We've all had a decade in which to hear 'Like A Rolling Stone' and all the other monuments to the past, and three live records in the '70s with all the hits, so maybe it's time to try something a little new?

Goldberg's good enough to inform me that Big D's no longer socially aware. Is he more aware in 'The Times They Are A'Changin' or in 'Slow Train Coming'?

Nostalgia aside, just how much were those '60s anthems the product of a social conscience and how much a reflex exploitation of a transient bout of civil rights solidarity? 'Masters of War' is about as socially aware as 'Eve of Destruction'.

Whatever you say Bob Dylan is never static, he never goes through things twice, he ain't the man on the cover of 'Highway '61' Revisited' and if you can't accept that the train keeps on coming you're no better than the ancient historians who gave up at Newport, the Albert Hall . . . or the Fox Warfield, San Francisco.
Chris Hardwick, Fairacres Road, Oxford.
Touche! You make the case for the defence with an admiral panache. Bit hard on civil rights though; 'Eve of Destruction' happens to be a pretty good song. I'm not conversant with these trains you mention however, prefering the express variety, Inter City 125's straight through Slough jobs myself. You get home a lot quicker and there's none of that hanging around outside Luton while the guard chappies get their tea. — MB.

I am an American.
Eric Efimetz (A typical American teenager), Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
You're not a Bob Dylan fan though. This is good — MB.

Dear Mr Smiley, Can I be the first to say that Anthony Blunt is innocent?
Anon, Lubianka.
Sir Anthony to you, ya goddam pinko subversive. — MB.

We thought we'd write giving our verdict on Thieves Like Us who recently played our school. Their general attitude seemed to be to take the piss out of what they thought were a lot of stuck up virgins. They obviously arrived with the impression that The Dooleys and The Osmonds did it for us because at the mention of Tom Waits, Todd Rungren etc they were astonished!!

Playing in a girls' public school seemed to be nothing but a well paid ego trip for these charming ex-public school boys, with their pseudo American accents and German insults.

Anway, we hope you understand that we're not all Hockey sticks and navy blue knickers!

Much love.
Some Fifth Form Readers xx
Cheek! Keep these letters coming in girls. — MB.

While waiting for the Blue Oyster Cult at Ingliston (extended leave on medical grounds) I met a lovely young lady called Marie. She was sixteen years old and wearing a torn kilt. Could you tell her I'm still waiting for her to contact me?
Private A Sault, Culloden.
What's in it for her? — MB.

Some Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark anagrams:
1. Oho! V.D. lecher Numan is rat streaker.
2. Crass lurk on me or invade the heart.
3. Thor's entrails have racked our men.
4. Run modern lover, cat shit has a reek.
5. Christ, mods are not even a rare hulk.
6. Hark! A herald mouse isn't over a cent.
7. Do introvert men sulk? Ah, rare aches.
8. "NME have torn turd" is a real shocker.

Eight Gang of Four albums?
A. W. Clinic, Johnstone, Scotland.
You blew it with the last one — MB.

Herein another painfully earnest contribution to the *NME* versus the students shock horror probe.

Why do it? OK I know that quite a few students are smug, complacent bastards. But then I've known some pretty smug Rastas, some unpleasant punks and some very limp hippies. Is it a chip about University Degrees? If so, forget it: having made it in journalism you are as acute, or more so, than most students I know. Some students are more acute than you are, but that's just nature's way of telling you to slow down. Or is it just that you think that students are sucking up to the establishment by jumping through their educational hoops?

"Sod off back to your subsidised canteens and start worrying about real issues," says Monty Smith.

Well this *is* a real issue. Find a group in society, point it out and invite others to despise that group. Obscure the real effects of your action with some fancy talking. Seen the pattern before?

The rich man's in his castle. The student's at his job along with the other poor sods. "Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the day shift."
Pro Bono Publico, Faversham, Kent.

The university of life, mate. That's all the bleedin' education I ever 'ad and it didn't do me any bloody good. Monty Smith actually has a Master's degree in Applied Ergonomics from the Sorbonne so . . . MB.

Students are hip!
The Sleeping Policeman In The Road Outside.
Q. How many Californians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?
A. Californians don't screw in lightbulbs; they screw in hot tubs. — MB.

Dear *NME*. Nude boys don't argue.
A. Girl.
Come up and see us sometime. — MB.

I have just read Michael Goldberg's piece on the antics of Ralph Records, the 'Cryptic Corp' etc, and I'm wondering why *NME* bothers to waste valuable space on the garbage these guys talk.

Regarding the bands' recordings of 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco' Hardy Fox says "But it is the official San Francisco song, sanctioned by the city, so we had no choice." What kind of subversive talk is that?

I suppose we should thank *NME* for spotlighting the games people play in other countries but John Lydon could teach The Residents (et al) a thing or two about challenging society's preconceptions.
S.P.F., London.
As it happens I agree with you. — MB.

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RAQ the clever punk.
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It takes a train to laugh . . . It takes Max Bell to edit the letters.

I went to see *Jesus Christ Superstar* a couple of months ago and at half-time I saw Francis Rossi of Status Quo. I asked him for his autograph but he just muttered something and hurried off. Why are rock stars so big-headed?
Ex-Status Quo fan, Enfield.
How do you know it was Francis Rossi? More likely to have been Bob Dylan. — MB.

Rock Against Sexism shares reader Veronica Monk's concern for the quality of life our society offers, which is precisely why we believe it's essential to fight Corrie's anti-abortion bill.

If it becomes law it's going to be three times as hard to get an abortion as it is now. All the evidence from countries where abortion is illegal proves that laws against abortion don't stop abortions happening, they just drive women into the hands of the backstreet butchers, with all the danger and degradation that involves. Whether Veronica Monk likes it or not, that will happen here if Corrie's bill is passed.

There is still no absolutely safe, reliable contraceptive, and 75% of abortions in this country are due to contraceptive failure. Denying women the right to abortion is denying us the possibility of controlling our own bodies and our own lives.

Of course, if "a woman's right to choose" means anything, it means we must also have the right to bear children and to bring them up in comfort. Mothers need much more money and better housing and more nurseries. Those women who are too poor to have children will not be helped by the current Tory policy of making abortion more difficult to get at while slashing all our social services.

Feminists and socialists are struggling to create the loving, caring society Veronica Monk claims to want, but it doesn't look like it's about to happen just yet. In the meantime, why should *women* have to bear all the burden for lousy contraception and the inadequacies of the "welfare" state, and be made to feel guilty ("stoop so low or crawl so far" etc) if we choose to have an abortion?

If we get pregnant without meaning to, *we're* the ones who have to bear the consequences, so it must be up to us to decide whether to have an abortion or not. Every child a wanted child! Every mother a willing mother!
Rock Against Sexism, 121 Grandison Road, London SW11.

Has anyone else noticed that the letters page is the best thing about this music rag? I'm a fast-rising musician, and the *Bag* is the best way to keep in touch with the people who actually buy records.

Unless of course all the letters are made up by *NME* staff, in which case I'm a sucker. If that's the case though, how come the letters are so good and the actual journalism so crappy?
Pete, the rising megastar, Battersea.
Some people round here buy records every day and we don't make up the letters either. Or maybe we do — you'll never really know. — MB.

Who does M. Smith think he is! 'Sensitive liberal guilt' indeed! Reader Boris Yeates was merely asking a question that a lot of us have been asking for quite a while now.

It makes you think, if the nation's kids can raise £600,000 (via the Blue Peter appeal fund) in two weeks for these human wrecks by trading in their teddies etc, then surely groups who are supposedly politically aware could contribute something?

I can't understand how any of you can sit there and watch these terrible films and just make smart-ass comments when someone who cares writes in with a sensible plea.

Perhaps you're all too busy patting each other's backs to care about what happens in the real world.
An angry housewife, Hadfield, Derbyshire.

After seeing the UK Subs movie *Punk Can Take It* at the weekend I realised that you at *NME* are a bunch of professionally brainless nunkheads who have completely lost the ability to see fact from fiction. How can you say that it's rubbish? Only by completely destroying any sense of humour you may once have had. I can't remember the last time I saw a support film which gave me so much honest entertainment. It's a film that you should take about as seriously as a walk down Carnaby Street. I feel really sorry for you if you didn't enjoy it because that's all I can see you were asked to do.

So, anyone going to see *Scum,* I warn you to look forward to a support film which may make you laugh. Oh, I almost forgot, it's also got some brilliant live footage of the UK Subs . . .
Thomas McMullin, London, SW10.
It made me laugh and I haven't seen it. — MB.

T-ZERS GETS A HEADACHE

IT IS A little-known fact that one out of every four people reading this will eventually suffer from nauseous headaches, and one out of every five who develop these symptoms will finally go completely mad. A sobering thought.

More disturbing still are the statistics for people who actually write this column. Despite the many wonderful discoveries made by medical science in recent years, there is still no cure for the terrible neurological blight that can be brought on by something as apparently innocuous as a half-empty *T-Zers* bag, yet week after week it reduces grown men to a state best described as infancy, from which some regress even further!

What can be done? Not a lot, but talking of grown men, it appears that reports of a **Rolling Stones** tour of China let the cat out of the bag before there was even a cat to let out, in a manner of speaking. Last March, middle-aged divorcee **Mick Jagger** contacted the Chinese ambassador in Washington to persuade him that the Strolling Bones should be the first rock band to penetrate the bamboo curtain.

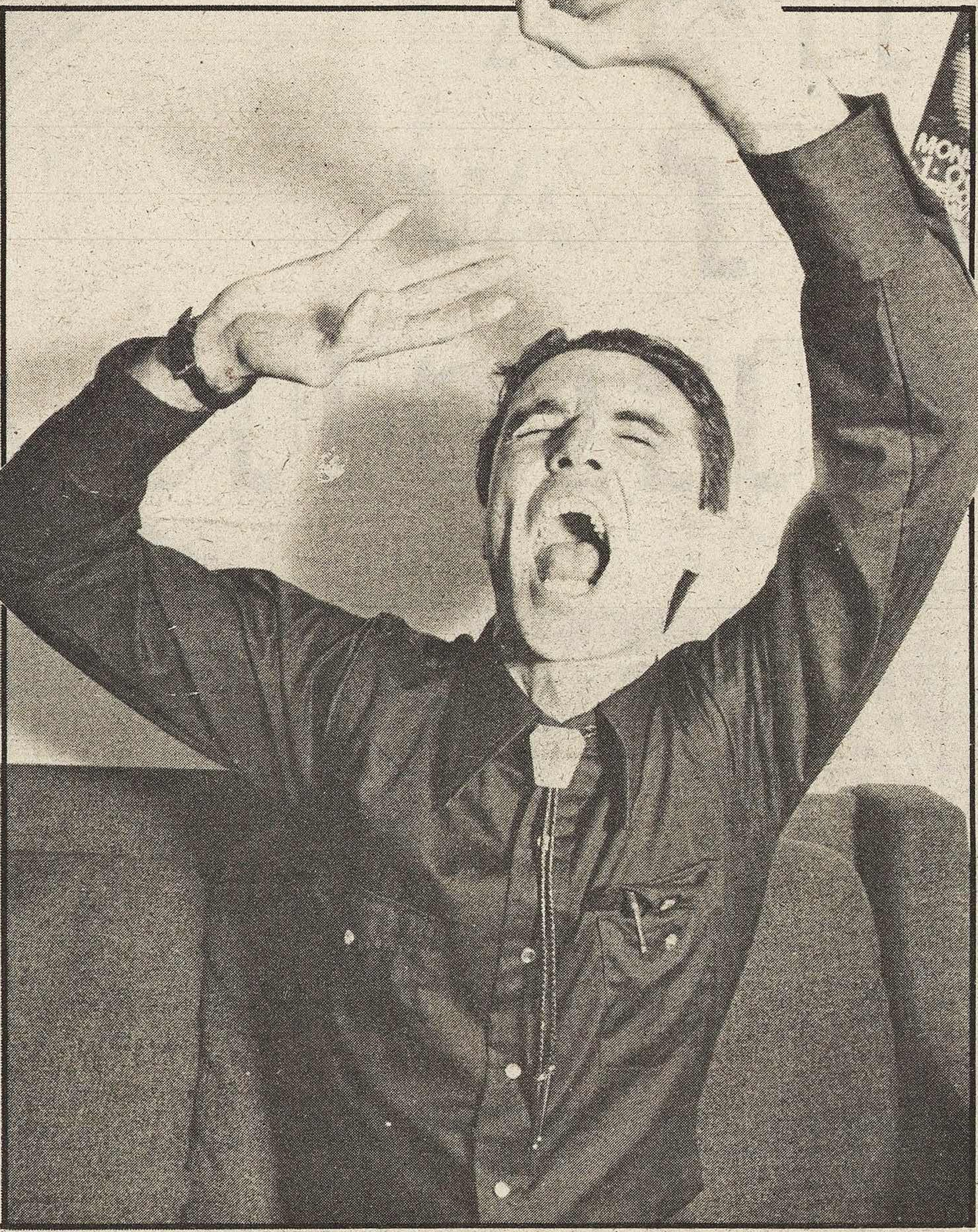
So far only a meeting with officials in Peking early next year to chew over the proposal has been firmed up, although China reportedly favours the idea of a tour. The Stones were rather miffed at the premature news leak, and fear that it might jeopardise negotiations. The source was traced to a band employee in London, who is being "dealt with". Reports that **Gang Of Four** met a cold reception for their proposed tour of China must be treated lightly . . .

Staying in touch with the young generation, we can confidently predict that **The Who**, a much-loved and long-lived psychedelic biker band, will have a new album out before the end of the '80s. In fact **Chris Thomas**, fresh from producing **The Pretenders'** imminent deboo, has already started working on it. Thomas escorted both **Chrissie Hynde** and **Peter Townshend** to the **Hunter-Ronson** post-show knees-up last Thursday, and contrary to gossip claiming Townshend is going through a less than stable period in his life *(Oh not again! — Ed)* the big T seemed as contented as a newt. Titles of the new songs were deemed confidential as of this point in time, so don't hold your breath . . .

Tom Robinson was a trifle bemused to receive his third call for jury service, which came, as did the other two, just as he was about to implement an important new stage of his career, namely the breaking in of a new band — with a view to some low key gigs around the time the panto season opens . . .

Terminal reprobate **Iggy Pop** once more invoked comparisons between himself and the late **Jim Morrison** by performing the famous indecent exposure scene from Morrison's biography. The Ig flashed his pecker at an audience in Philadelphia, who tittered foolishly and nudged their companions. **Max Bell** was not amused . . .

A very similar response greeted the **Pink Floyd's** request of an audience at a recent LA show to stamp and cheer so that they could be recorded for part of the Floyd's massive new long player, 'The Wall', except this time the tittering was punctuated by general booing and yelling along the lines of "Get stuffed, you patronising limey turkeys." The Pink Floyd are, of course, one of the original sources of inspiration for the bourgeoning 'mod' movement . . .



Talking Head David Byrne hears British Xmas singles and speaks volumes. Or maybe the scorpion on his necktie stung him. Pic: Hugh Brown.

Famous personage Paul McCartney celebrated the release of his solo Xmas record by returning to his old school last week in Liverpool where he gave a special concert for the pupils. Auditioning for the group we find a bevy of 3B and McCartney being supported by art mistress Pip Molyneux and chief beak Bertram Parker who said of his former charge: "Paul was such a nice quiet boy at school. He always said one day he'd be rich and famous." Pic not by Linda McKodak.

Balding movie idol **Jack Nicholson** seen careening around the Electric Ballroom's roller disco the other week at a special **Buddy Holly** anniversary night — though what Buddy Holly and roller disco have in common is anybody's guess. Nicholson, wearing a green bomber jacket, baseball cap and moustache, singularly failed to place in the special Buddy Holly lookalike competition being held that evening. In fact, so few other people even remotely resembled the original horn-rimmed wimp that the competition had to be quietly cancelled . . .

According to bassist **Gary Tibbs, Roxy Music** have indulged their sensitive leader's northern soulboy roots and recorded a version of **Wilson Pickett**'s 'Midnight Hour' amongst other new songs for their next disc. Presumably **Bryan** feels that if fashion houses like Succi can get in on this new mod thing then fashion houses like himself are also entitled to a crack . . .

Despite the fact that interest in his funky self is the highest it's been in years, **Sly Stone** is not the world's happiest man. The US tax man has just dropped a bill for $116,254 worth of back taxes through his letter box . . .

More crime news: **Gang Of Four**'s guitarist **Andy Gill** spent a night in the cooler in Liverpool last week after being charged with half-inching a melon, two packets of cheese, some coffee and a pear from the band's Scouse hotel. Gill is out on bail. Incidentally, the Gang's rendition of 'Tourist' at Cardiff precipitated a shower of condoms onto the stage . . .

The **Talking Heads** film made for **Melvyn Barge**'s *South Bank Show* — otherwise known as Arts for Idiots (the show, not the group) — will be screened nationally on December 23. It features extensive interviews and some live footage from the Mudd Club. Sharing the bill with the Heads will be the finals of the school choirs competition. **David Byrne** was meanwhile seen clocking **The Specials** at the Lyceum . . .

John Miles, the poor man's **Joe Jackson** (think about it . . .) is wanted for questioning in connection with the Yorkshire **Ripper** hunt. It seems that Miles sings a song called 'Nice Man **Jack**' — about the original ripper — and he and his band also played in Leicester and Bradford at the same time as the Ripper added to his list of victims. Miles, whose name is on a long list of potential police suspects, lives in Sunderland and has the appropriate accent . . .

A CBS van carrying precious early copies of the **PiL** masterwork 'Metal Box' left their Aylesbury pressing plant last week with several hundred on board. When the van reached its destination and was opened up by breathless Virgin lackeys they were dismayed to find that nearly all the discs were smashed to smithereens. Obviously the metal referrred to in the title is of the same sterling quality materials long associated with the produce of record companies . . .

Hollywood cheesecake figure **Burt Reynolds** has bought the late **Elvis Beefburger**'s Beverly Hills mansion . . . Correction: Hollywood beefcake figure **Burt Reynolds** has bought the late **Elvis Cheeseburger**'s Beverly Hills mansion . . .

A new rock club in Manchester opens tonight under the topical handle of the **Kim Philby** Club. Factory Records, who have their finger somewhere in the pie, deny that the club is jumping a passing bandwagon and claim they conceived the name as long ago as last June. They open with **The Pop Group** and **A Certain Ratio**. All proceeds to go to Cambodian relief funds, though Factory say there's a ten per cent skim off the top for anyone willing to name the sixth mole, the mysterious **'Fred'** . . .

Hallowe'en, **John Carpenter**'s seat-edge chiller about a fiend who preys on promiscuous girls in a small Illinois township starring **Donald Pleasance** in the role of the fiend-stalker, has just become the top grossing independent movie of all time, pulling in over 50 million bucks. Bouquets and blood transfusions to all concerned . . .

Home Office Minister **Timothy Raison** told a meeting of Young Conservatives that while the government has no plans to make cannabis use legal, there is a strong chance that imprisonment for summary convictions may cease when the Royal Commission On Criminal Procedure gives its findings to the dread **Thaatchi**. Police powers to stop and search potential moles — sorry, smokers — are also being reviewed . . .

Apparently a public fund set up in Liverpool to build a permanent monument costing around £40,000 to the memory of the Fab Four now stands at around thirty quid . . .

Congratulations and *Crackerjack* pencils to all those who spotted last week's deliberate error: the pic labelled **Chas** on the **Madness** feature was, of course, **Mike.** That's what comes of letting old hippies who wouldn't know **Ken Barrington** from **Jerry Dammers** lay out moddy features . . .

Talking of old hippies, there are whispers that **Mayo Thompson** is to abandon **Red Crayola** and join Cleveland Mod band **Pere Ubu** as replacement for guitarist **Tom Hermann** ...

Rumours abound as to the state of play regarding the **Clash** film, made by director **Jack Hazan** and based on the true life exploits of an infamous Clash roadie. There is an outside possibility that the film will be scrapped. The band are not completely satisfied with the cut they have seen but have been advised by their solicitors to keep *schtum* about it for the time being. Stay tuned to this channel for further developments . . .

Lastly **Cliff Richard,** the world's oldest living teenager, has spoken out once more in favour of retarded witch-finder **Mary Whitehouse.** Said Cliff: "I think she's years ahead of her time." Quite right. She actually belongs to the last century . . .

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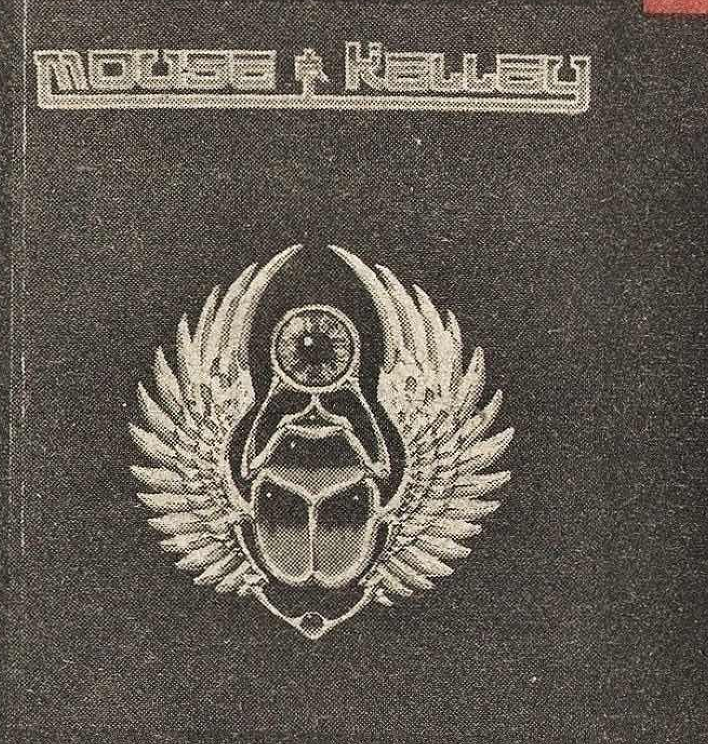

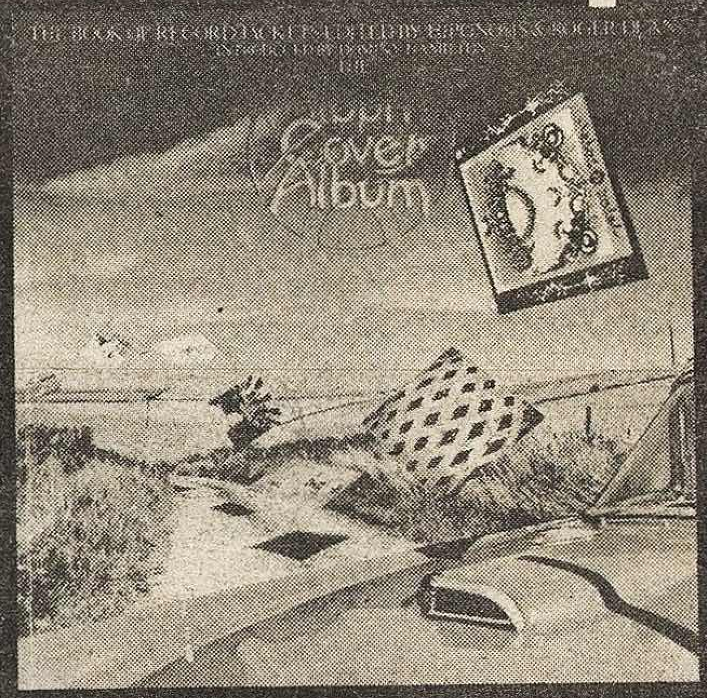

Mouse & Kelley Stanley Mouse and Alton Kelley are the artists responsible for some of the most incredible American Rock record sleeves. To followers of The Grateful Dead they are already legendary, having produced the artwork for most of the "Dead" sleeves. In addition, they have worked for Steve Miller, Styx, Journey and others. Now, here is the book that records in full colour the many amazing visuals they have produced and tells of the men behind the pictures. **£4.95**

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